EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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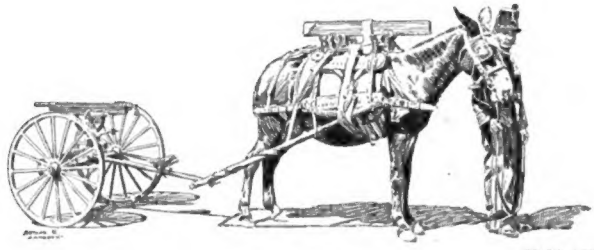

COLT'S AUTOMATIC GUN, FIRING 900 SHOTS A MINUTE; THE MOST EFFECTIVE MOUNTAIN-GUN IN THE WORLD.

New Fighting Machines

"Saul hath slain his Thousands, and David his Ten Thousands"

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrated with Photographs

THE hooked finger of the old German general pointed to an item in the paper which I was reading:

LONDON, August 22d.—The *Times* St. Petersburg correspondent says the submarine Protector has arrived at Vladivostock.

I looked up, when I had finished, to hear his comment. He is a man who made a great name at Metz, and I know of no other who has kept so well to the front in the art of war as he, both in his long period of service to the Empire and in his latter years of roaming the world.

"That is news," said he, "which should make every American stop and think. Just the other day I learned that the Japanese were in close conference with John P. Holland, the inventor of the other great American submarine, at his home in Newark. On July 4th the Protector, which Simeon Lake invented, was said to have arrived at Kronstadt. I think this proves where she is now and a greater tribute to the American ability to build superior machines of war has never been made. Great Russia is through with Boubnoff and Beklemisheff submarine experiments, and comes to America to buy under-water fighters, to meet other American-built submarines, with slant-eyed Japanese devils in the conning-towers."

He levelled his finger at me as though it were a pistol and said with great intensity:

"I tell you, sir, I know a thing or two about this military game, and so long as American ingenuity continues to surpass everything in invention, and American con-

Some of the brightest minds in the world give themselves over completely to devising machines for the wholesale slaughter of human beings. A machine that will not slay thousands attracts no special attention nowadays. It seems a pity. Still, if we must have wars, there is some satisfaction in knowing that in devilish ingenuity Americans are supreme. And, too, a quick death is merciful. The most destructive machine is in the end the most humane. It makes nations pause before going to war, and when fighting is begun the greater the carnage the quicker the end.—THE EDITOR.

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struction to outspeed and outstand everything in action, you fellows over here only require to imprison the contractors who sell you military supplies, and then you need not fear the whole world."

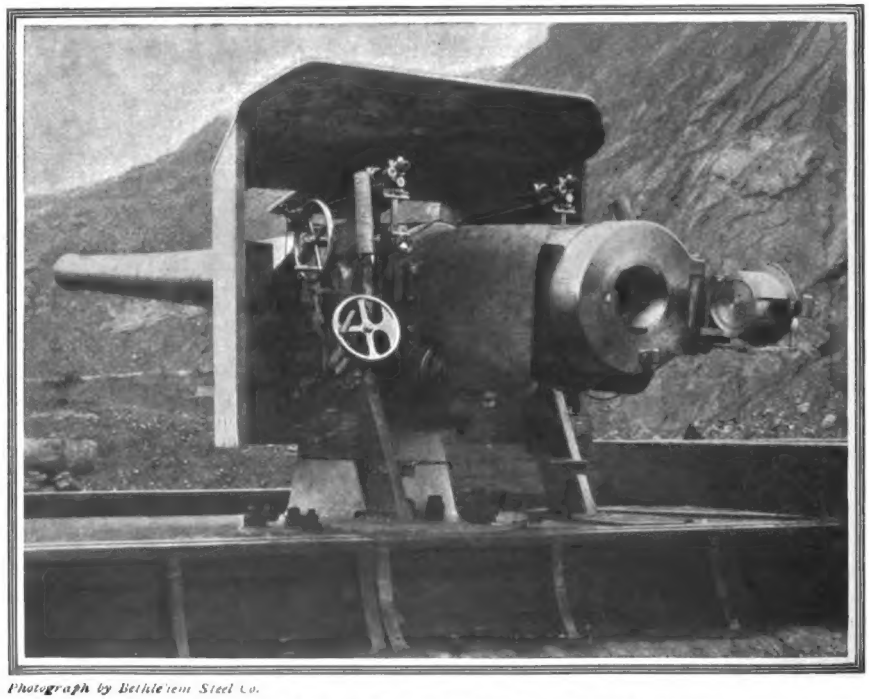
At this point I told my German friend of the result of my investigation of the new Brown wire-wound gun built in the Scott Iron Company Works at Reading, Pa.; and when he had looked over the plans and the ballistic calculations of Colonel Ingalls, the expert in charge, and had heard the expectations of its designers, which may have been realized in the forthcoming Sandy Hook test before these words are in type, the man who had been the close friend and adviser of the great gun-builder, Krupp, said:

"No one but an American could devise and execute so wonderful a thing. Also no Government but the American would be so foolish as to allow its best fighting-machines to be copied by any or all other nations."

The inventor of this new gun is a man named J. Hamilton Brown, though the work of constructing this particular six-inch experimental piece is in charge of Colonel John M. Ingalls, retired U. S. A., an artillerist of high standing and reputation. Despite the incredulity of contemporary gun-builders, Colonel Ingalls and the officers with him assert that this six-inch gun will throw thirty miles a projectile weighing 100 lbs. which will pierce a six-inch steel target. A ten-inch gun of this construction, with a powder-chamber of 14,259 cubic inches and using 360 lbs. of smokeless powder, would hurl a 600-lb. projectile a distance of fifty-nine miles. Increasing this ratio, a sixteen-inch gun would have an extreme range of more than one hundred miles, and equipped with such coast-defence rifles, England and France could shell each other across the Channel.

A short time since an ordnance officer in Washington told me that this new Brown gun would crack its muzzle off at the first shot, like the snapping of a whip; yet another man, equally authoritative, considered the appearance of the new gun a secure basis for the claim that we lead the world in gun-building.

The important new principle in the Brown gun is the winding of a tube of involute steel plates with polished steel wire, thus securing both longitudinal and circumferential strength. The gun is 313 inches long and weighs 20,000 lbs. On a forged-steel lining-tube thirty-four flat steel sheets, one-seventh of an inch in thickness and 308 inches in length, are laid in the same



Photograph by Bethlehem Steel Co.

A SIX-INCH GUN OF THE BETHLEHEM CONSTRUCTION.

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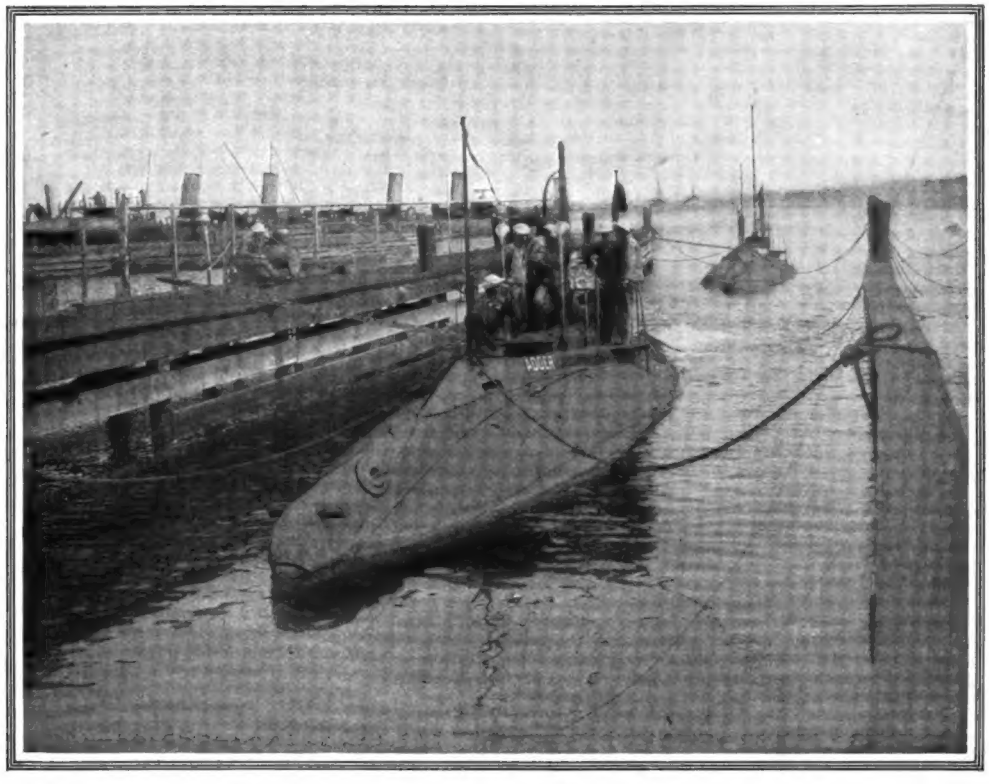

HOLLAND TORPEDO BOATS OF THE ENGLISH TYPE.

fashion that shingles are put on a roof, one under the other. But in this case they curl around the lining-tube, fitting exactly, and form the true tapering cylinder. On the outside of these plates is wound, back and forth, just as thread is wound on a spool, twenty-one miles of steel wire which is so tightly stretched by a special machine that every inch is tested to stand 2,500 lbs. tension. There are seven layers of wound wire at the muzzle and twenty-one at the breech. On the outside of the wire, for a distance of twelve feet from the breech, is shrunk a forged-steel jacket to cover the powder-chamber. It is believed that no possible powder-pressure in explosion could burst this gun.

If an enemy of the United States had a fleet equipped with guns of this type, the ships could lie outside Sandy Hook, beyond the reach of any guns we now mount, and shell New York from Staten Island to New Rochelle and inland as far as the Oranges.

Nothing in the Krupp, Hontoria, Canet, or other gun-shops compares with the Brown wire-wound gun, just as they have nothing which equals the spiteful little Arisika field-gun, of which there are 874 in the service of the Mikado's army—which circumstance the experts on the Yalu have said was the principal contributing factor in the steady forcing back on Mukden of the Russian army. The Arisika throws eleven pounds of shrapnel faster, farther, and more accurately than any twelve or fourteen pound projectile field-piece in the world. It may be that the Japanese have got more out of it than a European would, and it may be that the Manchurian country is particularly suited to its use. Nevertheless, its effectiveness against the Russian guns, which are of the best German and French make, has had the effect of disturbing every artillerist in the world.

Competent authorities having observed the work of the Arisika gun and the tests of the new field-piece the English are rushing out of Woolwich to the colonies, and of the one that the French are installing on the La Touraine, La Savoie, and elsewhere, are crying out that England and France are a

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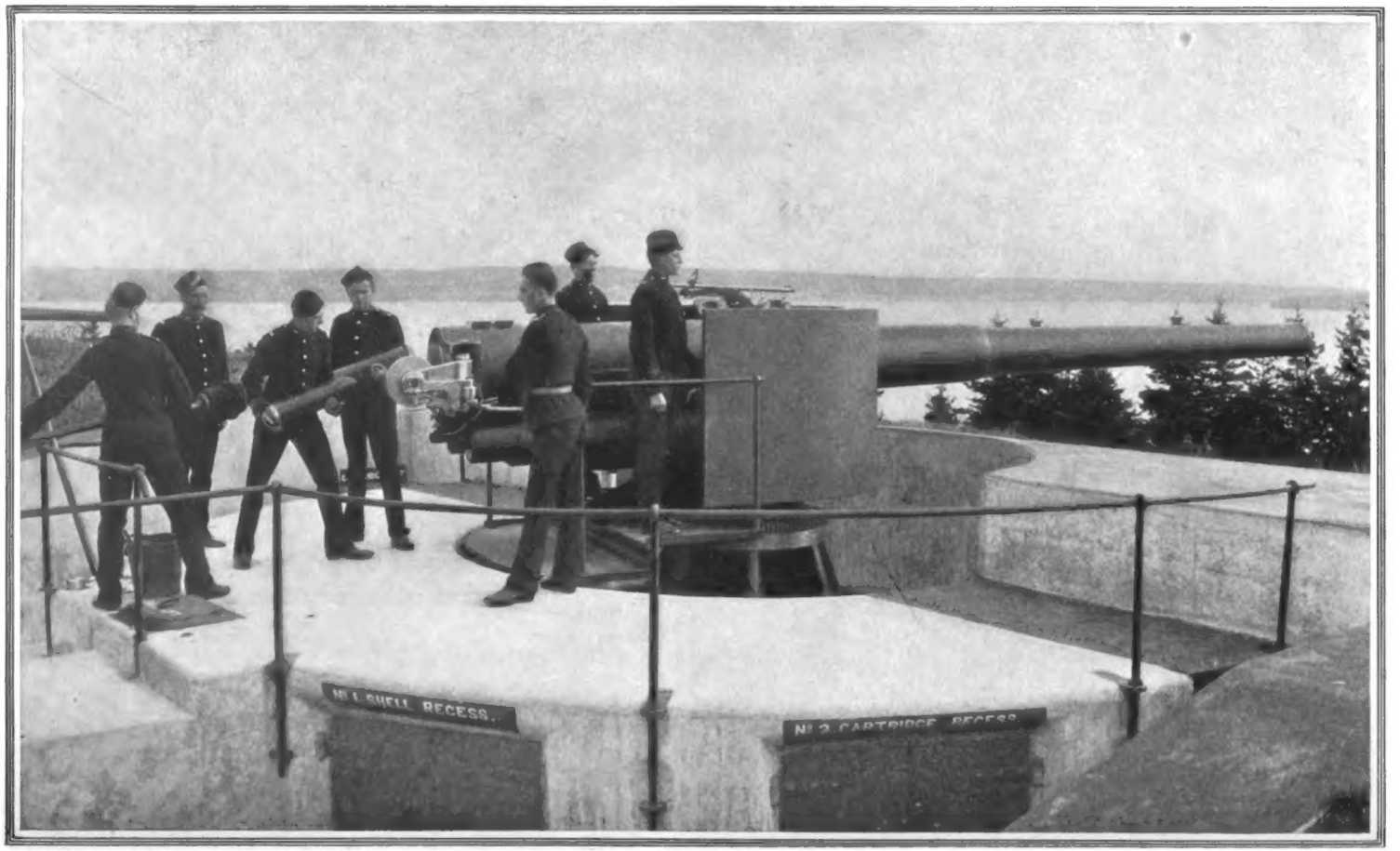

COAST DEFENSE GUN IN A FORT NEAR PORTLAND BILL, ENGLAND. THE PROJECTILE, CHARGE OF SMOKELESS POWDER, AND RANGE-FINDER ARE CLEARLY SHOWN.

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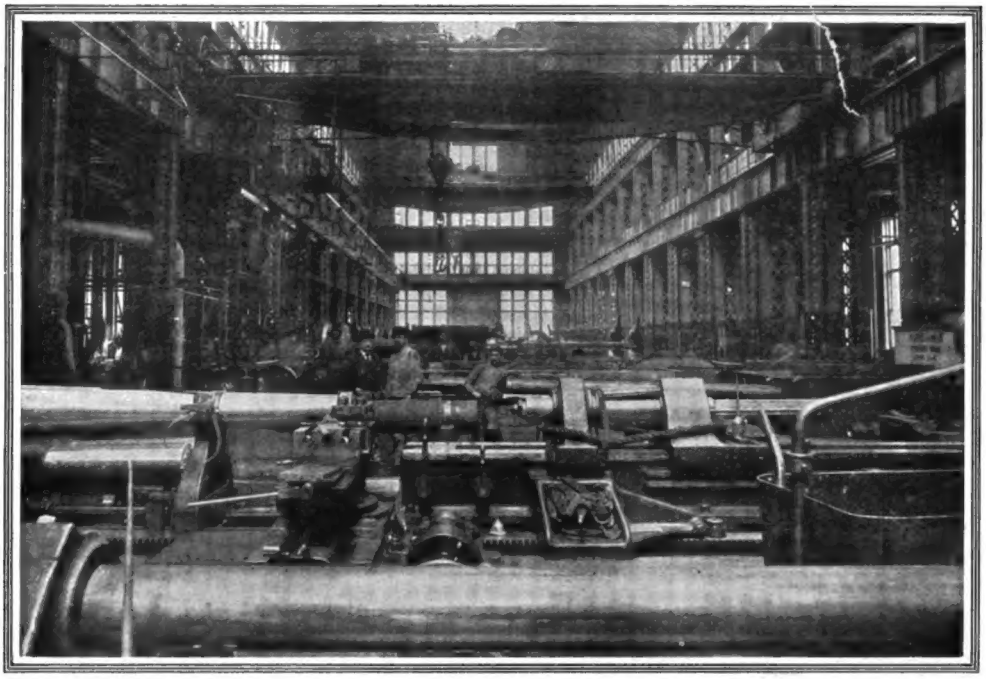
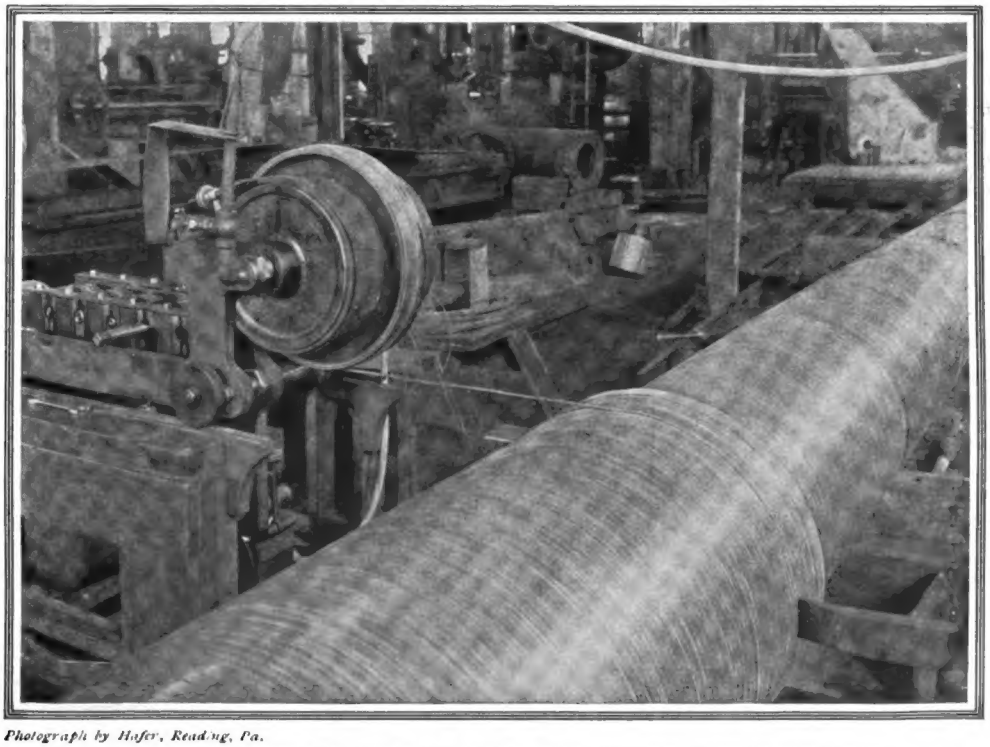


Photograph by Leet Bros., Washington, D. C.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL GUN SHOP AT INDIAN HEAD, MARYLAND.



Photograph by Hofer, Reading, Pa.

WINDING TWENTY-ONE MILES OF STEEL WIRE ON THE NEW BROWN GUN.

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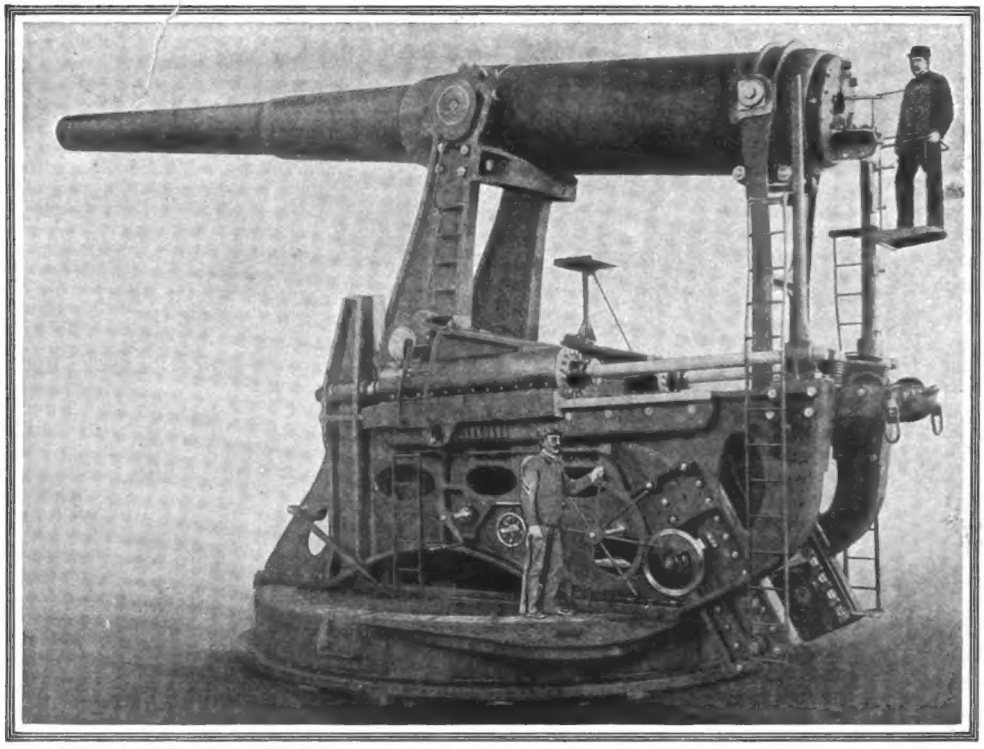

Photograph by Leet Bros., Washington, D. C.

A TEN-INCH COAST RIFLE WITH DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE.

notch even now behind Japan. But we are riding easy in the confidence in a new gun, which has been quietly designed, adopted, built, and distributed, and has not even created enough stir to be given a name.

Our new field-piece which is to replace the old 3.2-inch gun has many of the Arisika gun's good points and some things which the small Japanese engine of death has not. I should very much like to see them tested side by side, to ascertain if American ingenuity has not been equal to the occasion and if we are not still in the lead in field-pieces.

On May 8th, one Arisika gun annihilated, in seven shots, two sotnias of Russian troops more than a mile away. The discharges were two to one in comparison with the Russians' best rapid-firing guns and crack batteries. The calibre of the Arisika is 2.95, while the new American gun is barely one-twentieth of an inch more. The Arisika's carriage is light and narrow and there is no recoil-cylinder as in the American gun, ground-breaks being used instead to keep the gun from jumping back. Therefore the Japanese gun is more mobile, is more suitable to being handled by men of slight body, but the question arises as to whether it is as durable and as long-lived as the new American piece.

Our new field-piece weighs fifteen pounds, which is a slight innovation, and carries either shrapnel or high explosive. The extreme effective range is about four and a half miles, in which we have a trifling advantage over the Japanese, and target practice has shown that the degree of accuracy obtainable is nothing less than marvellous. "She shoots like a squirrel-rifle," said the old sergeant who was firing the first gun in her initial trials. Forty-five shots were fired at targets set at 1,000 and 2,500 yards, the first fifteen at the shorter distance, the second fifteen at the longer, and back to the shorter range for the last fifteen. The average time of the shots was four seconds apart and the percentage of hits was seventy-odd. Experience has proved that the American artilleryman does as well in action as in target practice; some experts say the Japanese does better, but be that as it may we are able to hold our own against the Arisika gun.

So we have fine promise in great guns,

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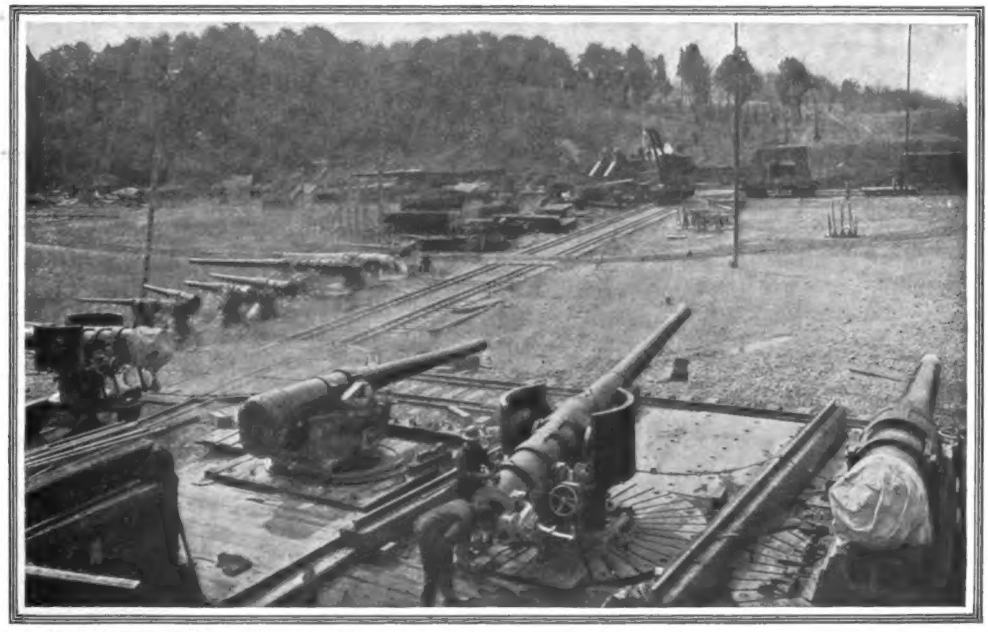
satisfactory achievement in field-guns, and in small arms there is something to gladden the patriot's heart.

"Gentlemen," said Major Gilfoyle, Inspector of Small Arms Practice, U. S. A., speaking to a group of officers in the War Department some time since, "this rifle is the best arm which has ever been carried by an American soldier or any other soldier," and he held up a sample of the new Springfield rifle. That was before the tests at Fort Brown, and the tests proved his words to be true. The army is now being equipped with these rifles in place of the Krag-Jorgensens with which the Spanish-American War and Philippine and Chinese campaigns were fought.

The salient features that recommend the new Springfield are: the magazine-spring, a thin strip of high-grade steel shaped like a double Z, which cuts off a fraction of a second in the load and which *cannot jam;* the extracting cam, the muzzle-cover, the simplified bolt, the rear sight, and the changed calibre and ammunition. The calibre is .30. In the cartridges there is the increased charge of from 43½ to 44½ grains of nitroglycerine smokeless powder. The bullet is lengthened conically and the base is flat. The core is of a lead-and-tin composition and the jacket *is of cupro-nickel.* The maximum range is two and three-fourths miles, with a time-flight of thirty-five seconds. *The total weight of the arm is only* 8.93 *lbs.* It is the intention of the Government to transfer its hundred and more thousand Krag-Jorgensen rifles to the States' militia and the military schools as soon as the new equipment can be distributed.

Almost simultaneously the English have produced the new Ross rifle, but already there is a note of dissatisfaction in the service journals, and one writer refers to the latest American arm with envy. The English have endeavored to overcome their natural predilection for unnecessary strength and durability, and have failed. In the Ross rifle is typified the spirit which has lost the America's cup so often, which has caused American plantation machinery to crowd out the English and German in every land, and which has given the French precedence in the construction of observatory instruments. In his desire to make something good, the Briton builds something heavy. In the new Springfield the American designers have for once not built too lightly but have hit the happy medium.

"There is a time," said the German Emperor when the matter of an automatic pistol was taken under his consideration a few months ago, "when large bodies of the



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IN THE UNITED STATES NAVAL PROVING GROUNDS AT INDIAN HEAD.

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enemy must come close to hand, and for such emergencies the soldier should be equipped with an automatic pistol." Not long after that, he personally tested several sorts of these, and when he had finished he chose the Luger as the most efficient arm. The continental soldiers who use it, have christened it "The Little Devil," and a brief acquaintance with it will convince anyone that it is worthy of the name, for a weapon more dangerous to a close enemy it is difficult to conceive.

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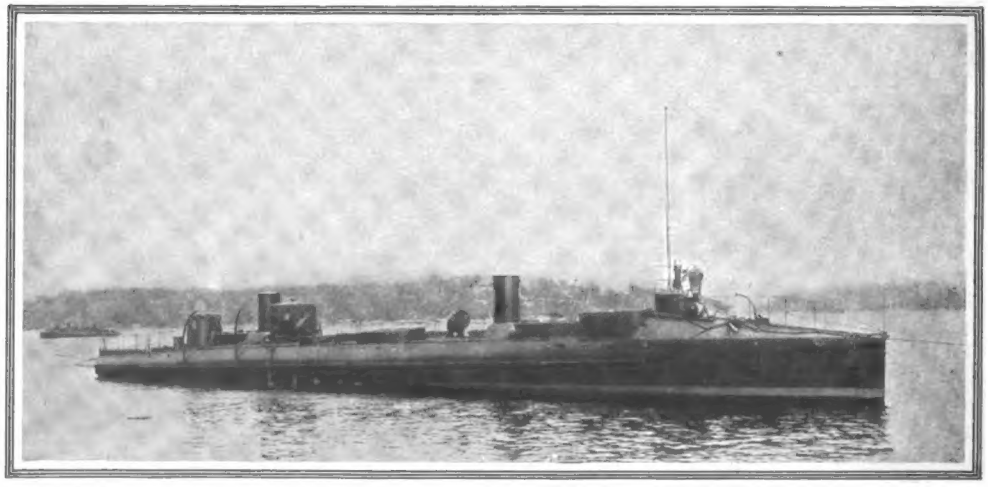
THE PROTECTOR RUNNING WITH CONNING TOWER HALF SUBMERGED; SIMEON LAKE, THE INVENTOR, IN THE HATCHWAY.

To begin with, it delivers nine shots with deadly accuracy in the time that it takes to work the trigger-finger nine times. When a shot is fired the recoil extracts the empty shell and throws a new charge into place. There is no escape of gas into the breech, so that there is no fouling. The magazine can be loaded even on horseback with heavily gloved hands in two seconds and five hundred rounds of ammunition can be carried with but slight discomfort.

An incident which shows to what extent continental experts take their tips from their American contemporaries was the suspension of the adoption of the Luger pistol by several of the European armies as a result of the protest of the army officers in the Philippines against the Luger or the automatic Colt's. Many of these officers in letters to the *Army and Navy Journal* said: "Give us a bullet that will stop," and argued for large calibre at the expense of rapidity and accuracy of fire. It was merely the prejudice of men who had been on the Western frontier-posts in favor of the old style .44. They had not



THE BAGLEY, A NEW TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER, DESIGNED TO COMBAT BOTH TORPEDO BOATS AND SUBMARINES.

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tried a small-calibre pistol, but were convinced that it would be merely a useless toy. The foreign experts promptly concluded that the American officers had *tried* the Luger and the Colt's and suspended the adoption of the Luger until they learned that the outcry was without experimental basis.

There is small future for the automatic rifle, however, as the Italian invention which fired one hundred shots in eight seconds was persistently declined by the great armies, on the ground that a soldier could with it fire in a short space of time far more ammunition than he could carry in a day's march. If an army were equipped with automatic rifles, an ammunition mule would be needed for every man to give the automatic gun any advantage over the magazine-gun.

* * * * *

On the morning of the 4th of May, 1898, two men met for breakfast in the Army and Navy Club in London. One was a retired admiral, considered one of the foremost naval authorities in Europe, and the other was high in the Admiralty.

"Do you remember," said the retired admiral, "that at the time of the Venezuela agitation we sat at this same table and speculated on the probable value of the American navy in an action against one or more of our fleets, and you remarked that there was not a European navy which could not bash the American ships into splinters, because their ships were run on the same principle as dry-goods emporiums, and because there was hardly a true sailor of American birth left in their service?"

"Yes, I said so," answered the other. "What else can you expect? The men do as they please aboard ship and the officers connive to make every cruise a junket. The mere fact that they have excellent craft mechanically, and fine ordnance, is not going to win them a fight even with Spain."

"And do you remember," continued the admiral, "that I said that I had had some opportunities of seeing the inside of American naval affairs, and that anyone who mistook seeming carelessness for indifference and laxity was mistaken, that things which we worry about come naturally to the American at first hand, and that there was more dash in an American squadron than in that of any other nation, not excepting our own?"

"Well," replied the Admiralty man, "that is about what you said; but so far as I am concerned I have found no occasion to change my opinion in the least."

"You have not, eh? Pray look at *that*."

The admiral thrust across the table under his friend's nose a copy of the *Telegraph*, containing *an account of Dewey's victory at Manila.*

That one splendid feat reversed the estimate of the world concerning American naval prowess and strength in fighting-machines. Since then we have continued the work of building up a navy that, while it will only place us in the notch of third naval power of the world, has in it a mechanical fitness that none but the informed fully appreciate. Every naval victory which the Japanese win in the present war with Russia reflects credit on the naval constructors of the United States; for Japanese designers took their cues from our methods, many of their ships have been built in the United States, and even those built in England are on American plans from wireless spar to boiler tubing.

The present war has taught us that the torpedo-boat, which lost prestige in the Spanish-American War, is not to be despised. Our further naval extension will include the building of torpedo-boats, destroyers, and torpedo-submarines in greater numbers, because to the eye that casts a long look to the fore there is no doubt that the key to naval supremacy lies in the torpedo-boat and the submarine. Indeed, viewing the terrific execution of mines and torpedoes on the Russian ships in the Far East, the popular critic begins to howl: "Of what use is it to build huge battleships and cruisers costing millions, if they can be vanquished by small craft costing thousands?" But it must be remembered that a torpedo-boat or a submarine cannot bombard a coast city, cannot reduce a fort, cannot assist the movements of an army on shore, is of little use in bringing pressure to bear on the rulers of small countries, cannot carry forces of marines, and for heavy work on the high seas is nearly useless. The battle-ship and the cruiser still hold their own. The problem before us is to give them a more effective protection than search-light exercise and the use of rapid-fire guns. Will American ingenuity produce in the next ten years a fighting-machine to protect the battle-ship and cruiser from the torpedo-boat and the submarine?

The latest English idea is to have fast destroyers travel in pairs, linked together with

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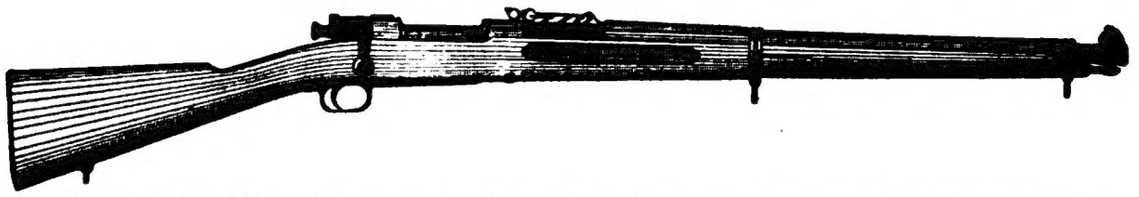
a strong wire cable with which they will drag the sea for the conning-tower and periscope of the submarine. If this cable should take hold, it would "tip-tilt the submarine into perdition." It has been tried at Portsmouth, but with indifferent results. They are experimenting to-day in the Irish Sea.



THE NEW SPRINGFIELD, THE BEST MILITARY SMALL-ARM EVER CONSTRUCTED

The jealousies between officers in both the English and American navies have caused much that was valuable in the experiments with submarines to be lost. In the English manœuvres for the testing of submarines off Portsmouth in last March, the umpires of the sham battle decided that the battle-ships would have been sunk wholesale both by night and day by the submarines, and the British Admiralty was at once in hot haste to construct more of the latter, both on Holland and Lake designs. Soon in those indirect ways in which men in the service dare voice their opinions of their superiors' decisions, the officers on the battle-ships let it be known that their vessels had not been in any way at the mercy of the submarines. They said that the submarines crept up under cover of the torpedo-boat destroyers in broad daylight, dived, and came up beside the battle-ships, discharging blank torpedoes. They claimed that the destroyers could not have participated in this concerted action in the daytime without being riddled; and that at night they could have as well performed the action without the assistance of the submarines. Moreover the submarines, in diving, churned up a large amount of foam, and destroyers could easily have pursued them and run them down.

As a result of the claims for and against, Captain Bacon, who in the beginning had decided that four out of the six battle-ships would have been blown up, found himself in the centre of an unprofitable wrangle from which he has not yet emerged; and neither the public of the United Kingdom nor the British Admiralty knows whether the submarine is a terrible machine of attack, as one side claims, or is a fantastic fighting-toy as is the dictum of its opponents.

Just so in the United States, naval jealousy, politics, inventors' and promoters' competition, and sensational misrepresentation have served thoroughly to becloud the situation. Fortunately we are building more submarines and shall be on the safe side at least.

On the very day that these lines are written I have learned the first accurate news of a new feature in this study of machines of destruction. The Herreshoffs of yacht-building fame have invented a torpedo conveying and propelling system which, if successful, does away with the torpedo-boat, and reduces the submarine in its possibilities. The business of the torpedo-boat is to convey the torpedo within striking distance of the battle-ship or cruiser and to discharge the torpedo. The Herreshoffs propose to construct a larger torpedo than the present standardized Whitehead, and to use it just as a small whaleback boat would be employed. Two men wearing life-preservers set out with it from shore, or from large vessels, and navigate it within striking distance of the enemy's craft, point it, lock the steering-gear, slip off into the water and wait to be picked up. The torpedo thus launched with far better aim than from a tube, and with a longer carrying range, could scarcely fail to sink its victim. As it is now, the percentage of torpedoes that "arrive" is but one in twelve. If a man can cross the North Atlantic in a sixteen-foot dory, as has been done more than once, two men should be able to navigate a pneumatically sustained Herreshoff torpedo in some very rough weather.

An invention which, if the weather be in its favor, is of a more deadly nature than any so far considered, is the dirigible torpedo, controlled by wireless electricity from ship or shore. It is merely the ordinary torpedo, loaded with its big charge of gun-cotton and a firing-pin in the head to explode the torpedo when it strikes; fitted with double rudders, one of horizontal blade to steer up or down, one of vertical to steer right or left; a storage battery for ordinary use and propulsion, a wireless current transmuter and motor for dirigible propulsion, and an elevated tube to

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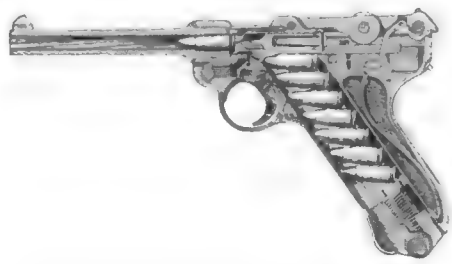
discharge a small jet of sea-water forced through it by an electrical pump. An observer completely sheltered behind earthworks could send out such a torpedo from shore, make it go miles out to sea, wait for a battle-ship of the enemy, swim around it, dive under it, and with certainty ram its armored bottom with the firing-pin head. One such station could defend the Sandy Hook entrance to New York Harbor *if the weather were always good.*

An American in Buffalo is running a small machine-shop with the first completely successful rotary engine ever built. There have been numerous turbine engines, and some that are entirely practical, such as the one the Cunard Line is putting into its new boats; but in this engine there is a new and simple but revolutionary principle solely in the cut-off. Cornelius Vanderbilt said when he saw it: "If it can be built into units, it will make scrap-iron out of every other engine in the world." It can be run with one-third of the coal for steam, and it occupies one-tenth the space of an ordinary reciprocating engine of the same power. Speed is limited only by the centrifugal resistance of the revolving parts. The inventor says that there are stretches of the New York Central, notably the one from beyond Batavia into Buffalo, over which he has run a reciprocating engine at more than eighty miles an hour, which he could traverse with his rotary engine at a rate of three hundred miles an hour. He is struggling with the problem of building a machine which is successful in twenty horse-power into units that will give twenty thousand horse-power. If he succeeds, the speed of our battle-ships can be trebled and naval warfare will take on a very different form.



THE LUGER AUTOMATIC PISTOL, WHICH CAN FIRE NINE SHOTS IN TWO SECONDS.

* * * * *

"For many years," says Colonel A. J. Devereaux, "I have been expecting some ingenious Yankee to rediscover the Cochrane war-engine or to hit on a similar principle. The romantic story is that Thomas Cochrane, the tenth Earl of Dundonald, the noted British fire-eater and soldier of fortune, conceived some plan, about the year 1810, for a warlike engine which would be so terrible as to end forever all war. He submitted the plan in writing to the Prince Regent, whom it greatly pleased. A select committee, pledged to secrecy, investigated it and reported that such a mode of attack would be irresistible and the effect and power of the means proposed infallible. But the committee was so appalled at the consequences of the use of this 'means' that a pledge was extracted from Cochrane that he would never use it nor divulge it without the consent of the Crown. In 1846 the matter came up again and at Lord Auckland's instigation another secret commission investigated, with the same result. The agency would have too terrible an effect to allow of its perpetration. It would 'stagger humanity.' During the Crimean War Cochrane offered to use it. 'I will undertake to sit in an arm-chair on the deck,' he said, 'with each leg on a cushion, and to subdue every fort of either Kronstadt or Sebastopol in four hours.' In 1860 he died, and that the plan died with him is the general belief; but I have positive information that somewhere in the archives of the War Office or the Admiralty is a sealed packet marked 'secret' which contains the plan and the report of Lord Auckland's commission. Since that time we have advanced rapidly in the use of machines of destruction. The effect of a single shot from a thirteen-inch gun in sinking a battle-ship with a thousand men aboard is not appalling to us now. We have no hesitancy in mowing down a brigade with a battery of machine-guns. We find a keen pleasure in the contemplation of a submarine sinking three or four big cruisers, with all hands, in a single raid. It may be that the evolution of man-killing machines has arrived at a stage when Cochrane's engine would be admissible. It embodied some definite principle and I believe that it is certain of rediscovery. Some one of the millions of American inventors will hit on it."

Colonel Devereaux may be right, and this

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mysterious war machine—a machine so appalling in its possibilities for carnage that that not very sensitive body, the English War Office, twice decided against its use—may be rediscovered. If so, it is a patriotic hope that the rediscoverer may indeed prove an American—for ghastly as will be the agent, it will be in the hands of the country that possesses it the most potent influence for peace which other nations can appreciate.

Tally, the Coward

By JOSEPH KEATING

With illustrations by Sigurd Schau

THE fight could only be ended by the fighters. There was no one to interfere: no policeman reckoned Soldiers' Deep in his beat; and the fight went on. One boy's calling the other "Fatty" really opened hostilities. This was plainly a declaration of war—no matter what explanations wily statesmanship might suggest; and there was no great world-power at hand to offer arbitration. So the belligerents fought on. The fat boy snorted and pummelled at the thin boy; and both were covered with dust and gore and glory. Later it turned out that the issue of the combat was a false one and the whole fight a mistake.

The boys swayed and stumbled on the shining tram-rails underfoot. Their two lamps, taking opposite views, like their owners, shone from opposite sides of the roadway, pale and wistful; and looked rather sorry at having to take any part in this sanguinary business. Dust filled the roadway—the black dust of coal. If it were an ordinary road the dust might be blown away. But Soldiers' Deep was simply an item in the maze of workings in the Cynon colliery, in the Taff valley. The low timbers across the roof and down the sides twisted the shadows of the warriors into monstrosities.

The struggle became wild. Then the thin boy fell; and the fat boy fell upon him, shouting great victory and calling upon the enemy to admit defeat.

"Will you 'llow?"

"Lemme gerrup."

"Will you 'llow?"

"Lemme gerrup."

"Will you 'llow?"

"I never wanted to fight."

"What you want to call me Fatty for?"

"I thought you liked it."

"Well, I don't. An' you'll have to fight for calling it, Tally *bach* (dear Tally)."

"I never wanted to fight."

"No, you'm too much of a coward. Will you 'llow?"

"Lemme gerrup."

"You 'on't run away?"

"No."

"Well, you can't fight, but you can keep your word."

The fat boy removed his bulk and the danger of suffocation from Tally.

Tally scrambled up. He at once took down his lamp and began trimming the wick with the pin that ran through the bottom to the burner. The light near his face showed large eyes, sorrowful, in a thin little face; his lips trembled; the lamp shook in his hands.

"What you shiverin' for?" said the fat boy, dusting himself. "You'm afraid of everybody. How's it you'm such a coward? You 'on't fight any of the boys."

"I don't like beatin' anything."

"Nor me. But you've got to do what I tell you, Tally *bach*. Now, which is it to be?"

"Do your work an' my own?"

"I don't care, I'm tired."

"How can I watch um both?"

"Easy."

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THEN THE THIN BOY FELL; AND THE FAT BOY FELL UPON HIM.

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"Your door's too far."

"Well, you got to do it, or I'll punch you very hard. Now then—which is it to be?"

The heavy-weight champion neared Tally with hands and arms in a most alarming attitude of offence. "Which is it to be? Watch or wallop?"

Destruction seemed at hand.

"All right, then."

One of the belligerent powers capitulated unconditionally. Might vanquished right.

"That's it, then. Why d'n' you say so a long time ago?"

"What odds, so long as I say it now?"

"Look at all the sleep you've made me lose!"

The fat boy sighed and spoke bitterly. If his brightest hopes were to be suddenly blighted, he could not be more keenly hurt.

"Wastin' time when I could be havin' a good snooze, Taliesin."

He grumbled still as he took his lamp from the side.

"Now mind you watch—or you look out."

"Oh, I said I'll watch um; so you shut up."

"No lip."

"All right, all right."

The tired boy went down the road a yard or two. There a big plank door kept back the air-current. He opened the door.

"Where you goin' that road?" asked Tally.

"I know a little *cwtch* (hiding-place) down here—a little bank where the dust is soft and I can sink in it as if I was in bed."

He described it with unction. His tastes smacked of voluptuousness.

The big door banged behind him. The current was rather strong against it; but inside, the air was warmer; and this the fat boy liked very much. Whistling untunefully, he swung his lamp with a free hand, and kicked up as much dust as he could without going twice over the same ground. His light hardly made its way through the black clouds.

When he got to the little *cwtch*, he was at the entrance to a road that branched off to the right, called Vaughan's Level. This led into the Number Nine return, through which, after many twistings, the foul air returned to the upcast pit and went up again into the sunlight.

There was a hole in the corner of this entrance and this was what he called his *cwtch*. He carefully buttoned his jacket, climbed up the side into the hole, and began to arrange for a pleasant interval.

"Ah-h!" he sighed.

He lay back. Then sat upright for a necessary thing. In order to insure peace, he must make it hard for anyone to find and disturb him. So with great cunning he rooted up a flat stone and put it in front of his lamp. But the light threw out side-rays which could be seen by anyone passing. He took another stone and fixed it. Merely a glimmer from the slit between the stones could then be seen from the roadway. So that was all right.

"Ah-h!" he sighed again.

And he lay back in the dust, which, as he said, was so thick that it yielded softly under his bulk like a feather-bed.

The light, hidden from the roadway, shone full into the hole and showed the boy's round, black face taking on a calm, gracious, merit-rewarded expression. His laziness reached that point where it looks beautiful. Yes; in him the sin of laziness was so natural that it had the charm of innocence. A seraphic smile—as if angels were whispering to him—came to his lips; for he heard in the distance the sounds of labor—the rattle of trams, the jingle of harness, the banging of doors. He knew that Tally was working hard. Nothing but knowing that others were toiling while he reposed awhile could have made his joy perfect. He murmured his thanks drowsily and fell into happy slumber.

Rumbling sounds of the work went on. Poor Tally had a busy time. He kept faith, because it was in his nature. He trimmed his lamp thoughtfully as the other boy left him. A shout of good-humored impatience scared him, and the lamp nearly dropped from his hands.

"Am I goin' to wait all day to get through this door?"

Tally ran to the other boy's post, scurried past a horse and an empty tram with the haulier sitting on the cross-bar of the tram behind the horse.

"Where's that puddin'-headed wassy?" inquired the haulier sociably.

"He'll come back in a bit."

"Come up."

The horse slouched on, the tram rolled and rumbled behind him, and the haulier sang a love-song hoarsely in Welsh. His lamp swung lazily from his right hand on the corner of the tram and threw monstrous shadows of the three upon the side and roofs as the tram moved along.

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Tally closed the door and made another try at trimming his lamp. That was the sign-manual of insignificance: to be always trimming your lamp. No self-respecting door-boy would be guilty of it. But Tally could never hope to be admitted to the really smart set.

"Hoy-y!" came another shout.

Tally scampered away to his own door. There, waiting, was another haulier, sitting on the cross-bar behind his horse. He fumed with honest indignation.

"Look here, scrappin! If you don't look after your work better——!"

He did not finish, because the threat had neither harm nor meaning. He only wished to enter a protest against this kind of thing.

But Tally took it seriously. He shivered as he flew past the tram and opened the door.

"Come up."

Away went the horse and tram, and *this* haulier, too, sang a love-song in Welsh, with his lamp swinging from the corner of the tram.

But before Tally really had time to close the door, a torrent of wrath poured down upon him from the other door. For another haulier lingered unwillingly.

Tally, his heart fluttering with terror, rushed up to the place, scrambled by the horse and plucked open the door, the haulier keeping up a strong commentary on the situation.

"Where's heavy weight?" The question was sarcastic.

"He—he'll be b-back in a b-bit."

"What you frightened about?"

"N-nothin'."

"Nothin'?"

"No."

The haulier pushed his lamp into the boy's face. There he saw distress and perspiration. The hurry had bewildered poor Tally.

"Nothin' the matter?"

"No."

"What you blowin' for?"

"Nothin'."

"Where's that tired child?" (He referred to the fat boy.) "Sleepin' somewhere agen and wallopin' you to watch the doors, eh?"

But Tally kept faith.

"I don't know where he is," said he quite truthfully.

"Tell him that when I come back I'll make him thin with grief," said the haulier.

He lowered his light.

"Come up."

And away went horse and rumbling tram and haulier. And this man also sang a love-song—only, in bad English and worse sentiment. He sang, and vowed he would terrify the other boy when he came back.

HIS LAZINESS REACHED THAT POINT WHERE IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL.

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But the boy need not fear. That haulier never came back.

Tally quickly closed the door and ran to his own room, where more abuse poured over him witheringly. Another haulier waited at the portal.

"I hope," said Tally to himself as the horse and tram passed in, "that the journey is finished."

He meant by the journey the string of trams which go empty into the farthest workings and come out full to the bottom of the pit.

He closed the door slowly. Then there was a lull. So, like the insignificant door-boy he was, Tally at once began trimming his light. It hurt his big eyes; but with his tongue out, making endless twistings as he twisted the pin, he went on meddling, trimming, and perspiring. The flickering light sent his shadow in great picturesqueness all over the sides, timbers, and low roof.

"I never thought," said he, "that the journey'd be in so quick, and so much of it come up here. I hopes all the em'ties is gone now."

His hope seemed safe. The lull continued. In the silence little thin stones slipped down the sides, or became loosened from the top, and the timber creaked; while a few squeaking rats, quite ignoring Tally, came out and picnicked where the horses had spilled feed (while waiting at the door), like pigeons at a cab-stand. The rats were not afraid of Tally. The wonder is that he was not afraid of them. No; the truth must be told: Tally had no courage to frighten or wallop anything. But he had the courage to keep his word. And the thing in him that interested me was this strange power of keeping faith—which, I suppose, is, after all, a sort of courage, if only spiritual.

The fighter still slumbered tranquilly; Tally, the slave of this fighter, still meddled with his lamp; and the silence held good for a while. Then came the thing that is always with us—the unexpected. But this time it was awful.

There came a roar as if hell had burst its sides and set free all the souls of the damned. No thunder ever tore into heart and soul like the horrible roll of this roar, that made road, roof, and sides tremble and break out of their limits.

"Explosion!" thought poor Tally, rooted.

Behind him the door burst open and the other boy was beside him.

"Explosion!" he gasped.

Each boy, with the instinctive action of men in dark places, held his light to the other's face. The fat boy's eyes stared with terror; his loose cheeks quivered; big tears streamed down them.

Tally's thin face showed white under the dust; the large eyes looked larger; but he appeared less afraid than the other, who quavered:

"What shall us do—what shall us do? We'll be burned—all of us."

"Don' cry," Tally said with pity.

"Let's run—run."

"Where?"

"Anywhere—out to the bottom."

"P'r'aps that's where it is coming from."

"But I'll chance it."

Yet the big boy seemed afraid to go alone.

"Come quick, Tally," he pleaded.

"We might run into it. Stop a bit."

"No, no, no; let's run—run anywhere, only run."

"No good in that. I'm frightened enough. But no good runnin' into it."

If Tally had had knowledge, he would have run. But he was only a boy. The other had not the courage to face it alone. So he roared pitifully and clung about Tally as a child to its mother's skirts.

The roof and sides groaned and the timber cracked under an abnormal strain. From this it could be seen that the explosion was not far away. Yet there came neither dust, fire, nor suffocating gas as yet.

"There it is!"

"No; that's a light. Somebody runnin' this way. Good job we didn't run out."

The light came rushing toward them—not swinging, but held firmly. A strong hand carried it.

The light turned up the road leading to the big boy's door, and disappeared.

The boys began to run toward it. But it came swiftly back and met them in Tally's road. They recognized the fireman who had charge of the district. Before they had a chance of speaking—

"Where's the boy lookin' after the other door?" he said with great composure.

"Here he is, Evan."

"Now, boy. You are big and strong. Will you have the pluck to stand by that door for a bit?"

"I'll be burned," cried the big boy, sobbing hard.

Evan raised his lamp and looked at him.

"My boy," said he very quietly, "that

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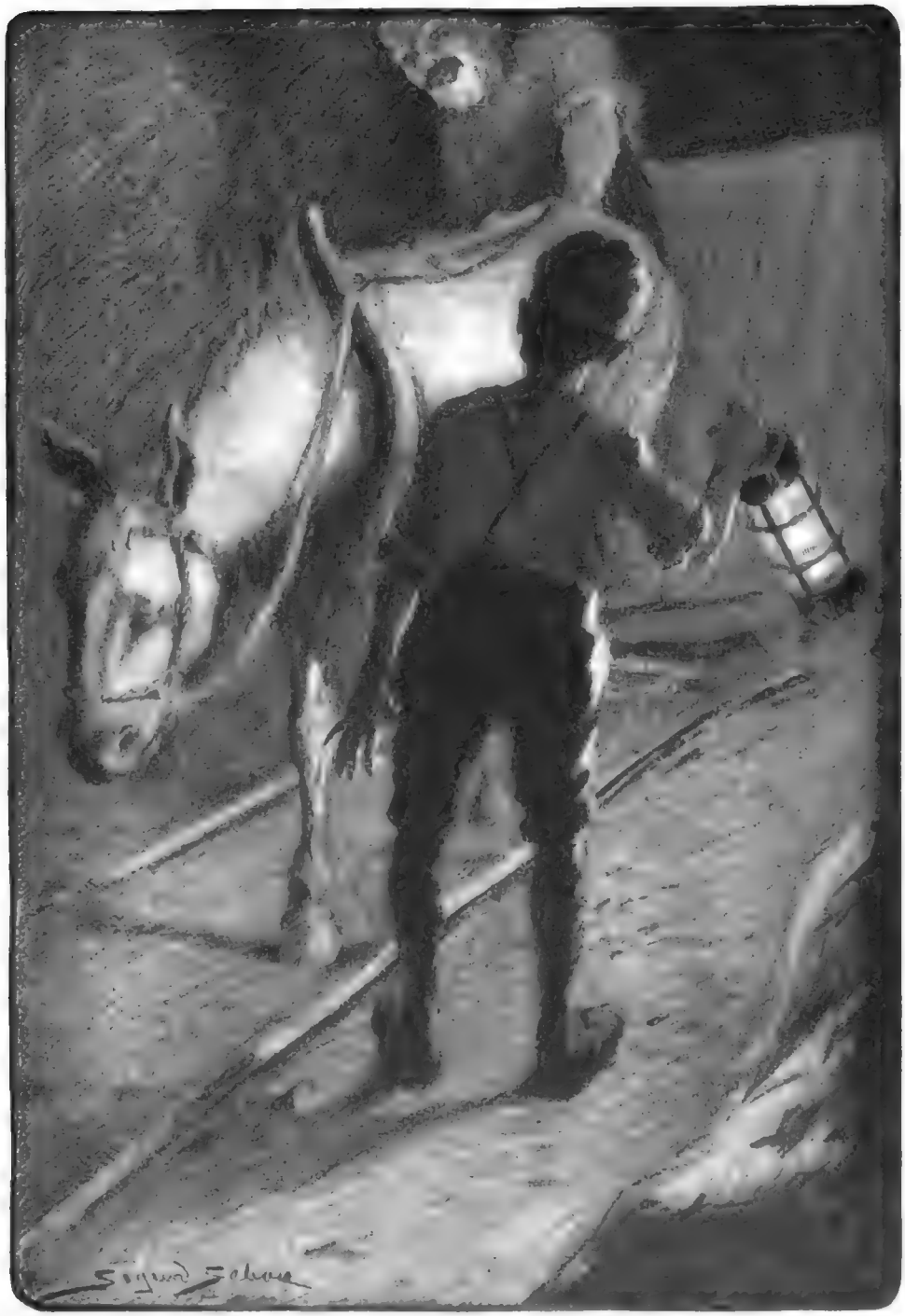

A SHOUT OF GOOD-HUMORED IMPATIENCE SCARED HIM.

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door must be closed after anybody comin' through. The men rushin' out for their lives 'ont think of shuttin' it, and if it's left open, it'll spoil what I got to do to save you all. You are to tell everybody you see to get to Number Nine return—not the main road or they'll be suffocated. Understand now, Number Nine. Do this an' you an' the others will get home safe. If you don't —then you'll run into the gas and die. Quick. Go to that door."

The boy had no control over himself. He obeyed the quiet command; he went to the door.

"Tally," said the man, "I want you, too."

He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and took him down Soldiers' Deep to Tally's own post.

"Come inside this door."

He opened it. They stood inside.

He held his light near the boy's face to say the last word—the last word that meant everything.

"Look, now, Tally." He spoke very slowly; but there was fever in the man's words: he wanted to be away to the danger, but his plan depended upon this door of Tally's in the centre roadway: "They don' think much of your courage about here. But there's somethin' in you, or I'd have told you which way to run out. I'm goin' to send the fire up this road an' you are to send it back—not to let it get too far—while the men run up the way I'll show um inside here."

Tally trembled. His eyes stared at Evan.

"Send the fire back?"

"Look now. I'm goin' to do somethin' to the doors farther in. This will send the fire up this road toward you. But when you see it you are to open this door. Then you'll see it goin' back again. The wind will blow it back. Just inside this door is Vaughan's Level, as you know. Send everybody you see up there out by Number Nine return. You'll do this?"

Tally still trembled, but he looked willing to obey.

"All right," he said.

"Good boy. I depend on you. Min'—don' open the door till you see the fire."

"No, no."

"I hope God will bless you, Tally. And, boy—pray for me; 'cause I haven' got time."

Then Evan ran into the inner workings, to juggle with doors and air-currents and trick death, that prehistoric beast, of the really gorgeous dinner he had spread for himself. Of course, the fireman knew every trick and turn of the doors, wind-ways, main roads, and disused lanes. But in all probability he would, on his way in, meet death, who would quietly take him by the hand and lead him down one lane that had no turning. This he knew. But he faced it calmly. It is astonishing, the calm and courage of these colliers; the brilliant bravery of the plain, humble men. I suppose you find some of the finest examples of manhood in these obscure places. But poor old human nature has even had a trick of growing the brightest flowers in the darkest corners of its garden. This man Evan rushed on: his action hot and swift; his thought slow and cool; holding his little lamp with a firm hand—like his presence of mind—its light guiding him safely through the shadow-land. His thought was not at all of himself, but of the small boys he had just posted in danger at the doors to help him to make his plan good.

"Poor lads! P'r'aps they'll be cinders when their mothers see um agen."

This, too, a few minutes afterward, was what young Tally thought, when he saw what he was on the lookout for. The bottom of the Soldiers' Deep—about two hundred yards down the road—was full of the terrible fire.

In a trance mood, the boy opened the door. The fresh current poured down the Deep, and Tally could hear the roaring of it as it rushed furiously at the fire. All the timber in that part was ablaze. That burned red. But on the top of the red fire—near the roof—was the blue-tinged flame that had started the mischief. Tally looked down at the fire, as if it were a wondrous fire-dragon out of the stories. He wondered how long it would take to come up and eat him. He wondered if Evan had walked into its mouth.

He saw that it came no nearer after he opened the door.

"Evan said I was to send it back," said he. "I didn' think I was clever enough to do it. I never knew wind could beat fire before."

The boy, fascinated, stared down at the fire—listening with awe to the roar of the wind and the red and blue flames fighting for the right of way. The wind pressed onward. The fire could not evade it by stealing around anywhere; the roadway was too

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narrow; and the wind met it at all points. So back the fire was slowly forced.

Then Tally heard the cry of the other boy.

"Oh, let's run away—let's run away!"

Again he had come back to Tally in terror. He pleaded that he couldn't stay by himself. He grovelled before Tally, imploring him to run with him, and leave doors to shut or open themselves.

"Go back to the door as Evan wanted," Tally answered, and he stood beside his door, staring down the Deep where the fire glowed, looking at the flames. "Evan'll be back soon."

Tally placed his faith in Evan. The boy could not understand the design one bit. But he did his part. He was like a good man before God. He did what seemed right, leaving the rest to the controller of the scheme.

The scheme in this case was simple. The coal came out of a myriad of places. But, of these, three were important. The accident happened in the extreme left of these three roads. Down this road the air-current had to go and pass around to the upper workings along the face of the coal. In order to send the air down this road, the other two branches—the centre and the right-hand—had doors at their entrance. The wind blew against these two doors, and they turned it back down the left-hand road. In the centre road was Tally's door; the one on the road which branched off about fifty yards away to the right was the other boy's. Now Evan worked his plan inside; the air should run down the left-hand road till he had manipulated the inner doors to stop the air from going into the upper workings. He knew the fire always travelled with the air. Consequently as soon as he stopped the air from going as usual into the higher places, it had to find another way. It could not go back. So he knew it would rush up the centre roadway and carry the fire with it. Then he depended on poor Tally to open the door, let in the fresh air and drive the flames back. In this way he would confine the danger entirely to the spot where it broke out.

For on the right just inside Tally's door was Vaughan's Level, cutting into the upper workings. The wind would keep the fire back below this opening—and this opening would take everyone who could get to it safely into the "Number Nine return." Once in there the men could always keep ahead of the flames and poisonous gas—even if the fire got in there. It could not travel quicker than the surrounding air—which in a return is sluggish. The men could rush to the bottom of the pit, quickly up, and—safety.

But on the other hand, if instead of getting to the return they blundered trying to get to the main working road, they would have to pass through the fumes of the treacherous choke-damp and—suffocation.

This was why Evan wanted Tally's companion to remain at the door of the upper road; that door should be kept closed. All the air should be driven down Soldiers' Deep as soon as Tally opened his door; and the men coming out of the upper road should be warned to run back down Soldiers' Deep, cut into Vaughan's Level and into Number Nine return.

But the boy who was a great fighter neglected his post, as we have seen, and sought the companionship of Tally.

The two boys saw lights flying wildly out of that road.

"Run an' tell um—run—tell um to come down to Vaughan's Level here!" cried Tally.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid."

Tally put a stone against his own door, and this held it open.

Then he ran with wonderful speed after the lights. He dashed into the front of the men, shouting:

"You're to go down Soldiers' Deep, through Vaughan's Level, and back by Number Nine, Evan said."

The authority of Evan was convincing. At once the men turned to run back down Soldiers' Deep. But they saw the fire down there. They stopped aghast.

"No; you fool!" they shouted. "You want us to run into the flames."

"It's below the mouth of Vaughan's Level," cried Tally.

They understood the meaning of this, and they cried joyfully:

"Vaughan's Level—Number Nine return—and safe home, boys!"

And down toward the fire they rushed.

"Come on, Tally," they shouted.

"Evan'll be back soon," said he.

One wanted to drag him away.

"No," said he, freeing himself. "I'm all right. I'll stop an' tell the others."

Then he was alone with the fire: the other boy had run away with the men.

Tally ran back to that other boy's door in the upper road. It stood wide open.

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THEY DID NOT SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THEY REELED ONWARD.

As the fireman expected, the excited men forgot to close it; and the boy had deserted his post. The air was blowing down that road and spoiling the life-saving plan. Tally closed the door and rushed back to his own.

Some men came staggering up from the left-hand road where the fire had broken out. They had forced a way through the deadly choke-damp, but they could never have escaped if they had blundered on. Tally rushed up beside them.

"You must go up through Vaughan's Level to the return!" he shouted.

They did not seem to understand. They reeled onward. He caught hold of one and led him down. The others followed unconsciously. He led them to the mouth of Vaughan's Level.

"Up to Number Nine," cried he.

They seemed to understand that—in a drunken way; and they shuffled along the road.

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More men rushed out from the upper road then, and were given the secret of life. They all wanted Tally to come.

"I'm goin' with Evan," said he.

They knew Evan. They believed the boy knew what he meant by waiting for the fireman. So they left him to watch his door in Soldiers' Deep. There at the bottom of the road lurked the red fire. But Tally was too busy to heed it. Others came and went. Then the rush of men stopped. He wondered if they were all gone.

"I hope they are," said he.

He felt numbness take hold of him, and he wondered.

Now what was happening was no matter for wonder. With the rush of air down the centre road the left-hand road was almost airless. There the gas-fumes found no opposition. So they crept up and up till they touched the air going down the centre road. The choke-damp mixed with the air, and the current gradually took this poisonous gas down to poor Tally, who inhaled it and grew weak. At the same time the gas took away from the resisting force of the wind, while it strengthened the fire. Then, in the same way, as the choke-damp crept up the lower road, so did the fire slowly creep up Soldiers' Deep to where the boy was posted.

"I don' care if I do get burned now," said he.

The influence of the gas made him indifferent.

"I'm goin' to have a sleep," said Tally. "I don' care if the fire comes."

He stretched himself upon the dust. His lamp burned faintly beside him. He closed his eyes; muttered a little; then only heavy breathing came from him.

The red and blue fire came slowly up the Deep—slowly reaching the mouth of Vaughan's Level. When it passed that, there was no more escape for anyone.

But Evan had timed the thing as near as human calculation could do it. So his light, steady and firm as ever, came out of the upper road; it rounded the corner and came swiftly down the road to the door of Soldiers' Deep. He had been all round the upper workings, guiding, like a shepherd, bewildered stragglers into the right road. He stopped beside Tally's light. He bent over the boy, and shed the light of his own lamp upon the lad's face.

"Ah! Tally *bach* (little Tally). Just in time. Where's that other boy who was such a fighter? Run away? And Tally—that the boys said was a coward—is at his post. I thought I could reckon on you more than the fighter. They're all saved—that is from the upper side," he said, correcting himself. "God help them that's down the lower side now. But if you, *machgen-i* (my dear boy), didn't do what you promised, the nine times ten of the men would be where the other ten is in the lower side now."

He picked up the boy's lamp, hooked it to his own belt; then took up Tally in his arms.

"Come you, *machgen-i*. Vaughan's Level is open for us yet."

And carrying the boy, Evan went swiftly toward the fire, turned into the mouth of Vaughan's Level, to the return, back to the pit-bottom: and soon they were up in the daylight. And with the sun upon his face and the hillside breeze in his lungs Tally awoke from his dangerous sleep and opened his eyes to life.

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J. PIERPONT MORGAN

The bell-wether of the herd.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

In this instalment (the fourth in a series which may continue for a year or more—see With Everybody's Publishers, page 721) Mr. Lawson tells of his great fight against the "System" on behalf of the Westinghouse Companies, describes his first encounter and subsequent alliance with Addicks against H. H. Rogers, and then gives particulars of the terrific struggle of the Bay State Gas cohorts against the forces of "Standard Oil" for supremacy in Boston. The long-continued warring culminates in a meeting between Lawson and Rogers to discuss a settlement. The interview, big with significance to both men, is one of the great scenes in Mr. Lawson's story, and affords, perhaps, the most vivid and dramatic report of a business conversation extant.—THE EDITORS.

CHAPTER XIII

THE "SYSTEM" VERSUS WESTINGHOUSE

IN my last chapter I left the gas battle between Addicks and H. H. Rogers at its most crucial stage. "Standard Oil" had the Delaware financier staggering, and men wise to market conditions knew the end was in sight. The following chapters describe the continuation of the struggle, but with myself as leader of the Addicks forces. In order to make comprehensible the facts of "Amalgamated," it is necessary to explain the conditions which led up to them, and all these rest on and arose through Bay State Gas.

In 1894 I had just finished up one of the most strenuous and successful financial campaigns I ever engaged in. This was the Westinghouse deal, of which the papers were full at the time. George Westinghouse, to whom the world owes the air-brake and countless improvements in electrical machinery, having overcome the difficulties that clog the early steps of the inventor who would be his own master, had taken rank, some years before, among the great figures of the day. The various corporations in America bearing his name had prospered amazingly; his ingenious appliances had displaced home products in the European market, and titles and decorations had been conferred on the inventor, which, however, like the sturdy American he is, Westinghouse had put aside.

This great success was wholly the fruit of George Westinghouse's personal endeavor. It owed nothing to extraneous influences. It had been accomplished along those manly, independent, Yankee lines which have made the name in every part of the civilized world synonymous with hustle and success. Above all, the man had organized and developed his companies without the aid of the "System" or without truckling to its votaries, and consequently had incurred the deadly hatred of some of its lords paramount.

In the business world Westinghouse's great rival was the General Electric Company. To mention "Westinghouse" and "General Electric" in the same breath was to speak of a thing and its antithesis. Everything George Westinghouse was or had been the General Electric was not and had not been. The General Electric had been and was by leave of the "System"; in fact, it was one of its very foremost examples; its high-priest was J. Pierpont Morgan; its home, Wall Street; its owners, the principal votaries of the "System." It had grown because of their favor and by the rankest examples of knock-down-and-drag-out methods of consolidation of all competitors but—Westinghouse.

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G. W. WESTINGHOUSE

American multi-millionaire in defiance of the system.

Just previous to 1894 Westinghouse had rejected a dazzling scheme of uniting the two institutions on an immense capitalization which would have absorbed millions and millions of the people's savings and earned millions in commissions for its projectors. Wall Street's indignation at his hardihood knew no bounds, and at the time of which I write the yegg-men of the system were laying for him with dark-lantern and sand-bag.

To appreciate the story of what the "System" tried to do to George Westinghouse and what he withstood, one must know the man. He fulfils in many ways the con-

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ception of what the ideal American should be. In spite of his unparalleled success and the accumulation of a great fortune, he retains the same simplicity of manner and conduct that characterized him when working at the bench for weekly wages. His remarkable six feet and odd of physique and his fertile, powerful brain are the admiration of all true men with whom he comes in contact; but with all his shrewdness and force of character he had preserved a simple, honest, childlike belief in humanity. Single-handed he conducted all his great enterprises on a plain, patriarchal basis, using their revenues for extensions, and depending on his faithful and well-satisfied stockholders for such further accessions of capital as the business might in his judgment need. About the time General Electric was most anxious to bolster up its jerry-built structure with the solid Westinghouse concern, the latter institution had begun the erection of some big new plants which required immediately several millions additional capital. Westinghouse prepared to apply to his stockholders for the required funds, and the announcement was to be made at the annual election which was soon to take place. Suddenly the financial sky became overcast. The stock-market grew panicky and money as scarce in Wall Street as rain in Arizona in July. It was just such a situation as the "System" might have brought about to accomplish its fell designs if it had possessed the power to work miracles.

And the "System" took care of its advantage. At a tense moment in that soul and nerve trying period, with Wall and State Streets full of talk about General Electric's probable absorption of Westinghouse, General Electric being then at its highest price, $119 per share, the Westinghouse companies held their annual meetings and the big inventor, confidently facing his stockholders, quite regardless of conditions which he thought could have no possible bearing on his concern's splendid prospects, came forward with his demand for the millions required to complete the projects already under way. This was the signal. From all the stock-market sub-cellars and rat-holes of State, Broad, and Wall Streets crept those wriggling, slimy snakes of bastard rumors which, seemingly fatherless and motherless, have in reality multi-parents who beget them with a deviltry of intention: "George Westinghouse had mismanaged his companies;" "George Westinghouse, because of gross extravagance, had spread himself and his companies until they were involved beyond resurrection unless by consolidation with General Electric;" these and many more seeped through the financial haunts of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, and kept the wires hot into every financial centre in America and Europe where aid must be sought to relieve the crisis. There came a crash in Westinghouse stocks, and their price melted. From amidst the thunder and lowering clouds emerged the "System." Notwithstanding the black eye the name of everything Westinghouse had received, it would stand by and consolidate and save the day! But the "System" and its everything-gauged-by-machinery votaries had reckoned without its host. George Westinghouse was too strong a man to be thus easily shaken down. He threw back his mighty shoulders, shook his big head, and flung his great private fortune into the market to stay the falling prices of his securities. The tide was setting too strongly against him at the moment, and his millions were but a temporary help. He got on the firing-line himself and did a thousand and one things that only a brave, honest, and democratic Yankee would or could do—everything but accept the cunning aid offered him by the "System" or its votaries. He knew too well that the friendly mask concealed a foe and that the kid-gloved hand extended him had a dagger up its sleeve.

These were the conditions when I, as an expert in stock-market affairs, was called in for assistance. The problem was to restore the Westinghouse stocks to their former high price, and, confidence being re-established, to sell the new treasury stock at such a figure as would pay for the plants and other projects the company had under way. The completion of these meant greatly increased earnings and such an advance in facilities and economy of manufacture as to be a source of greater menace to the General Electric, whose fate was surely sealed if it had to compete with Westinghouse under the new conditions. So its every effort was bent to force the alliance. Here was this sound, sturdy institution standing for everything that was best and self-supporting in American finance adrift on the Wall Street shoals, and it seemed almost a hopeless task to attempt its rescue. But it was a task eminently worth while, and I undertook it with all the energy I could command.

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My fight had hardly begun when I saw it was to be opposed by all the forces of General Electric and the "System," and I concluded defeat was sure unless by a counter movement on their stock I could keep them so busy that they would have no time to interfere with Westinghouse. Thereupon I laid out that attack on everything connected with General Electric which created so much consternation at the time. To this day, if my enemies are asked for some one thing more than all else to justify their hatred, they will point to my terrible General Electric raid. They will tell you I broke the stock from 118 to 56 in a day, and thereby caused one of our most disastrous panics; that I continued to hammer it to 20, that I compelled reorganization, and then did not let up. They will show you that the misery and ruin I wrought were beyond calculation. I will simply say that, of any of the things I am proud of having done, I am proudest of what I did in General Electric, and, willingly, I would give over five years of my life to go through the experience again.

It was a most arduous campaign, and our fate trembled many times in the balance. By dint of hard, overtime work and what my enemies were pleased to call rank manipulation, we drove Westinghouse stock back to its former price, after which a strong syndicate was formed to take the new stock, and the righted institution at once magnificently swept on its international career which to-day is at its height.

Though I had taken up the Westinghouse cause as a business venture and its successful termination was most profitable to me, I had entered into the campaign with the ardor of a lawyer defending a client unjustly accused of a heinous crime. But there was this difference—if in spite of his efforts the lawyer failed to convince the jury of his client's innocence it meant no detriment to his fortune or his reputation, whereas all I had and was were involved in this stock-exchange struggle. The great rewards that are the guerdon of success in financial fights are balanced by the terrific consequences of defeat. The broker general engaged in surrounding his enemy requires every dollar he and his principals can pledge or beg, and where great forces are in conflict millions are burnt up to seize any vantage, as Kuroki sacrifices a regiment to gain a hill. I had won for myself as well as for Westinghouse, but if the fortunes of the war had been on the other side, I must certainly have been wiped out.

CHAPTER XIV

LAWSON ENLISTS WITH ADDICKS

In picking up the thread of my usual run of market operations, I was struck by the condition of Addicks's Bay State Gas stock, and determined its price was too high. I was tearing large strips from its values when Addicks's bankers, who happened to be business friends of mine, sought to enlist me on their side of the gas war. I remember expressing frankly my opinion about the contestants and their contest at the time, stating that so far as morality, fairness, or justice went I could see little to choose between Addicks and "Standard Oil." I continued to "bear" the stock until one day my banker friends brought me an earnest request from the Delaware financier that I go to New York and talk things over with him.

On reaching New York—the two bankers and myself—we went directly to Addicks's apartments at the Imperial Hotel. Although the fortunes of war were rapidly crumbling this worthy's brilliant financial structure, there were as yet no outward signs of disintegration. His beautiful estate at Claymont, Delaware, his stock farm in the same State, his town house in Philadelphia, his $30,000 apartments in the Knickerbocker on Fifth Avenue in New York, and the superbly furnished suite in the Imperial, close by, all seemed to testify to the man's boundless prosperity.

However memorable this meeting was destined to be to both of us, my chief sensation was a certain curiosity as to the personality of Addicks, whom I had seen, but had never spoken to. I knew him to a "T" in my mind, but here was my opportunity to compare the mental sizing-up with the real man. The apartment we were ushered into was of the low-burning-red-light, Turkish pattern. Addicks rose from a great divan, disturbing a pose which his white cricket-cloth suit and the scarlet shadows made so stagy that I guessed it was for my benefit. I looked him over, and he returned the inspection. After the introduction he at once unlimbered his business gun.

"Let's get right down to business, Lawson," he began. "I wanted to meet you to see if we could get together on any satisfactory basis."

I told him that that was my understanding of our meeting. Then he wanted assurances that I had no connections with "Standard

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Oil" and that I was free, sentimentally and commercially, to enlist in his fight. I replied that I was a stock-broker and operator, and was looking for opportunities; no one had strings on me, and provided he made satisfactory terms I was free to join him; further, that when it came to enlisting in a fight between two such financiers as Addicks and Rogers sentiment seemed to me out of place.

"That's right," he said. "That's what I like to hear. Now, Lawson, will you take this fight of mine against 'Standard Oil'?"

"If you meet my terms, yes."

Addicks looked at me. "What do you want?" he asked. "Perhaps, though, you'd first like to have me tell you how my affairs stand."

"I know sufficiently where you stand," I replied, "to name my terms right now. If they are acceptable, I'll hear you tell where you stand afterward. I'll take your fight for a cash commission of $250,000 and a cash capital of $1,000,000, to be used on the market on joint account, where we divide the profits of all operations."

Addicks smiled. "You are too high," he said. "I'll pay you $50,000 commission and give you $250,000 capital, and after I show you in what good shape my fight now is and how near I am to victory, you'll agree that the terms I offer are good pay and fair."

"Mr. Addicks," said I, "I have just time to get dinner, look in at the theatre, and catch the midnight back to Boston. It is my business to keep posted on such scrimmages as you are engaged in. If you and your affairs are where I believe they are, the terms I offer are exceptionally low. If your affairs are as you would have me believe, you need no one to captain your fight."

Addicks asked where I thought his affairs stood, and I answered: "I don't think—I know, or, at least, I feel quite sure I do. You are at the end of your rope and are practically bankrupt."

At once Addicks grew indignant. "You are absolutely wrong," he asserted. "I'll admit I have had a hard fight, and that it has cost me, so far, considerable money; but I give you my word I'm worth between six and seven millions clear and clean right now."

I bade him good-night, and left. Our interview had consumed not over twenty to twenty-five minutes. I said to his bankers: "Addicks is the Addicks I have sized him up to be, only worse."

We got back to Boston next morning, and at the opening of the Stock Exchange I sailed into the Bay State stock in earnest, for I felt surer than before Addicks was nearing his finish. A few minutes after the Exchange opened, Addicks's banker rushed into my office and said the Delaware financier begged that I would return to New York at once, and confidentially whispered to me that in a talk he had had with him on the telephone Addicks had stated he would accept my terms. I informed the banker I was not anxious for the job, but as he urged his own interest, I jumped on the noon train and in the evening was again in New York.

It was a warm day and I was pleased to get a wire from Addicks on the train to meet him at the pier, as we should hold our conference on his yacht, the *Now-Then*, at that time one of the fastest steam-yachts afloat.

It was a night of memorable beauty. In the golden light of a dazzling sunset we flew up the majestic Hudson. From under the awning I watched the serried edges of the Palisades as we slipped swiftly by them to the broad reaches of tinted waters above Yonkers. Every natural influence conspired to make acute to me the warning whisper of my soul, which flashed the caution as I crossed the gang-plank, "Watch out!" But, as I said before, Fate hangs no red lights at the cross-roads of a man's career, and I plunged recklessly into the toils my Mephistophelian companion so artfully wove around me.

The *Now-Then* was hardly in mid-stream before Addicks had got down to business. His demeanor had changed since the previous evening. All the bravado had disappeared. Now he was simple, frank, direct, and, in the manner of one who has made a mistake and regrets it, he commenced without any delay:

"I didn't think last night I'd pay your price, Lawson. It staggered me a bit, but I gave it considerable thought after you left, and when this morning's prices showed me you were again on the war-path, I saw my error."

"Mr. Addicks," said I, "let's have no fooling about this matter. If we do business together, it will only be after there is some plain—brutally plain talk between us. It will do no good to trick, because someone will get slaughtered when the trick is discovered, as it surely will be, after we hitch up together."

Then, straight from the shoulder, free from

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all attempt to gloss over the raw truth, I detailed to him the things I knew he had done to his former associates, and it was a tale of unbroken duplicity and double-dealing on his part, loss and misery for his lieutenants, and profits and curses for him. I ended by saying, "If we get together, Addicks, it will be upon my terms, and I'll see to it that you do not put me in the position you have all the others you've been connected with. I don't trust you and I'll watch you all the time."

When I had finished Addicks looked at me sadly with a wounded, "how-this-man-has-misjudged-me" expression in his eyes.

"Lawson," he said, "you were never more mistaken in your life, but it's a matter I don't want to argue about. You'll tell me you were all wrong after you know me better. I'll do business with you—yes, and I'll allow you to make your own terms. I'll agree to them whatever they are, and I'll live up to the very letter of them, however hard."

I may mention that it is a peculiar characteristic of Addicks that one may talk to him as though he were a pick-pocket, and he will not resent it, if it is "business." Where H. H. Rogers would burst into a Vesuvius of wrath, the Delaware statesman only smiles.

I was by no means convinced by Addicks's injured-innocence-of-manner of his sincerity. I decided I would test him pretty thoroughly before I went further. So I said: "This seems the proper time for a clean statement from you as to just where you and your companies stand."

I did not believe this man could make an absolutely truthful statement on any subject of importance, but I knew enough of his real position to protect me from being fooled. What was my surprise, therefore, when in the most open way possible he calmly spread before me a condition of affairs far worse than the worst I knew. He was indeed bankrupt and his corporation was in little better shape.

I looked at him. As soon as I caught my breath I said:

"No wonder you refused my proposition last night. If your bankers had dreamed of this state of affairs, they would have had a receiver to-day. You cannot meet my terms. You cannot even carry out the ones you yourself offered."

Addicks leaned back on the cushions of his chair in the easiest, most insouciant way imaginable. He grinned. "That's true," he replied, "but I never give up a ship till I feel her bump the bottom, and I feel sure that, bad as things are, you and I can pull them out and whip Rogers to a standstill."

The man's supreme nerve astounded me, yet I could not help admiring him. I saw through his game, yet his assurance fascinated me. I thought a minute. I said to him: "Addicks, I'm really sorry for you, and I'll promise you here now to keep what you've told me sacred. What's more I'll stop fighting you. I'll cover up my shares and without doing anyone any harm I'll help make prices a bit better for your securities."

He smiled, said "Thank you!" and continued looking at me as though he awaited something further, a quizzical, expectant smile on his face.

It was a remarkable situation. Here was one of the most ruthless financial schemers of the age cornered for slaughter, and he had put himself absolutely at the mercy of the man who had bitterly fought him and whom he knew hated his kind. Yet he was as cool and collected as a bunch of orange-blossoms at a winter's wedding.

There was an interval of silence. Finally I said to him—and there were neither red lights nor warning intuitions to signal my peril: "Just what do you expect me to do, Mr. Addicks?"

"Whatever you think best," he replied in a mild tone. Then, rousing himself a bit, he went on: "They say in the market that you like a fight and the harder it is the better. Well, I certainly have an uphill fight. Do as you would have the other fellow do to you."

After that I had no further doubts of Addicks's slickness. I said to him: "You are certainly the shrewd man they describe you. Now continue to be frank long enough to answer this one question: Did you figure this all out as a last card to throw at me, so the very desperation of the case might warm me up and tempt me to tackle it for the sake of the fight there's in it?"

Instantly Addicks knew his game was won. He straightened up and was the able, shrewd, and cunning financier who had tricked conservative Boston. His facts chased his figures in marvellously rapid succession, and he showed a knowledge of conditions, relations, and corporation tricks that dazzled me. For an hour he rushed on, and when at last he came to a stop I said to him:

"It's unnecessary to say any more. I see the situation as you would have me see it, and it comes to this: If I refuse to link up

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with you it means another "Standard Oil" victory and another wreck for Boston. Rogers's success means that New England speculators and investors will again, for the three hundred and thirty-third time, be robbed of their savings. If I get in, we may avert all this or I may be ground up at the same time you are. However, it's too good a fight to miss, and so here goes. I'll link up."

We, Addicks and myself, have often laughed as, in after years, from some particularly hazardous halting-place we have talked over that August evening on the *Now-Then*. I was easy, he admits, and that I *was* easy, I must agree. Yet no one knew Addicks better than I did then. Looking back along his extraordinary career, one is obliged to allow a certain magic in the result, of his men and dollar tussles. We had absolutely nothing in common, Addicks and I. We thought and felt differently about every relationship of life. A dozen other ventures, sure, easy, and promising infinitely greater profits were ready at my hand —but he appealed to my sense of adventure, he promised me abundant and glorious fighting, and I forgot everything else and went with him.

When the *Now-Then* touched her pier and I stepped ashore, it was as captain of Addicks's corporation and stock-market forces, with absolute power to wage war, make peace, and use in whatever way I thought best such resources of his as I could find. I lost no time. Within forty-eight hours of my return to Boston I had mapped out my campaign, reformed Addicks's broken lines and gayly set forth on about as forlorn a hope as ever operator or fighter tackled.

Nothing more desperate could be imagined than the condition of the Delaware financier's affairs when I assumed control. All the resources of his companies were pledged for loans, and the constantly falling prices of his securities, coupled with the discrediting stories Rogers's agents kept in circulation, made it difficult to keep these going. To pay meant ruin, for Addicks had no further thing of value to pledge. At the same time, Rogers's company, which had now paralleled many of the Bay State Company's pipes, had secured a large slice of that corporation's business, and had a corps of up-to-date solicitors working overtime to secure the balance. Boston, in the meantime, having decided that Addicks's star was of the shooting variety, and on its return trip, was throwing its hat up in the wake of the "Standard Oil" band-wagon. Simultaneously the City Government and the Massachusetts Legislature had awakened to the enormity of Addicksism and were boiling over with that brand of virtue which the "System" and "Standard Oil" know so well how to awaken in American breasts by the way of American pockets. At this stage, Rogers's investments in Boston had grown from the half-million he had at first thought sufficient to annihilate Addicks to three and a half millions, a million and a half of which represented real property, and the balance, all kinds of expenditures made in the fight to crush the Delaware financier, a large part of it being invested in the votes and favor of State and municipal authorities.

Chief among the enemies of Addicks at that time was the young and brilliant boss of Boston, its reform mayor, the Hon. Nathan Matthews, and thereby hangs one of those swinging tales which can be used as milestone lanterns to illuminate the reader's course or to light up those resting-places which every historian should provide at pleasant intervals along his narrative. When the Addicks-Rogers gas-fight broke out in Boston, this Nathan Matthews was at the zenith of his political career, and was rather a greater man than even reform mayors generally fancy themselves. He was at that phase in the lives of aspiring persons which compels the average spectator to debate whether the swelling of the cranium should be met by a larger hat-band or a sweeping haircut. *En passant*, Addicks's Panama had had its fifth enlargement to accommodate the successive bulges of his brow.

Now, the City of Boston's contract with the Bay State Company for gas at a dollar and twenty-five cents, which had run a long term of years, was just expiring. One bright spring morning the mayor's secretary telephoned the secretary of the Mogul from Delaware that His Honor of Boston desired converse with the Gas King. If those who overheard the dialogue can be credited, the interchange had these characteristics:

"This is the Mayor of Boston, the Hon. Nathan Matthews."

"This is J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, Gas King and United States Senator-to-be. What would you with me?"

"I would hold converse with you in regard to a contract of much moment which will expire in a few days."

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"Well and good. My office is in West Street. Give your card to my first, second, or third secretary and I will not keep you waiting long."

"The office of the Mayor of Boston is at the City Hall and my first or under secretary will make things agreeable while you wait. When will you call?"

"I would have you understand, Mr. Mayor, that anyone to talk gas with J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, Gas King and United States Senator-to-be, comes to his office."

"Good-day to you, Mr. Gas King and United States Senator-to-be."

"Good-day to you, Mr. Mayor."

I do not guarantee the conversation that occurred took exactly the form here given it, but no injustice has been done its substance, nor would it be possible to estimate in miles the breach it created. From that encounter date the earnest efforts of these worthies to do up each other, in which both were successful to a degree that filled their hearts with Indian pleasure.

A few days later public announcement was made that the Brookline Gas Company, Rogers's corporation, had been awarded the contract for lighting Boston, and that henceforth the legal price of gas to the consumer was to be $1 per thousand feet. This was due notice to all concerned that "Standard Oil" had captured City Hall, and Addicks realized his error. He sought the Mayor's office, but the Mayor had not time to see him. His companies met the new rate. There was nothing else for them to do.

CHAPTER XV

THE GREAT BAY STATE GAS FIGHT

It was to this condition that I had to cut my campaigning plans. I determined first to raise the market price of Addicks's securities; to turn the tide against the "Standard Oil" by that most potent of stock-market weapons, publicity, and then to attack Rogers from the rear through the City Hall. For Addicks to attempt to match pocketbooks with Rogers and "Standard Oil" in corrupting city or State officials, he knew would be useless, and besides, my foundation agreement with the Delaware financier on the *Now-Then* had been that under no circumstances should bribery or corruption be allowed to enter into any of our plans as long as I was connected with the enterprise. I had always held, do now, and always shall hold, that the meanest crime in the calendar of vice is bribery of the servants of the people. I thought I knew a more legitimate way of whipping that particular devil around the stump, and felt I could play a card that would more than offset the dollars of "Standard Oil." Nathan Matthews was on the high-road to the Governor's chair, but I happened to know that, however ambitious he might be for political preferment, his temperament rendered him more avid for distinction in business. Addicks had within his gift the richest plum in all the Boston commercial world. As controller of the affairs of the Bay State Company of Delaware, which had the nomination and consequent election of the officers of the old Boston gas companies, he could award to anyone he pleased the presidency of these corporations, together with the large salary that went with the office.

My plans in shape, I rushed to the firing-line. I began with a statement to the investors of New England and the gas consumers of Boston brimming over with facts and figures. Then I discharged a volley of candid details about the manner in which City and State officials had recently betrayed the public's interests. Lastly, I emptied at "Standard Oil" a broadside which my attorneys and friends assured me meant jail on a libel charge. I put my banking-house and my personal guarantee behind the old and new loans, and simultaneously rolled up my sleeves in the stock-market. I got results at once. A change became apparent in public sentiment—the rottenness of Addicksism was overcome by the stench of "Standard Oil." The prices of Bay State stocks and bonds shot up; loan funds were offered freely and at lower rates of interest. But there were reprisals. Rogers met my onslaught with a weapon strange to "Standard Oil" tactics. He came into the open by issuing a proclamation over his own signature which gave me the lie, at the same time tearing off a yard or two of my skin and throwing on a bucket of brine to remind me I had lost it. This was just off the press when I was out with a rejoinder which he, in after years, referred to as quite the hottest thing of its kind he had ever read. In it I calmly, but in that "chunk English" which those who really wish to convey the truth naked can always find handy, told him who he really was, explicitly what "Standard Oil" was, and exactly who and

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what I was. I am afraid that about either assault there was nothing dignified, generous, or refined, but in stock-exchange battles one has not time to scent shrapnel. The immediate result of this interchange of deckle-edged* insults was to daze the public. "Standard Oil" attacked, actually replying; Rogers assaulting Lawson and Lawson sending back worse than he got—almost anything might happen next. It was right here I got to Rogers's *solar plexus*. I came out with another plain public talk, and gave him the choice of haling me into court—in which event I pledged him my word I would send him and his to jail for bribery and other crimes—or acknowledging to the world he was licked and on the run. He was silent and I loudly claimed victory. The price of Addicks stocks again quickly emphasized our success by advancing.

Thus far the campaign appeared to be working smoothly, and I proceeded next to put into play my rear attack. I began negotiations with Mayor Matthews for the withdrawal of his support from Rogers. It was a difficult task, but after much manœuvering I landed my big fish. I promised him the presidency of the Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, and Bay State gas companies for the term of three years, at a salary of $25,000 per annum, with the explicit understanding that he was to allow me, as his vice-president, to see that the bargain between us was lived up to. When the trade was made it was understood that the fact of Matthews's change of base should be kept secret, and that he should not assume the office until the end of his term as Mayor of Boston. With that agreement the deal was clinched, signed, sealed, and delivered.

A peculiar situation existed at this time in the affairs of Bay State Gas, and in order that my readers may comprehend the events that follow, it is necessary that they understand something of the intricacies in which Addicks's manipulations had involved the corporation. These events have an important bearing on the main story, as will be obvious as I go along.

When Addicks purchased the several Boston gas properties he organized a company, the Bay State of Delaware, in which this ownership was vested. In order to facilitate the financing of the new corporation and for other manipulative purposes of his own, Addicks created an inner corporation, the Bay State of New Jersey, owned by the treasury of the Bay State of Delaware, to which he turned over the stocks of the Boston gas companies. These the Bay State of New Jersey transferred to the Mercantile Trust Company of New York as collateral for the twelve million Boston Gas bonds which had been sold to the investing public. While to all intents and purposes the Bay State of Delaware was owner of the subsidiary properties, the contract with the Mercantile Trust Company was made with the Bay State of New Jersey, and it was to the president of the latter corporation (Addicks) that the Trust Company was bound to deliver the proxies for the gas stocks in its possession, three days before an annual election. Knowledge of this subcutaneous corporation was confined to Addicks and his immediate associates, and the Delaware financier alone quite grasped its potentialities. Hitherto Addicks had used these proxies to elect himself president of each of the subordinate corporations, drawing the several salaries which went with the offices. To prevail on him to give up these places and their emoluments to a man he hated as bitterly as he did Matthews was a difficult task, but the case was desperate. Finally, he agreed. I did not know till long afterward that this reluctant compliance came only after Addicks had had a secret session with his Bay State directors, at which they voted him, by way of salve for his resignation, a sum equal to three years' salary, $75,000.

The Mayor, who was a lawyer, prided himself on his shrewdness, and was fully alive to the serpent strategy of Addicks. He determined that the prize he had secured should not slip through his fingers for lack of precaution. We had many legal pow-wows in which the most astute lawyers at the Boston Bar were called in, and finally the directors of the Bay State made an iron-clad contract with Nathan Matthews, agreeing to deliver over to him whatever proxies it, the Bay State Gas of Delaware, received from the Mercantile Trust Company of New York, on a given day before the annual election, with which he, of course, could elect himself president. This contract was signed by Addicks and his directors and by all the officers of the Bay State of Delaware corporation, and was passed on and approved by the eminent law sharps both sides had retained.

A few days after the document that made Nathan Matthews supreme boss of Boston

* Mr. Lawson's proclamations and market communications are invariably printed on the finest grade of deckle-edged paper.

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Gas was conveyed to him, there came an explosion. Like the premature bursting of a bombshell at a Fourth of July celebration, the transaction "leaked," and the press announced in sable head-lines that Mayor Matthews had sold out, that Addicks was on top, and that Rogers and "Standard Oil" would surely be found beneath the *débris*. Matthews has always claimed this "leakage" was a piece of Addicks's double dealing; Addicks declares it was a part of Matthews's and Rogers's deep-laid plan to give him the double cross. Anyway, as a hurrier-up of coming events, the news was most successful, although its effect was somewhat of the nature of that produced by the throwing in of an overdose of soda at a candy pull—the pot boiled over, and the air, for a short time, was permeated with the odor of burned sweets. In spite of all public and private criticism, Matthews budged not a jot, and confirmed the reports. I made the most of our triumph over "Standard Oil," and for a few days the public took to it, too. Then came one of those return waves of sentiment, which will always be met with in any contest in which "Standard Oil" is engaged. From mysterious places and in untraceable ways, it became public that victory was really with Rogers instead of with our side; that it was a smooth piece of Machiavellian work by which Matthews when he took the helm was to steer our ship alongside one of Rogers's forts and perhaps drop anchor under a row of his concealed guns.

This rumor alarmed me. I lost no time in running it to earth, and discovered to my consternation that Matthews had spent the night before he had agreed to go over to us in New York, at the home of H. H. Rogers. Exactly what transpired there, or what their programme was, I don't know. Long after this episode had slipped into gas history, at the time when Rogers and myself were doing business together, I asked him to enlighten me on this one point, and he did to the extent of saying, "Matthews only did what I approved of." This certainly redeemed Matthews in my eyes from the reproach of having sold out his friends. There is nothing more despicable than a man who, after having consented to be "put" will not "stay put"—even though the first "put" be of a questionable character.

This new complication compelled immediate action. I called on Matthews to set at rest these reports that were fast destroying the beneficial effects of our coup by making public announcement that I was to be his vice-president. I argued that this would convince the public that victory was with us and not with Rogers. My surprise may be grasped when the Mayor handed me this icicle:

"Mr. Lawson, it has long been my ambition to show the public of Boston and gas consumers what I could do with this situation, and now that I am in absolute possession, I would have you and all others distinctly understand I will run it as I deem best, regardless of the wishes of anyone."

No kindly Fate flashed danger signals for Nathan Matthews that day, or perhaps the red light may have looked green as viewed through the parchment of the stern contract that so absolutely assured him of gas supremacy. He was destined to learn that in an Addicks edifice there are secret trap-doors and concealed passage-ways available for quick escape in an emergency, and that the term "absolutely assured" is of relative value when used in high finance, with Addicks to interpret the relativeness. A few days after the Mayor had shown his colors the annual election was unexpectedly "pulled off." The Mercantile Trust Company delivered its proxies to the president of the Bay State *of New Jersey*, who promptly re-elected himself and his friends to their old offices.

Next morning the public, the press, and the ex-Mayor were alike surprised to learn that J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks was still president of all the Boston gas companies; that General Sam Thomas of New York and Thomas W. Lawson of Boston were vice-presidents, and that the expected and widely heralded Matthews turnover to Matthews had been indefinitely postponed. There was a tremendous "towse" for a few days during which I tried my hand at public-opinion moulding, with the result that all interested saw that the tide had really turned, and was running swiftly against the heretofore invincible "Standard Oil." Rogers tried to stem it by letting it be known that Matthews was to carry the new complication to the courts, but we quickly knocked this hope on the head by reaching one of those common occurrences of high finance, "a settlement" with Matthews, by the payment to him of a number of thousands of dollars, which Addicks afterward informed me he had entered in the gas-books as "balm salary." From this time on it was one steady and

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continuous running fire with Rogers and his crowd, with a constant gain to our side in public opinion, though final victory was still far off because of the unlimited money resources of "Standard Oil." In fact it was becoming evident that though we might hold out, it was impossible to whip "Standard Oil" to an open acknowledgment of defeat.

The phase of the problem that gave me keenest cause for uneasiness was that I feared treachery in my own camp. I had become painfully aware that Addicks was getting impatient and was ready at any favorable moment to make one of his quick Judas turns, which would land him safe with Rogers as the price of the slaughter of the rest of us. True, I had taken all possible precautions to safeguard my own and my friends' interests against his craft by securing from him and from the subsidiary companies ironclad power to act for them without consultation. To get this I had to use great pressure, for he had balked long and hard against giving it. This was the condition when I decided to stake everything on one vital move.

CHAPTER XVI

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WITH ROGERS

Having made up my mind that the time had come for a climax, I decided to try to legitimately settle with Mr. Rogers myself, and prepared two letters which, if he were willing for us to get together, would pave the way for a meeting. My readers, in weighing this odd correspondence, must bear in mind what the relations between Mr. Rogers and myself had been. We had vilified each other in every way imaginable, and I knew, or at least I thought I did, that the "Standard Oil" magnate would not hesitate to use any written communication of mine he could get hold of to bring about a split between Addicks and myself, for I had good evidence he thought this was his only chance of giving us the quieting blow he had been trying to inflict. The two letters were taken the next day by my secretary, Mr. Vinal, to Mr. Rogers at Fairhaven.

HENRY H. ROGERS, ESQ.,
Fairhaven, Mass.

Dear Sir: My secretary, Mr. Vinal, will hand you this letter. If after reading it you are desirous of further communication with me, he has instructions, after you have returned this one to him, sealed in the enclosed envelope, to hand you another, which if after reading you return to him in another enclosed envelope, he will bring to me with whatever verbal answer you may care to send.

My secretary knows nothing more of his errand or the contents of either letter. He can, therefore, give you no further information. If you do not call for the second letter, I will consider you do not care to pursue the subject further, which will lead me to notify you that the Boston gas war will end in a most sensational way next Wednesday.

Believe me, sir,
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Upon his return Mr. Vinal informed me that Mr. Rogers, after reading this letter twice, folded and placed it in the envelope I had sent and handed it without comment to him, whereupon my secretary handed him the second one, which was a type-written communication on a plain bit of paper, addressed to no one, signed by no one, and bearing no marks to identify the sender:

There is a gas war now existing. Upon one side is the "Standard Oil." Upon the other the Addicks Bay State companies.

After this fight had begun there were but four things possible:

"Standard Oil" can sell out to the Bay State.

The Bay State can sell out to the "Standard Oil."

They can come together by consolidation; or

They can continue fighting until one or the other has been annihilated.

Nothing else is possible. Therefore, one of these four things is to be the outcome of the present war.

If you can be shown now that if one of the first three is not settled upon before next Wednesday the fourth will be impossible beyond that date, and that it is absolutely in the power of one man, without consultation with anyone, to bring about the accomplishment of any one of the first three, you will meet that man before next Wednesday and make your selection.

I can absolutely prove to you that this war will not continue after next Wednesday, and that it is absolutely in my power, without consulting anyone, to have done any one of the three things you signify you desire done.

My secretary reported that Mr. Rogers also read this letter a second time, but slowly and carefully, as though he was weighing each word, and then, sealing it in the envelope, passed it back to him with: "Say to your employer I return to New York to-morrow, Sunday night, and will be at my office, 26 Broadway, from 9.30 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon; that I will dine at my house, 26 East 57th Street; that I will be through dinner at 8 o'clock, and that I retire at 10.30, and that any man who has an important communication to make to me affecting a matter in which I have large interests will be welcome to call on me between the hours I

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have named, provided he notifies me a few hours in advance."

When my secretary, whose practice it was to give me the minutest detail of such affairs as this errand, had reported all that had happened, I at once sent a message to 26 Broadway that I would be at Rogers's house at 8 o'clock on Monday night, and on the dot I pushed his electric latchstring. His man had hardly taken my hat when he came down the hall with outstretched hand.

CHAPTER XVII

A MEMORABLE CONFERENCE

If the years of my life are protracted beyond the Psalmist's threescore and ten, even though the events that chance in that comparatively long period seethe and struggle as strenuously as those that befell in the eager, vivid procession of yesterdays which makes up my past, my recollection's picture of this meeting will always hang where the lights cast their kindest reflections.

I had left Boston on the noon train, and got down to my hotel, the Brunswick, on Fifth Avenue, by 6 o'clock. In those kind days of good memory when New Yorkers really lived instead of looping-the-loop through life, the Brunswick was head-quarters for Southerners and Bostonians of the old school. To-day its bricks and mortar and those picturesque iron balconies, from which two generations of America's celebrities have reviewed the marching armies of peace and war, are heaps of refuse, for the old Brunswick has had to give place for one more twenty-storied, emblazoned hostelry, whose alabaster halls, frescoed walls, mosaic floors, and onyx and silver bath-tubs are designed to minister to the comfort of our great and free people when they needs must wander from the luxury of their homes. When I had dressed I crossed over to the old Delmonico's opposite, and, in a secluded corner beside an open window which gave full view of the passing show on Gotham's great boulevard, I sat and listened to old "Philip," who, time out of mind, had been high-priest of the famous Frenchman's temple of appetite, as he posted me on the latest doings of the town where no one remembers farther back than yesterday, and to-morrow doesn't count. Ordinarily I would have lingered for hours with "Philip" and his tidbits, but that night my mind was a mad steeple-chase of memories and hopes, all starting and finishing at 26 East 57th Street, and I fear he thought he must have erred in the plump little duck which I left unpicked, or in the bottle of *Lafitte* which I hardly sipped.

At 7.30 I lit my cigar and started for what I felt was to be the tomb or the hot-house of all the air-castles I had cherished from boyhood. At last I was to meet the real champion; I was to tussle hand-to-hand with the head of the financial clan, the man of all men best fitted to test to the utmost the skill and quickness which I had picked up in the rough and tumble of a hundred fights on State and Wall Streets,—he, wary, intrepid, implacable, the survivor of bloody battles in comparison with which mine were but pink skirmishes.

I had carefully put aside that half-hour between dinner and the moment for my appointment to run up and down my mental keyboard under what to me are the most favorable conditions possible—an evening walk through the streets of a great city. Some men can only invite their souls in sylvan solitudes, but the flare of light, the clash of traffic, the kaleidoscopic procession of humanity, with its challenging contrasts shifting and seething on great metropolitan highways, breed in my mind a sense of calm, cool remoteness in which all the glitter and excitement of the spectacle suggests only its appalling transiency.

From the gay carnival of Broadway I cut across through the brownstone gloom of 27th Street into Sixth Avenue, where the tired men and women of the toilers sat in their doorways or at their windows over the shops resting after the heat and travail of the day. Some watched the sidewalk antics of their children—perhaps speculating on the possibility that this or the other among that merry throng of urchins might rise to be an alderman or even a city boss—perhaps President of the greatest republic on earth—or—transcendent bliss—a Rogers or a Rockefeller.

From 42d Street I turned up Fifth Avenue, halting, leisurely, to exchange a word with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage, and for an instant, as I left them, my wandering thoughts took a new twist, for Mrs. Sage had informed me that "Father and I are on the way to prayer-meeting"—early evening prayer-meeting in New York! For an instant I was in one of those tiny New Hampshire villages, a

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forgotten haven of rest and simplicity, innocent as yet of steam, machinery, or trolleys, for the sweet lady and the angular man with the pained gait which spoke in loud tones of the unbroken store-shoe could belong in no other than a rural place. But the New Hampshire village flitted out, for my truant senses seized on a message over memory's telephone: "Russell Sage has $100,000,000." One hundred millions, and I was back on earth again, but as I walked the thought was buzzing in my brain: "Is it possible that countryman has MADE *one hundred million dollars*, when the expert carpenter who started at the birth of Christ to trudge the world until from his honest labors he had accumulated $1,000,000 by laying aside each day the greatest amount he was entitled to, one dollar, had at the end of 1,900 years only a little more than half that sum?"

At last I turned the corner of 57th Street, and when I looked down Mr. Rogers's home-like hall and grasped his outstretched hand and heard his "Lawson, I'm glad to see you!" I would have sworn it was hours and hours since I left the little table in the corner of Delmonico's.

The chief impression I recall of my experience that night is gratitude for Henry H. Rogers's unexpected kindness, and admiration for his manliness, ability, and firmness. When this memory rises in my mind I regret "Frenzied Finance" and all the consequences with which it is fraught for him and his connections. When the American people are aroused, as they surely will be, to demand restitution and are in the act of brushing, with a mighty sweep of indignation, back into the laps of the plundered the billions of which they have been robbed, and "Standard Oil" and the "System" break and fall like reeds before the gale, I doubt, even if H. H. Rogers be brought face to face with ruin, that he will feel half the pain I shall, for I know that the picture of that memorable night will surely come back to me with all the vividness of reality.

But as my mind harks back, there clashes with this another, a hellish picture, which the same Henry H. Rogers painted with the brush of Amalgamated, and a procession of convicts and suicides trails slowly toward me out of the canvas. Then I realize that my pen is but the instrument of a righteous retribution and that no personal feelings, however tender, must be allowed to interfere.

"Come this way," said my host, striding ahead of me along the hall. "The drawing-rooms are full of young people. In here we can have our talk and our smoke undisturbed." He led me into the big, empty dining-room and closed the door.

"Mr. Rogers," I began, "it is kind of you to be so nice after the mean things we have said of each other. Am I to understand you don't lay any of all that has passed up against me?"

"Lay it up against you, my boy? Drop that all out of your mind. You probably know I talk to the point and mean what I say. If you had hit below the belt as that—Addicks has, I *would* lay it up against you and a hundred years would not make me forget it. I know what you've done and why you've done it, and it was as much your right as mine to do what I have done. I have nothing against you, and, if it comes so that I can do anything to make your job easier without hurting my own interests—mind that, without hurting my own interests—I will do it. You have my word for it."

We sat within a few feet of each other, and I looked squarely into his eyes as he said: "You have my word for it," and they were honest eyes—honest as the ten-year-old boy's who with legs apart and hands in pockets throws his head back and says: "Wait until I am a man, and I will do it if I die for it!" I looked into them and I knew "My word for it" was all gold and a hundred cents to the dollar. For a minute we looked steadily into—through each other, and I knew he was reading away into the back of my head. Inwardly I said: "If I do business with this man for a day or for a lifetime, I will never face him and say one thing and mean another," and in the years after when we did millions upon millions of business, with only each other's word for a bond of fair treatment, not once did I depart from the letter of my resolution. Up to the recent famous "Gas Trial," where our roads suddenly shot off at right angles, owing to a foul act of perjury, Henry H. Rogers never tired of meeting all attacks upon me by his associates with: "Lawson's word is gospel truth with me."

When we dropped our eyes, both evidently satisfied, he said: "Now, what have you to say to me?"

Continued on page 65 of the ***Advertising Section*** of this issue.
See "Lawson and His Critics" on page 69—***Advertising Section***.

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Souvenir Night

By DOUGLAS CHANNING

ARCHIBALD RAMSAY was a particularly sweet-tempered, generally good-natured, and rather good-for-nothing gentleman of some thirty-two summers. The typical course of "young man about town" might have been laid out by him in some previous existence, so precisely did he follow its every convolution the moment he arrived at years of indiscretion. A pair of soft, vacant blue eyes, set in a face as clean-cut, brown, and almost as expressionless as that of a North American Indian, a kind, slow smile, a lazy disposition, and an independent fortune: how could Fate have better equipped him for the rôle she intended him to fill?

Archie had been in innumerable scrapes, and experience had taught him the value of a certain power which he possessed to perfection—the power of waiting in masterly inactivity till the other person made the next move. He found this generally put the other person in the wrong—and circumstances did the rest. He hardly ever did anything himself. He hated trouble, and he had discovered that to be impassive was to avoid a great deal of it.

Women, however, did not believe that Archie was impassive. They believed him to be stern, reticent, proud, shy, self-restrained, almost anything, in fact, which it flattered their fancies to believe him. And Archie's happy dulness, excellent digestion, and short memory carried him safely through a thousand snares which would have entangled a cleverer man. Archie never felt the slightest impulse to be clever.

He was, however, about to be married to a young lady whom Society accredited with a wonderful amount of that sparkling quality. His capture, they said—or so the reverend mothers of Society assured each other—attested that beyond a doubt.

But Miss Rosetta Littlecraft had no idea that she had "captured" Archie Ramsay. She had been accustomed to admiration all her life, and his had added itself almost imperceptibly to the generous amount already at her disposal.

Archie had no idea he had been captured, either. He was under the impression that he had sauntered in, on the hare and tortoise principle, and unaccountably distanced other rivals.

If there had been any capture about it, it must have been effected by a very young gentleman dressed in no clothes, a pair of wings, and a bow and arrow, who is apt to attach people to each other in a most incongruous fashion, but had, on this occasion, made rather a happy thing of it, for, as a matter of fact, Archie Ramsay and Rosetta Littlecraft were admirably suited to each other.

The young man thought of this through a haze of sentiment and cigarette smoke, as he sat in his library a night or two before the date set for his wedding, tearing up, burning (for in spite of the mild spring weather, a fire had been kindled in the grate) and otherwise ridding himself of certain tender and miscellaneous tokens which had accumulated during his bachelor days. He was rather ashamed of them when he remembered Rosetta, and rather amused by them when he forgot her in the strenuous endeavor to recollect from whom they came. It behooved him to remove all such things from his apartment, for it had pleased Miss Littlecraft to settle that he and she should return to it after their wedding trip, for the few days that remained before they sailed. She hated hotels as much as Archie hated trouble, so, as it was not etiquette, according to Mr. Ramsay's standards, "to keep a lot of other women's pictures and things hanging about in a place where your wife would see them—both on their account and hers, you know"—he was engaged in the arduous occupation of destroying them and smoking a quantity of cigarettes over the business.

"Most remarkable!" exclaimed the young man to himself, as he gazed at a small black satin slipper with a gleaming rhinestone buckle, which was the first object to meet his eyes in the open drawer of his desk-table. "I'll take my oath I never saw that before.

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How on earth did it get there? A fellow ought surely to remember where a thing of that sort came from. But my mind's a perfect blank, hanged if it isn't! Must be latent paresis coming to the surface——"

He smoothed his head with an air of gentle anxiety, and then pulled the slipper out and set it in the middle of the table on top of a green portfolio which Rosetta had given him. There he surveyed it with an expression of bewilderment, tempered by expectancy—as though it must give up its secret if sufficiently intimidated by the human eye. In his mind he went hastily over the names of all the Mrs. and Miss Cinderellas of his acquaintance, but he could recall no incident that accounted for a flying foot or a dropped slipper, and he felt reasonably certain that any occasion when he had *asked* for and obtained such a trophy would have been—or at least *should* have been—cherished in some corner of his artless brain.

No picture presenting itself to that overworked organ, however, after several minutes he sighed and allowed his eyes to wander from the slipper and fix themselves upon the next article in the drawer. This appeared to be something light-blue and shiny.

"There," said Archie triumphantly, holding up an elaborately painted and rather faded silk sachet, "I remember as if it were yesterday that Marian Dart gave me that! There was some joke about it, I know. Nice girl, Marian! Queer sort of thing for a nice girl to paint—Turkish Houri just stepping into a bath! She's married a parson now—I mean Marian. I dare say he wishes it were the Houri—though when one comes to look at her she has a decided squint. Funny I never noticed that before. Couldn't have observed it very closely. Pity Marian hadn't copied her own eyes; *they* were fine, if you like. And what a temper she had! But she couldn't paint a little bit. All the nicer of her to make the effort, if the lady *has* got a game ankle. She didn't even wear slippers, it seems. Perhaps she was trying the baths for rheumatism. Well, here goes." (He flung the sachet into a convenient waste-paper basket.) "Hope it won't shock the ash-man. Must see a good deal of the seamy side of life when one's an ash-man, and shouldn't be very easily shocked. What under the sun is this?"

Out of a fold of white tissue-paper, which his groping fingers had just clutched, fell a soft little circle of pale-yellow hair. Archie scrutinized it for a moment with puzzled attention before he picked it up.

"I didn't know I ever knew anybody who had hair as light as that," he ejaculated with mild wonder. "And so curly, too! Let me see. Mrs. Jim Bedwin's was about that color once. But I'm sure she never gave me any of it. And then there was Annabel Ingot. But hers wasn't curly. She didn't even pretend it was. She wore it straight, and only wanted one of those gold grace-hoops on the back of her head—halos, don't they call them?—to look exactly like an angel. Now she's got a coronet, and quite a decent little English husband along with it, they tell me, and she's behaving like a fiend. That comes of giving too much to a woman in this world. If she weren't rewarded till she got to the next, there'd be less to reward her for, and she'd be more grateful. Let me see. Isabelle Morris—I have it. She divided a curl between Tom Lackland and me one night at a dance on somebody's yacht, and we found out afterward it was false, because a fog came up and all the rest of her hair hung down in little tails. Could it be that? Might be! Only I don't think I'd have put it away so carefully. Stop a bit! Here's some writing! I wish they'd labelled all these things, and then I'd have known about the slipper—what's this?"

He held the tissue-paper directly under the light of the student-lamp at his elbow, and with difficulty made out the words, "Archibald's hair, at the age of two and a half."

Mr. Ramsay made a curious sound that was half a chuckle and half a sigh, and stretched himself out in his chair.

"So that's Archibald's, at the age of two and a half," he remarked, holding out the curl on the palm of his hand. "Poor little shaver! Funny to think of ever having been two and a half! That's my mother's writing. The dear old lady must have had this tucked away somewhere—just like a woman—but I'm hanged if I know how it got among my things, unless I picked it up with some papers I wanted to look over some time or other. May as well burn it. She won't be any the wiser. Exit relic of Archibald, aged two and a half, and Archibald, aged thirty-two and a half, must get on to business."

He flung the curl into the fire and watched it burn with a certain malicious interest.

"I wonder whether Isabelle Morris's false one would have made such a blaze," he

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said. "Men don't carry their pretences *out*side their heads, anyhow. I wonder if Rosetta—but I know she doesn't."

With this emphatic ending to his sentence he lighted another cigarette and fell to work again. A long white glove and a lace handkerchief rewarded his further search.

"I don't know much about such things," he declared, examining the handkerchief, "but it seems to me that this is rather good lace. I wonder if it is? 'An elegant article, madam, and one that I can recommend as quite unique.' I know how they sell those things at shops. 'Very chaste design.' Can't make it out myself exactly, but it seems to be a lot of wriggles and a rose here and there. Any initials? Oh, yes; three attenuated letters throwing fits in a corner. 'Y. F. K.'—Yours for keeps! No, 'K. Y. F.' Katherine Yardly Forbes. Did I steal that handkerchief from her, I wonder—and if so, why didn't she call the police? Or did she give it to me, and if so, for what? What could I have done with a lace handkerchief covered with wriggles and roses? I remember now. I went to a fancy ball as a king, or something, in a velvet coat, and she sent me the handkerchief and then told me not to return it. Splendid big woman, Katherine."

(Here he looked at the slipper and shook his head reflectively.)

"Took life too seriously, though, and made one no end of scenes if one didn't take it that way, too. I never could stand scenes. They always shut me up like an oyster. Never knew where to look either, except at the door, and she was generally between me and it. Awkward position for a man to have a tearful woman between him and the door—unless he wants to comfort the woman more than he wants to get out of the door. And Katherine wasn't the kind of a woman you dared comfort. I never knew anyone take such solid pleasure in crying as she did. Talk about your summer thunder-storms! But I never did talk about anything when she was crying. It was all I could do to hear myself think. I used to sit tight till she had finished, and then get up and pat her on the shoulder and tell her she'd take a different view of things the next day, and be off before another cyclone could strike me. She often said that she'd have married me if I hadn't had such an unsympathetic disposition. Well, one never knows what one has to be thankful for in this world! I wonder whether Rosetta finds me unsympathetic—but I'm sure she doesn't. Wonder what I'd better do with the handkerchief! It's years since I saw Katherine, but I know, if I sent it back to her, she'd cry. Better let the janitor's wife have it, if she gets there before the ash-man."

He tossed the handkerchief into the waste-paper basket and smoothed out the glove that lay on his knee.

"That," he said reflectively, "must be one of a pair worn by an ex-lady-love of mine who was eloping with an ex-friend of mine. Curious sensation you have the first time a girl who *has* said she was fond of you tells you she is going to elope with one of your friends. It lets *you* out all right, but you don't exactly know if you wanted her to let you out that way. Awfully hot day it was! Asphalt all sticky. And I managed the whole business for them, and then went and met the irate guardian on the arrival of the Newport train, and jollied him up a bit and took him out to dinner. I'm too good-natured. That's what's the matter with me," continued Mr. Ramsay, with gloomy self-approval. "And the bride gave me that glove 'for good luck,' she said. Well, I've got Rosetta, and that ought to be good enough luck for anybody."

Here the glove followed the handkerchief, and he turned once more to the open drawer. A package of photographs came to light, and Archie glanced at them with mingled feelings of surprise and amusement, as he tore them up, one by one, and threw them into the fire.

"Letty Lightfoot, as Sinbad, the Sailor—'Presented to dear old Wooden Face.' She thought it was awfully funny to call me that; but I never could see the good of working one's features like a gutta-percha toy every time one felt an idea coming along! 'Presented to dear old Wooden Face by his Satin-Toed Salad girl.' She couldn't have given me that shoe, could she? No. Always wore green shoes. Awfully fond of green salads, too, Letty! Never ordered anything else for supper, used to eat lettuce like a rabbit, with her nose moving up and down. Queer trick. I never could see how she did it.

"Ah, here's Mrs. Pointer as Cleopatra. I wonder if there was a Mr. Pointer? If so, he ought to have suppressed that picture.

"Here's the little woman—what was her name now?—that played the part of a blackbird on wires in a snow-storm in—can't even

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remember the name of the piece. My memory must be going. Pretty little girl. Became a bird to support her mother!

"Mademoiselle Ixe in her great human-fly act. I believe a lot of women could stick just as hard to what they wanted as she could to the ceiling, even if they had to do it head-downward. Great comfort they don't know their own power. Good thing they aren't all as clever as some. I've known the time when a stupid woman was as restful to me as a dark room.

"The Daniels Sisters in the lion's cage. Lots of pluck those women had. 'From yours sincerely, Lillie and Tillie.' Tillie married the manager, and Lillie was nearly killed by the lions one day. You can't always count upon lions, even if your name *is* Daniel. That's the last of the bundle. A few ladies off the mantel-piece and we can call this part of the show over."

He collected several cards of different sizes from the edge of the mirror-frame, where they were stuck, and pitched them into the flames. Then he glanced about the room vaguely and his eye suddenly lighted upon an enormous photograph of a tall woman in a helmet and feathers, a breastplate and an insufficient covering of floating veil, which graced the top of an otherwise respectable bookcase. He made a bound toward it.

"I don't suppose Rosetta would believe that was a portrait of Lady Mumford as Minerva," he exclaimed, returning with it to the fireplace. "I wouldn't, myself, if she hadn't told me so when she gave it to me. She copied the costume—if you call it a costume—from a painting of her famous ancestress, the Duchess of Richmond, and wore it to a masked ball. Her face must have been the only thing she felt the least delicacy about showing—and that she showed to the photographer. Strange creatures, women."

Lady Mumford followed the Daniels Sisters and Mr. Ramsay sat down with a sigh of relief. He thrust his hands into his pockets and fell into a revery, from which he was roused by the clock striking eleven. When the little sharp, clear notes had faded into silence he gave himself a sort of shake and sat up. He withdrew one hand from his pocket and looked at a piece of blue ribbon which he held between his fingers.

"I suppose I'm a sentimental sort of chap," he muttered, half aloud, "but that was a bit of the bow on my cousin Ethel Lee's first bouquet, on the night of her first party. And I sent it to her, and I danced with her and I made her cut off the end of the ribbon and give it me, and she promised that whenever I showed it to her she'd always keep either supper or the cotillon for me, and so I got into the habit of sticking it into my pocket of an evening, and I didn't leave off even after—after—well, after she gave up saving things for me. I don't suppose a boy knows *how* to love the first woman he loves. Sometimes he's afraid, and he gets in his own way, and sometimes he's reckless, and he gets in hers. And perhaps he doesn't love her as much as he thinks, and perhaps he loves her more; but he never seems to hit it just right the first time in the telling, and by the time he does know a bit how to tell it, he's lost some of the feeling. Pretty little Ethel. Good little Ethel. I hope your big sailor-man made you as happy as you deserved. I've carried your scrap of ribbon into many a queer place with me, but I've never carried myself in a way that would have made you too ashamed of me. Never. And Rosetta wouldn't mind my keeping it, if she knew—bless her—she's so reasonable; but somehow, I think I'll give it up with the rest of my bachelor habits. Silly thing to be caught with ends of blue ribbon in your pocket," concluded Mr. Ramsay, hastily stuffing it back at the same time, as if his brain were quite unconscious of what his right hand was doing.

He turned to shut the drawer beside him, and was again brought face to face with the black satin slipper, whose brilliant buckle seemed to flash a succession of wicked, sophisticated winks over this buried ravelling of young romance. Archie glared back at it quite vindictively. If his memory could have supplied him with its owner's name he thought he could have anathematized it by all his gods, but try as he would—and his mind felt absolutely numb from the effort—no faintest stirring of a reminiscence concerning it rewarded him.

He was still gazing, when, after a discreet knock, his servant opened the door.

"Miss Littlecraft would be glad to speak to you for a moment, sir. Mrs. Littlecraft and herself is below in the carriage."

Archie sprang up, but before he could even take a step forward, a saucy, rosy, piquant face, with eyes wide apart and a little pointed chin raised well in the air, appeared behind the excellent Richards in the doorway.

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"I thought I'd come up myself. Mamma said I might, and you don't mind, do you? We are on our way home from the opera and I wanted to stop and thank you myself, to-night, for the beautiful, beautiful necklace. Dear Archie—" (here a flashing glance over her shoulder revealed the fact that Richards had retired) "dearest Archie, I never saw anything so lovely."

"Didn't you?" said Archie, kissing her.

"No, never—and the dear little ruby heart that came at the same time—and your note, 'Diamonds are trumps, of course, but here's a heart for you.'—I loved it."

"I—I'm a sentimental sort of chap, I believe," said Mr. Ramsay shamefacedly.

"You're a dear," declared Miss Littlecraft, rubbing her soft cheek against the palm of his hand, which she held up for the purpose. "And I love the heart, whereas it wouldn't make any vital difference to me, if diamonds were swept off the face of the earth.—Where did you get that shoe, Archie?"

The young man turned with a start.

"I wish you could tell me!" he exclaimed desperately. "I found it in the back of a drawer. I give you my word I don't know how it got there. I remember that a lady once gave me a silk stocking to fill for her at Christmas. But I'm hanged if anybody ever gave me a shoe. Don't tell me *you* did, Rosetta—" (For the expression on Miss Littlecraft's face was peculiar.) "Don't tell me that among all the very interesting things I've remembered this evening, I've managed to forget the most important one."

Rosetta began to laugh a little, and then to blush a little.

"*I* didn't give it to you, Archie," she said. "But—but I recognize it. Oh, yes, to my cost, I recognize it."

"What!" cried Mr. Ramsay, in consternation. "You think—I mean, you imagine—"

"I *know*," returned Rosetta.

"My dear girl—I assure you—I give my word."

"Oh, you needn't do that," answered his lady-love, mischievously.

"But seriously, Rosetta, of all knowledge as to the owner of that slipper, or how it got here, I am as innocent as a lamb."

"And seriously, Archie, I—" here she paused with malice, "am very sure you are; but *I* am not."

"Oh," said Mr. Ramsay, somewhat taken aback by this reply.

"You see," went on the young lady with the most coaxing air in the world; "that is, you remember, you gave me a dinner here one evening, when we were first engaged. Well, I—don't despise me, Archie, and don't make fun of me, even if you do despise me—borrowed my cousin's slippers to wear, because they were prettier than mine."

"Well, that's not a heinous offence."

"No, but—but they were too tight for me," confessed Rosetta, half-laughing and half-ashamed; "and I couldn't stand them, and after dinner I telephoned to my maid to bring me another pair and take these home with her. Afterward she told me she had dropped one on the way home. I knew you'd laugh—I wish I had left you to stupefy yourself with guesses——"

"No, no," protested Archie, "I'm not laughing."

"Of course, I had to get my cousin another pair—and, and that's all," concluded Miss Littlecraft, loftily.

"I don't see that that explains how it got in my drawer."

"Why, I suppose it was dropped in your room, and Richards put it away."

"He never mentioned it to me," said Archie, much amused. "Richards! Richards!" (As the man appeared at the door in answer to the shout) "Where did this" (indicating the slipper) "come from?"

"Found it here one night, sir," answered the imperturbable Richards, briefly.

"And you didn't speak of it to me!"

"I put it with your other *relects*, sir," returned the excellent man, with some embarrassment, "not knowing just what to say about it that wouldn't seem *intrusive*, sir."

"Quite right, Richards. That's all."

There was a pause.

Archie saw Rosetta look first at the open drawer, then at the waste-paper basket, then at the fireplace, where certain blackened ends of pasteboard still remained as evidence of the holocaust. Then she looked at him and he looked at her.

Miss Littlecraft put both hands on her lover's shoulders.

"Souvenir night, Archie?" she asked, smiling. "I had mine yesterday, only it happened to be a matinée. We don't mind, you and I, the things that went before. We like each other as we are now—for better, for worse—for richer, for poorer——"

"Till death us do part," said Archie.

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American Cities in Pencil

Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey

IV. Washington

THE WHITE HOUSE.

This view of the south side of the White House—its true front—was made from the private grounds which slope away toward the Washington Monument, and to which the public are admitted on such special occasions as the egg rolling at Easter time or the Marine Band concerts in summer. The White House was begun in 1792 in what was then David Burns' old fields. James Hoban, the architect, adapted it from the house of the Irish Duke of Leinster in Dublin. John Adams was the first president to live in it. It is singularly fortunate that this, the home of our president, should be one of the most beautiful houses in the land.

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PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Though not the most imposing thoroughfare in the United States, Pennsylvania Avenue is patriotically the most interesting. It is the approach to the Capitol, and its sides are lined with the great office buildings of the Government, and the great hotels of Washington. In the view here given, the New Willard is on the left, while beyond on the right are the tower of the Post Office and the Post Office Department Building.

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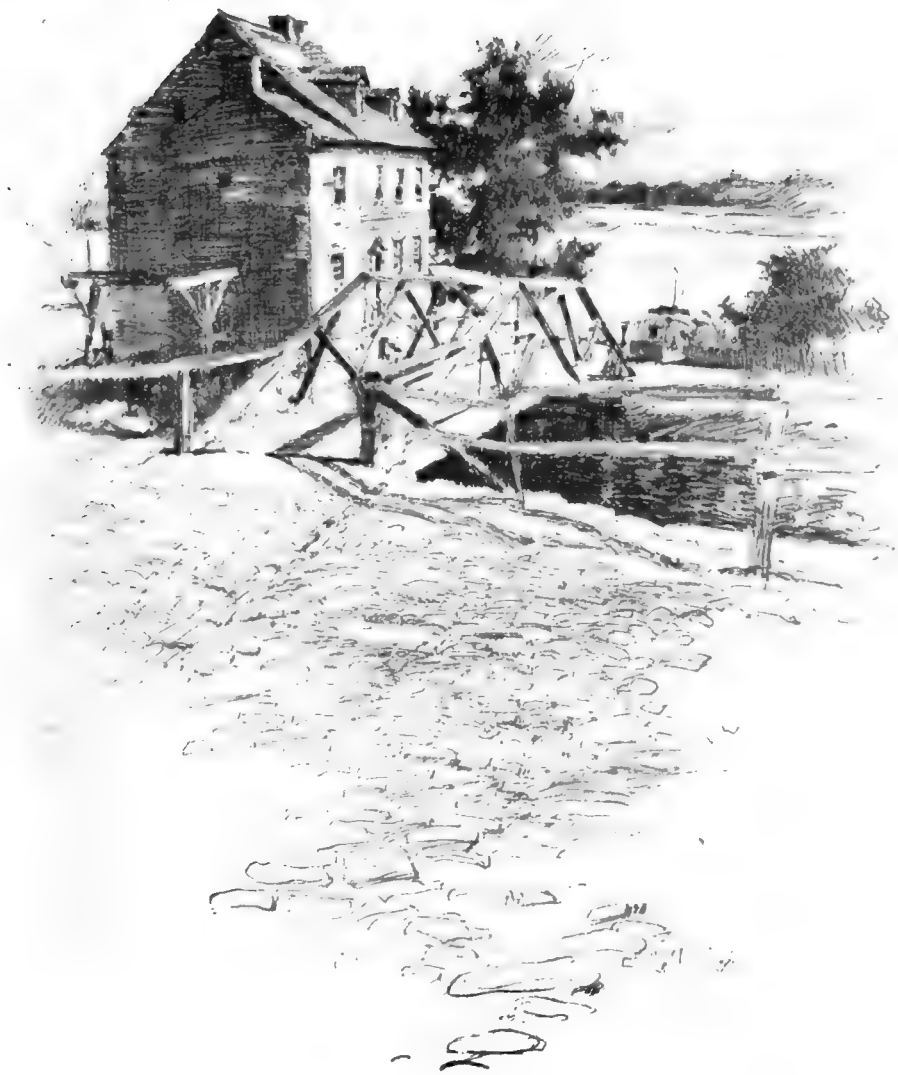

THE FOXHALL HOUSE, GEORGETOWN.

The Foxhall House, situated on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at Thirty-fourth Street, is one of the oldest houses in the vicinity of Washington and one of the first built of brick. The footbridge in the middle foreground crosses the canal, which at this point runs along the steep banks of the Potomac, many feet above the river. The canal was originally started in 1784, by a company of which Washington was the president. The plan was to make the Potomac navigable to Cumberland, there to connect with the Ohio by portages. Many obstacles arose and the scheme was abandoned, only to be taken up again in 1850, when the canal was finished.

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THE WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL.

The original building, placed on Capitol Hill, ninety-seven feet above the river, was commenced in 1793, from the plans of Dr. Thornton, then in charge of the Patent Office. The north and south wings were added in 1813. After the gutting of the building by the English, in 1814, it was rebuilt under the charge of Benjamin H. Latrobe and later of Charles Bullfinch. The marble wings at the ends where the House of Representatives and the Senate meet, were added in 1851. The surrounding park of forty-six acres was laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead in 1874. The offices under the terrace were used as a bakery in the Civil War, and 12,000 loaves of bread were made there daily. The building as it stands cost $15,000,000.

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THE LEITER MANSION.

This is the celebrated mansion in Dupont Circle built by the Chicago dry-goods merchant, the late Levi Z. Leiter, who, in latter days, had fame conferred on him by the exploits of his son in wheat and the marriage of his daughter to Lord Curzon, the present viceroy of India. The home of the Leiters is an establishment of great architectural distinction, and is numbered now among the sights of the national capital.

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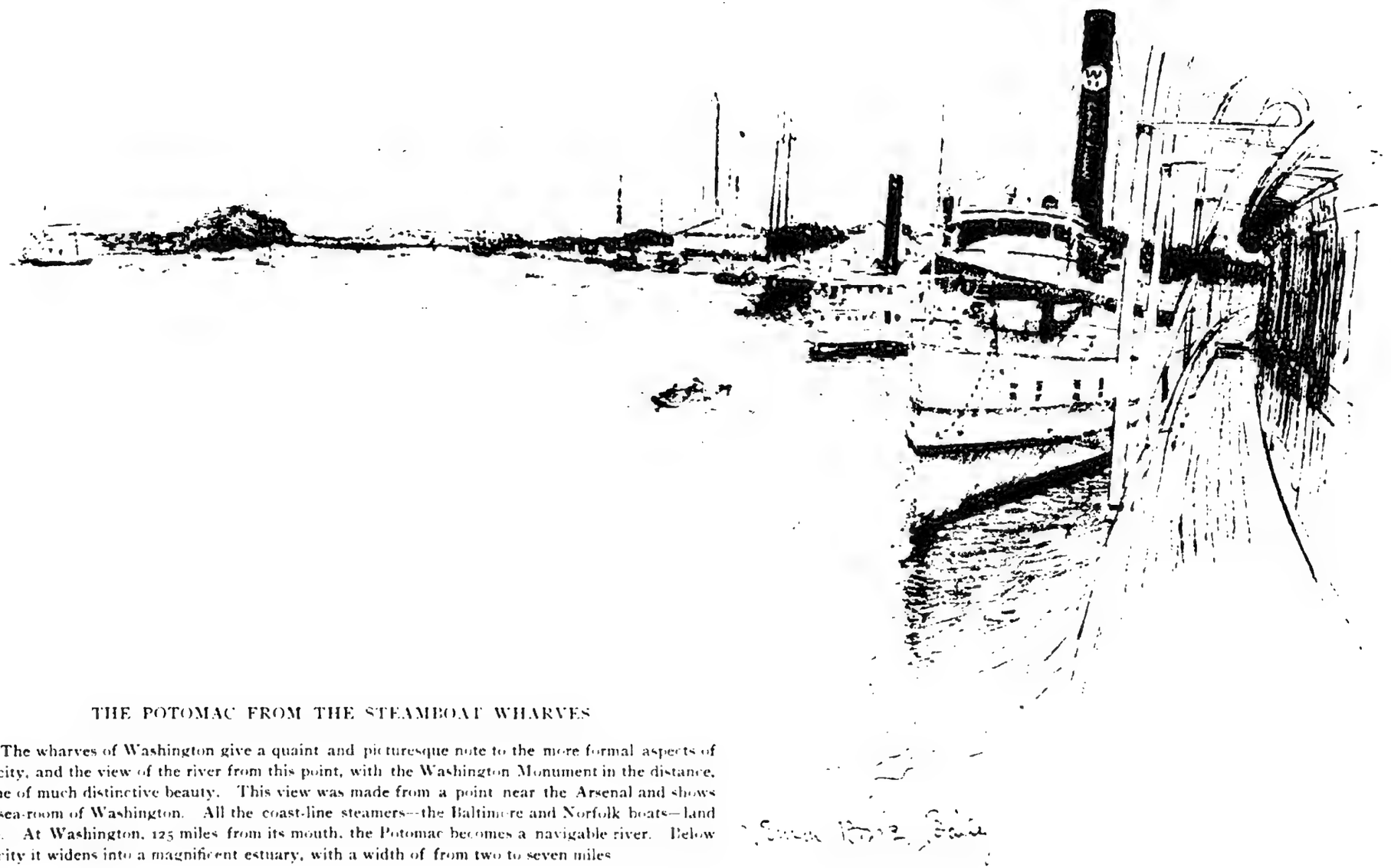

THE POTOMAC FROM THE STEAMBOAT WHARVES

The wharves of Washington give a quaint and picturesque note to the more formal aspects of the city, and the view of the river from this point, with the Washington Monument in the distance, is one of much distinctive beauty. This view was made from a point near the Arsenal and shows the sea-room of Washington. All the coast-line steamers—the Baltimore and Norfolk boats—land here. At Washington, 125 miles from its mouth, the Potomac becomes a navigable river. Below the city it widens into a magnificent estuary, with a width of from two to seven miles

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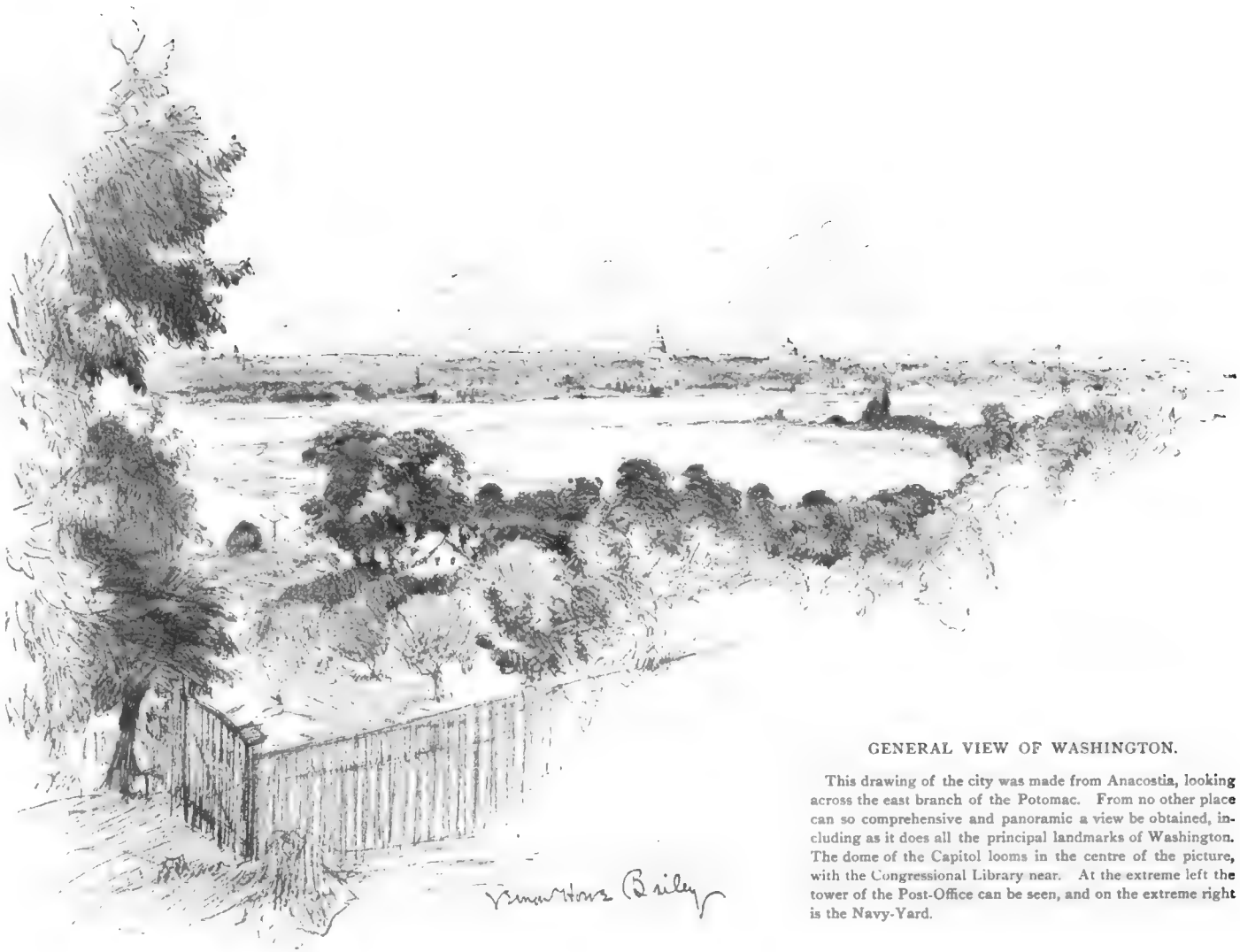

GENERAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON.

This drawing of the city was made from Anacostia, looking across the east branch of the Potomac. From no other place can so comprehensive and panoramic a view be obtained, including as it does all the principal landmarks of Washington. The dome of the Capitol looms in the centre of the picture, with the Congressional Library near. At the extreme left the tower of the Post-Office can be seen, and on the extreme right is the Navy-Yard.

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THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

This Library, started in 1886 under the direction of General T. L. Casey, is beyond doubt the most elaborate and the most artistic library in the world. MacMonnies, Saint-Gaudens, French and Ward, Alexander, Vedder, Cox and Blashfield have aided in its embellishment. Its 1,800 windows insure an almost perfectly lighted building. It has a present capacity of 2,000,000 books, but the plans allow for an enlargement to 4,500,000 books—more than the probable accumulation of the next century.

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For Revenue Only

By MARY B. MULLETT

With Illustrations by Harold Heartt Foley

THE note could scarcely have been called a prose masterpiece, though Turner himself would have said it was in his best style. He wrote it, so was perhaps at liberty to say what he pleased about it.

Turner was the star reporter on a New York newspaper which enjoyed a literary reputation. Men had been discharged from its staff because they were addicted to split infinitives. So whenever Turner relaxed his mind in personal correspondence, he asserted his independence by allowing himself an orgy of rhetorical peccadilloes. This accounted for the manner of his note to Elizabeth Gray, who smiled as she read it.

"Dear Topsy," it began.

Elizabeth was so fair that, according to Turner, she shone in the dark. Wherefore, being as rebelliously fond of inappropriateness as he was of split infinitives, he had promptly christened her "Topsy."

DEAR TOPSY:

I've got to start from Washington to-morrow night to assist the President to swing around the circle. (It's a parallelogram!) When "the old man" gave me the assignment you'd have thought he was giving me his job as managing editor. I suppose I looked glum and he said didn't I want to go, and I said I'd rather go to the devil, and he said this trip would be more of a novelty for me. Unfeeling old party, isn't he?

But I told the truth, Topsy. For certain reasons, which I feel half inclined to tell you, I don't want to go a little bit. So I take my pen—I believe it's Conway's—in hand to ask you if I may come up and weep on your shoulder this evening. Harkness is to go along with the special train and make some of his alleged pictures. I thought I saw in his eye a determination to capture you for dinner to-night, so I am circumventing the villain by sending this by messenger. Let me come early and we'll dine at Tina's. I've a notion you'll light up my dusky corner of her backyard, without the help of one of her candles. Won't she call me a good, kind gentleman for bringing a luminous lady!

Please send the boy back with a "yes."

ROBERT TURNER.

P. S.—I've instructed the boy to kill, as quietly as possible, however, any other messenger-boy he meets around your place. I hope you won't mind, but I can't take chances on Harkness. I see him writing on pale blue paper and I know the signs. BOB.

P. S. Junior.—Speaking of blue, I was going to ask you to wear that shimmery blue waist, but if salt tears wouldn't agree with it I withdraw the suggestion; for weep I undoubtedly shall. B.

When the messenger-boy had departed with a "yes," in three lines, Elizabeth Gray again sat down at her desk. But she did not go on with her writing; no, not though she knew that the forms of *The Woman's Sphere* were at that moment yawning for copy. She was one of the scores of girls who go to New York with hearts even lighter than their purses; poor in experience, but rich in hope. For a little while they have the consolation of believing that they stand at the gateway of the promised land of literary success, but, like Moses, most of them get no more than a glimpse of their Canaan. They begin with hack-writing because it is there to be done, and because it pays the board-bills, which are always with them; but having once begun, they find that they have started a treadmill which they seem powerless to stop, and so they keep on, until ambition becomes nothing but a haunting voice, deadened by the noise of that mill.

About a year before this September afternoon, Elizabeth Gray had determined to forswear pot-boilers, live in a corner of some cheap boarding-house and at least try to do the things of which she had dreamed. She was making a fair income at the time; enough to pay for a small apartment and a large servant—whose wages, however, were in inverse proportion to her size—and though the life was bohemian, it was perfectly comfortable and pre-eminently interesting. Young journalists, writers, artists, musicians, brought to the little apartment the gossip of the world of art and of letters. Most of them were just as ineligible as they were clever, but among the

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minority was counted Turner—by everybody but himself.

"The only successful man in journalism," he would say, "is the man who succeeds in getting *out* of journalism."

"Why don't you get out then?" they would ask him. But Turner thereupon would only grunt contemptuously and "say things."

In spite of his unwillingness definitely to get out, however, Turner fretted continually at being in. And, though this was a secret he desperately concealed, was grinding away at a novel which he hoped would cut his Gordian knot and leave him in journalism but not dependent on it.

It was when Elizabeth was thinking of giving up the modest flesh-pots of her little apartment that Turner came into her life; it was not this fact however that kept her from deciding on the cheap boarding-house—she simply put Turner in with the rest, weighed them in the balance against her dreams and found the dreams too strong for them. But there were practical details to be accomplished before she could climb down the social ladder to the contemplated boarding-house, and in the meantime she saw Turner frequently. She had said nothing about her plans, and he evidently took it for granted that she would stay on in the cosey little place where he was becoming one of the most frequent of visitors.

In her own mind, Elizabeth had set the end of October as the date for her plunge into the land of hall-bedrooms and of dreams. But October had slipped into November, and November had hurried breathlessly away, and it was December before she really faced the situation and admitted to herself that she meant to stay where she was. At first she said uncomplimentary things to herself. Later she had almost a sense of relief in owning that she would rather win Robert Turner's love than win fame.

But that was in the spring, and by that time she no longer shuffled the facts, but laid them down squarely and tried to look at them with a cool head. There was the fact of her love. She admitted—was glad of that. He did not love her? No, but what troubled her most was his unaffected, unconcealed liking for her; a liking which, as she knew, might eventually bind him to her because she had become a habit; but which, on the other hand, was likely at any moment to find itself a forgotten pool, left on one side by some sudden flood of passion which would sweep him out of her reach.

Sometimes she scarcely knew which she dreaded more: to have him turn to her merely as he might turn to a favorite room, because it was comfortable and he liked the atmosphere; or to lose him altogether. Yet it seemed to her that Turner might love her, if by some shock of surprise he could once be made to think of her as a woman to be loved and strong to love, instead of merely as a good-natured comrade, always interested and generally interesting.

She knew that Turner was working hard; that he was physically tired and mentally preoccupied; that these conditions were not in her favor; but that, strange to say, they were the very ones which might make him an excellent subject for a violent love affair—with someone else.

It was in the spring that she reasoned all this out; a reasoning which bore no fruit at the time. Some girls would have set deliberately to work to win Turner's love by a thousand little arts which flick a man's passion awake. Elizabeth Gray did not. Not that the rôle was beyond her grasp. Almost any woman with the possibility of feeling passion has the power of rousing it. But the sort of woman who deliberately does so is not the one to find herself in Elizabeth's quandary; that of being a jolly good comrade, and no more, to the man she loves.

Early in the summer, Elizabeth went home to nurse her mother through an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

"Poor, dear mother!" she sighed one night, as she threw herself down on a couch, leaving an unopened letter from Turner on a desk across the room. She was too tired to get it and read it. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," she thought half wistfully. "As a cure for unrequited affection I believe I can heartily recommend nursing someone through inflammatory rheumatism." And she sank into the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Turner missed her; missed her "prodigious," as he said in his letters. But he was working harder than ever, and the book was growing constantly more and more of a living thing to him. Also, the city was a fiery furnace and it is a notable paradox that too much heat in the weather certainly does cool the fires of love. Consequently, when Elizabeth came back to the city in Septem-

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ber, the two again met upon the plane of even, pleasant comradeship.

But it took only a few weeks of the old life to demonstrate the unreliable nature of inflammatory rheumatism as a cure for unreturned love, and Elizabeth soon found herself back again in the company of the old heartache, the old convictions, and the old unwillingness to act upon them.

And so this evening, after she had sent off her note to Turner, she sat and stared forlornly at the sheets of copy-paper in front of her until she suddenly began to laugh almost hysterically. *The Woman's Sphere* had asked for an article on "Is Matrimony Becoming Unfashionable?" and Elizabeth had been "grinding out the stuff" when the messenger arrived. She pushed the sheets aside impatiently, closed her desk and went to get out the shimmery blue waist.

Turner eyed her with a tired but discriminating glance when the big servant had let him in.

"Now that *is* good of you!" he said. "I was going to ask the editor of our woman's page what would take salt-water stains out of blue shimmery stuff, but I reflected that you would know, anyway, so I came right along. I've a cab waiting, and an appetite, too. I took a hansom so that I could get out over the dash-board and eat the horse if my hunger overcame me. But I held out till I got here, and now"—looking admiringly at Elizabeth—"the horse is safe I shall eat you."

This pretence of hunger was scarcely made good when the two young people found themselves at a small table in a dusky corner of Tina's backyard. The place was one of the most eccentric haunts of bohemianism, not the least eccentric feature about it being the food. It was good. Notwithstanding this fact, Turner scarcely tasted anything. He rattled on in his accustomed touch-and-go fashion, but his peculiar lapses into silence were more frequent than usual.

"And you really don't want to go?" asked Elizabeth, after he had given a pathetic description of the six weeks' work expected of him.

"No! For half a cent I'd chuck the whole thing."

"The trip?"

"No, the whole thing!"

"Resign?"

"Yes. In polite language, give up my job."

"But——"

"Oh, I know. It's been the breath of life to me and everybody knows it. A year ago I'd have snapped at this assignment, and we'd have gone and dined on the fat of the land and made as merry as if we'd come into a fortune."

Elizabeth noted the unconscious "we" with a little throb of happiness.

A "YES" IN THREE LINES.

"Instead of that, I'm mooning off here in the dark, making things about as gay as a funeral for one, Topsy, who deserves better treatment."

"Oh, I'm happy enough, except on your account," said Elizabeth. She felt herself flush at the deeper truth of the remark, but the half-light was kind to her.

"Are you going to tell me what you spoke of being half inclined to, in your note?" she asked, timidly. She would rather have forced a safe than a confidence.

"I believe I'd like to, if you're really enjoying your rôle of martyr." Turner made an effort at flippancy, but Elizabeth

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felt rather than heard the note of unaccustomed feeling in his voice. Even before she answered, however, she knew that she had nothing to do with its being there.

"I wish you would," she said simply. Then added: "I'll never earn a halo by that sort of martyrdom."

Turner seemed scarcely to hear her. Even through the dusk Elizabeth could see that he flushed.

"I'm writing a book!" he blurted out.

He could not have told anybody what an effort it cost him to make this, the first avowal of his secret. He looked almost defiantly at Elizabeth, as if he expected her to guy him. Somehow he had always been sure he would be chaffed as soon as he owned up to his undertaking.

But Elizabeth did not chaff. She wanted to say—what she honestly believed—that the book would be sure to be a great one; but she was too wise for that. Instead, she merely replied quietly:

"I'm awfully glad. You know you ought to have done it long ago. At least, that's what everybody says, though I'm not sure that they're right. I fancy that the more you've lived of life, the truer your reading of it will be."

Turner's face lighted up.

"You say so, too!" he exclaimed. "And I know it's right. By Jove!" with a frown, "I know it to my sorrow."

"To your sorrow?"

"Ye-es. The fact is, Topsy, I find I'm rather an unsophisticated jay, after all."

"After all?" laughed Elizabeth, with a significant lift of the eyebrows.

"Yes, after all. As a newspaper man, I would own up to all the sins in the decalogue, you know, rather than admit that I am unsophisticated. Of course, I used to think I wasn't. And still do, for that matter. Only—this confounded book of mine is leading me into strange enterprises, Topsy."

"What's the trouble? Do you have to put yourself in the place of a man with a million to spend or a man with a murder to cover up?"

"O Lord! nothing so easy as that. I've got to write some letters from a girl to the man she loves."

There was a slight pause.

"Is that all?" asked Elizabeth.

"All!" despairingly. "I've been at it for ten days. I've written love-letters enough to fill a book. And"—he shook his head despairingly—"they sound about as much like the real thing as a man singing falsetto sounds like Sembrich."

Another pause; then—"You know what the real thing is like, apparently."

"I? Only by instinct. Honestly, Topsy, I've never had a love-letter from a girl in my life; a really truly love-letter I mean; not simply a flirtation in pen and ink," contemptuously. "I've had some of that kind. I'll admit that."

Elizabeth sat quite still. A sudden idea had flashed out in her brain and all the faculties ordinarily at home there seemed to her to be skurrying madly about, falling over one another, and making a tumult which anybody might hear. A foolish fancy, for Turner talked on undisturbed, saying something to which Elizabeth paid no more attention than to realize that he was still complaining of his inability to write a girl's love-letters. Half breathlessly, she managed to say, with what seemed to her a transparent attempt at nonchalance:

"I'll write your letters for you."

"You!" exclaimed Turner. "But——"

"Oh, it's a business proposition. I need some masculine love-letters"—the irony and the truth of it!—"and you need some feminine ones. A fair exchange, you see. Really, it will be a great favor to me. I'm not sure that a man cannot sing soprano better than a woman can sing bass."

Turner stared at her thoughtfully and, for once, she was glad that there was no glimmer of intimate personal feeling in his look.

"But—how would you manage it?" he said.

"How long did you say you would be gone?"

"About six weeks."

"You will know your itinerary before you start?"

"To the tick of a watch."

"My letters then, if properly posted, would reach you without fail?"

"Sure."

"And, of course, as I shall stay right here, you would have no difficulty about sending replies."

"No."

"You'll be busy to-morrow, getting ready. I'll be good and write the first letter at once so that we sha'n't lose any time. I'll send it to you—where?—at the office?—so that you can take it with you?"

"Yes, to the office."

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FOUND THEMSELVES AT A SMALL TABLE IN A DUSKY CORNER.

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Turner looked slightly dazed.

"I go on the Congressional Limited. Better try to have the letter reach me by two o'clock, to avoid any accident or delay." He was entering into the scheme with enthusiasm. "I say, Topsy, it's awfully good of you."

"No gooder than it is of you."

There was a pause during which Turner lighted a cigarette and thought. Elizabeth, covertly watching his face, read his thoughts with quick intuition. She smiled a little wistfully.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "I know one may not be able to write the best sort of love-letters to order; but maybe I can come nearer the real thing in the girl line—even though I write to order—than you can, writing for art's sake. Anyway, it will do no harm to try. We needn't use the letters unless we want to." She hesitated, then went on: "I shouldn't have any feeling about them, you know. And if yours didn't work in all right, you wouldn't mind; would you?"

"Not a bit!"

Turner continued to smoke and, apparently, to think. Suddenly he looked up.

"You're sure you need my letters? You're not doing this simply to help me out of a hole."

"I need yours more than you need mine," said Elizabeth. Her tone was very matter-of-fact.

Turner reached over and laid his hand on hers for a moment.

"Good old Topsy!" he said. "You don't mind my asking—now that I've made a clean breast of my own secret—whether you're writing 'one' too?"

Elizabeth hesitated a moment. Then she gave him a quizzical smile. "I'm working on a plot for one," she said.

"Then here's to luck for us both!" said Turner, taking up his goblet.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "here's to luck!"

She suddenly thought how little Turner realized one-half of the toast he was proposing, and she laughed softly as her sense of humor woke up and looked at the situation. She was still smiling to herself as she and Turner crossed the yard to the kitchen, that being the grand entrance and exit at Tina's.

When they had got back to Elizabeth's little apartment and her large servant, they were—certainly for them—strangely silent as they sat by the open windows and looked out over the city. A mist of light hung over it; a mist which was almost as thickly sown with stars as the sky was. There was even a milky way, made by the long street stretching away from their corner. It looked like a deep ditch into which hundreds of lights had tumbled pell-mell.

"I'm sorry you have to go to-morrow, since you say you don't want to," said Elizabeth, as Turner took her hand to say good-by.

He stared out of the window a moment, then looked down at her with a rather puzzled smile.

"I think I've changed my mind about wanting to go," he said. "You won't forget the letter to-morrow, will you?"

"No."

"I—I don't need to tell you anything about the girl, do I?"

"The girl in the book? No. I'll just write as if—as if I were in love with you. I fancy the application will be general."

"I'll do the same."

"All right."

"Good-by, Topsy."

"Good-by."

"Don't work too hard."

"Writing love-letters?" with a smile. "I'll cut them short. Anyway, you can blue-pencil them to your heart's content."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!"

As Turner went down in the elevator he was conscious of a quiver of pleasant excitement; a little thrill such as he might have felt while waiting for the curtain to rise and show, in a new rôle, someone he had grown to like immensely in an old, familiar part. If he had been given to introspection he might have been surprised to find how little he thought of the new project in reference to his book, and how much he did think of it in its relation to Elizabeth. But Turner, happily for himself, was not introspective. Therefore, being tired and having a driving six weeks' work ahead of him, he went promptly to bed and, with only a half-consciousness of something novel in store, dropped off to sleep.

. . . . . .

It was not until the train was fairly across the Jersey City meadows that Turner opened the letter a messenger had given him an hour before he left. It was not a long letter. There were only three pages; scarcely so

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SHE MEANT TO MAKE THE MOST CAREFUL TOILET OF HER LIFE.

much as that. Yet Turner continued to sit with his eyes fixed upon it, while the seconds slipped by with the flying poles, until ten—fifteen—twenty minutes had passed. Occasionally he turned the sheet and, starting again at the beginning, read again to the end, only to sit staring at it as before.

At last he slowly folded the paper, slowly slipped it into the envelope and, drawing a deep breath, looked out of the window.

. . . . . .

Six weeks later, Elizabeth Gray sat at her desk with the inevitable sheets of yellow copy-paper spread out in front of her. After biting her pen for about five minutes without so much as touching it to paper, she threw it down and took a telegram from one of the pigeon-holes. She already knew it by heart, but that made no difference. She read with unfailing interest:

> Reach New York this afternoon. Will you dine with me? Don't try to answer. Will come up anyway. BOB.

She had been re-reading the words at intervals since ten o'clock in the morning and it was now late afternoon. She had an idea that Turner would come early and, as she meant to make the most careful toilet of her life, she closed her desk and went to her room to dress. As she opened a drawer she stopped and laughed a little nervously at sight of the shimmery blue waist. She shook her head at it.

"Not to-night!" she said. "You belong

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THE LARGE SERVANT CREAKED TO THE DOOR.

to 'good old Topsy,' and she's not going to appear unless—" She broke off suddenly, closed the drawer, and began laying out a new gown, to the evident joy of the maid who hovered, if anything so elephantine could be said to hover, about the door. It was the prettiest gown that Elizabeth, who sighed as she thought what reams of copy had been ground out to pay for it, had ever possessed.

The six weeks of Turner's absence had been full of suspense, mixed with a delicious, growing hope; but she knew that the crisis was still to be met. Turner had written twice a week, always enclosing two letters in the same envelope. One was a long, rambling, gossipy letter, invariably beginning "Dear Topsy," and signed "Your faithful old Bob."

The other was generally shorter. Sometimes it began with one love-name, sometimes with another. But it was always signed:

"I—but who am I?—to You—but who are You?"

They were letters which made Elizabeth alternately radiant with happiness and sick with fear. But even when a letter thrilled her heart so that her very fingers tingled to answer it at once, she would catch her breath and tell herself that the game was one of more than life or death to her, and that she must keep a cool head and a shrewd judgment.

It was this shrewdness of judgment which made her write less often than Turner did. Once a week she sent him a letter; one only. That was a point on which she had reflected a long time after Turner's first fat envelope, with its double enclosure, arrived. Should she, too, send a "Topsy" epistle along with the love-letter?

"Topsy must go into retirement for the present," she finally declared.

So the love-letter, which was always unsigned, went alone once every week; no oftener, in spite of Turner's pleadings.

And now that the crisis had come, Elizabeth had a pretty decided conviction that Turner was awaiting it with as keen emotions as she herself was. There had been, from the very first, something in his letters which told her that the shock of surprise had come; that the scales had fallen from his eyes, so far at least as the Elizabeth of the

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love-letters was concerned. But, always quick to interpret his motives, she saw in his continuance of the Topsy letters the proof that he was still unable to reconcile this new Elizabeth with the old one of purely good-comrade days. Evidently he could not believe that the new one was the real one, and he meant to maintain Topsy, whether she were fact or fiction, until he could know the truth.

"To-night," said Elizabeth to herself, as she put on the new gown, "he means to find out."

She looked in the glass and owned frankly and joyfully that Topsy had never been so beautiful as this new Elizabeth.

"Let me see!" She studied every detail of her dress. "Have I on anything that he will recognize? I don't want to have one single, familiar suggestion about me if I can help it."

Satisfied that she was as new-created as she could make herself, she began to walk restlessly up and down, listening for the sound of the bell. Then, suddenly, she went back to the mirror and, taking hold of its sides, leaned over so that her lips almost touched the glass.

"Are you going to be good?" she demanded in a low voice. "Are you going to be a nice, good little heart, and speak to the gentleman? Or are you going to run away and hide, and make him believe again that I have no heart?"

She was still staring at herself when the bell rang and the large servant creaked to the door. Turner had a way of calling out cheerfully and chaffingly as soon as the hall-door had closed behind him. She listened now, her hands still clinging to the mirror frame. She heard him speak indistinctly to the servant and then go on into the front room.

"Ah!" she drew a quick sigh of relief. It was a good sign. She waited for the maid to come and announce him and to disappear kitchenward, still creaking. Then, though she found herself trembling, she went slowly out.

Turner was standing behind an easy chair, leaning both arms on the back of it, and did not see her until she stood in front of him, with the chair between them. Then he straightened quickly and looked at her with eager, searching eyes—eyes before which Elizabeth's glance wavered and fell. The little gilt clock on the book-shelves ticked garrulously. That was the only sound.

When Elizabeth forced herself to look up again, Turner, his eyes still devouring hers, moved to the side of the chair, nearer to her.

"I——"

His voice was husky.

"I—" he began again. Then with a rush: "I would give half my life if you had written those letters to me!"

Elizabeth put out a hand to steady herself, but Turner caught it, and taking a step nearer, laid hold upon her other hand also.

"It was really you who wrote them? Where have my senses been all these months? And now—now—don't you see? You are everything to me; all that you were before—though I can't understand just how a man goes about feeling that way—and all—all this, too. Can't you care for me this way? Could you write those letters without meaning anything?"

Elizabeth lifted her eyes for an instant only, but Turner saw something there which made him start as if he had been electrified.

"Ah!" he said sharply, and Elizabeth's new finery disappeared in the clasp of his arms.

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Photograph by W. L. Spedden, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Leonard: Champion Money-Counter

By THEODORE WATERS

"IF it is not a coincidence, it is a fraud."

The chief clerk of the note-counting division of the United States Treasury Department, Washington, D.C., looked up from a pile of official documents. Beside his desk stood a short, middle-aged woman. Her air was businesslike. Her dark eyes looked sharply from the chief clerk's face to a package of Treasury notes which she held in her hand.

"What is it, Mrs. Leonard?" inquired the chief clerk.

Mrs. Leonard laid several of the notes on his desk. A piece had been torn off the end of each.

"In the first place," she said, "these notes are comparatively new. Yet you see a piece of each is missing. I have received several batches containing such notes during the past three months. I have looked up the source, and I find that in every case the notes have come from the same bank."

"Ah! Then you suspect something wrong?"

"Well, someone has deliberately torn the ends from those notes. It would be the easiest thing in the world for the person who has the scraps to burn the edges and then send them here for redemption. Hadn't we better be on the lookout?"

"We will do more than that. We will ask the Secret Service Bureau to investigate the matter."

In this manner did Mrs. Willa A. Leon-

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ard, the expert money-counter of the United States Treasury Department, detect a fraud which might have cost the Government many thousands of dollars. Investigation justified her suspicions. A detective was detailed to look into the matter. He shadowed all of the clerks employed by the bank named by Mrs. Leonard, and finally found one who had been making it a practice to tear off the ends of notes that passed through his hands. The bank officials, finding torn notes in their possession, promptly sent them to Washington for redemption, and as this was always granted, the clerk was not suspected by the officials. When cornered by the detective, however, the clerk who had the pieces confessed that it had been his intention to burn the edges and send them to Washington with an affidavit that the remainder of each had been consumed by fire accidentally. But for the acuteness of Mrs. Leonard the scheme would probably have been operated successfully and the Government would have lost the face value of the notes.

Mrs. Willa A. Leonard has been doing work like this for Uncle Sam since 1862. For many years she has been the fastest note-counter in the department. She has counted more money than would pay off the national debt. Years ago, when she was stationed in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, she was pointed out to visitors as one of the features of the establishment. For more than forty years an endless succession of paper currency has passed through her hands, and although under the rules of the department the slightest mistake in counting is charged against the salary of the counter, yet in all that time Mrs. Leonard has not lost a cent from such a cause. Thus she is not only the fastest, but the most accurate counter, and what this statement implies can be realized when it is pointed out that Mrs. Leonard as a rule does not count new money, but notes that have grown old and worn from much use all over the country, notes that have become so frayed that they have been sent in to be exchanged for new ones.

The Government is zealous in its care of the national currency. The constant endeavor of the Treasury Department is to keep the money circulating throughout the country as sweet and clean as possible. Even the very slightest excuse serves for the redemption of a note, and the banks cooperate toward this end as much as possible. Yet, in spite of this care, the amount of maltreated money in circulation is large. Some of this maltreatment is unavoidable. Notes arrive at the department that have been partly eaten by mice, or torn in pieces by small birds and animals for the purpose of nest-building. People bury money in the ground for safe-keeping and dig it up later only to find that the elements have partly disintegrated it. Money partly consumed in house fires, notes that have been used in fever-ridden districts (the latter with the dangerous possibility of infection clinging to them), all are redeemed by the Government if the character of each note is still legible on its face.

And all of this much abused currency passes through the hands of Mrs. Leonard and her co-workers. If only a fraction of a note is left, it is her business to determine its value, and upon her word a new note is issued in place of the old. But as there are many persons who would be quick to take advantage of an opportunity for cheating the Government, it becomes the chief concern of the money-counter to see that not more than one new note is issued for several pieces of an old one. Many persons have tried to work this scheme, but Mrs. Leonard has a memory for notes and numbers that has proved very disheartening to those who have attempted it. Indeed, her knowledge of the details of the various notes that have been issued by the Government during the last half-century is so absolutely accurate that all money suspected of being counterfeit is submitted for her opinion. Not long ago she declared that a certain note which passed through her hands was counterfeit. Others in her department declared it genuine. Even those at the head of the department thought she was wrong. But she would not reverse her judgment.

The note was sent to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and the experts there said it was genuine. Still she held to her opinion. The note was laid aside, and later a description of it was discovered among the records of counterfeits in another department.

Occasionally a bit of romance is to be found lurking in the circumstances that lead to the redemption of notes. For instance, the money-counters were startled one day by the appearance of a remarkable-looking "fat man" who entered the department and told a strange tale. He said he was an Ohio farmer and did not believe in banks,

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and so had buried his money in the ground for safe-keeping. He had dug it up, and was horrified to find that it was slowly turning to dust, as notes will when long buried. Panic-stricken, he gathered the disintegrated money into an old pillow-case, bound it around his waist beneath his clothes and started for Washington. He travelled part of the way on horseback, part of the way on an Ohio River steamboat, and part of the way by train. During the journey he never once took off the pillow-case. He even slept with it on. The officials of the Treasury Department found it difficult to make him part with it. He did not want to go with a clerk to a hotel for fear the clerk might rob him, but as it was manifestly impossible for him to disrobe in the office he had finally to submit. They got the money at last, and the condition of it was so bad that Mrs. Leonard had to be called to decipher it. So great was her skill that the farmer lost only a few hundred dollars out of $19,000. He was very grateful to the Government expert, and started for home with the money upon him, refusing the offer of the officials to forward it for him. This time he was less fortunate, for the counters heard later that he had been waylaid and robbed on the way home.

Although Mrs. Leonard handles the money that occasionally comes in from plague-stricken districts, yellow fever and cholera scares have no terrors for her. And she believes that her own immunity from infection, after years of exposure to money sent in from such districts, in a measure disproves the contention that notes carry upon them the germs of disease. Indeed, she is an optimist in regard to her occupation. After more than forty years in the Government service, and although rheumatism has partly crippled her, she is as interested in her work as ever and moves about with surprising activity, detecting frauds by day, reading German, her favorite study, by night. She is a splendid type of the American woman, the kind one likes to keep in mind when arguing for the future of the race. And there, too, she has done her part. Her son, Captain Henry Leonard, formerly of the United States Marine Corps, was one the heroes of the battle of Tientsin, where he lost an arm while trying to save a comrade from death.

The Runners

By EMERY POTTLE

. . . For I run not alone.
There run with me the Silent Three,
Through fields the dead have sown.

One with a sweet and piteous smile—
The tireless Past—ah, he will last
For many a foot-sore mile.

And one—the Now—with stern, white gaze—
Who gives no heed though I do bleed
Along the thorny ways.

One with a masked face, lips dumb,
Beckons my soul to some blind goal—
The wraith of Things to Come.

. . . Nay, I run not alone.
There run with me the Silent Three,
Through fields the dead have sown.

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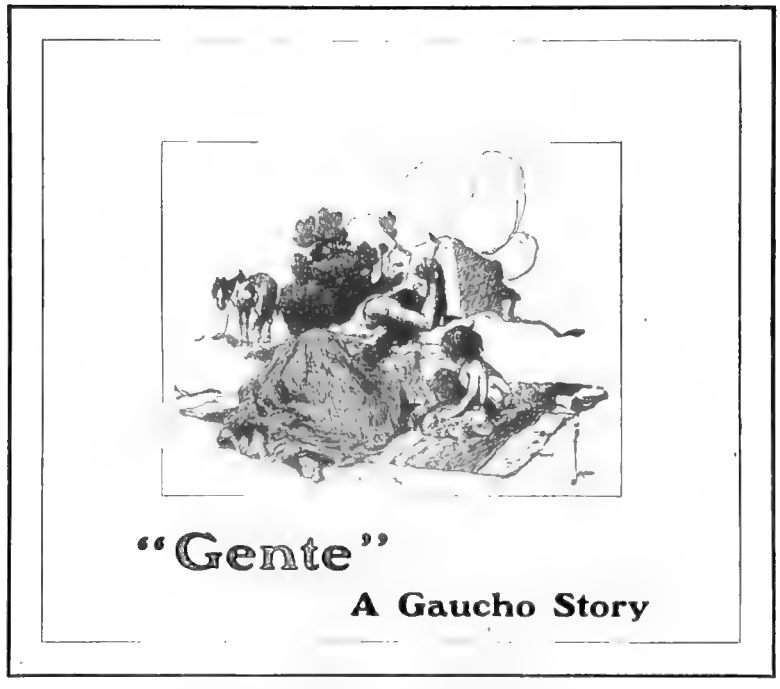

"Gente"

A Gaucho Story

By WILLIAM BULFIN (Che Buono)

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

THE old gaucho lay asleep amidst a buzzing fly-swarm in the shade of the flowery acacias. His head rested on one of the roots of the bristling cactus hedge which ran underneath the trees. His feet, encased in frayed *alpargatas*, were in the tawny dust of the soft clay road. His back was turned toward the town on the outskirts of which he had halted to pass the siesta. His face was toward a broad expanse of open pampa which was steeped in the blazing sunshine, and bordered by far-off mirage-lakes, dimly seen through golden hazes. Near the sleeping figure, two thin, jaded horses were tied to the hedge, and were dividing their attention between the flies and the juicy grass-tufts which fringed the road.

When the Corporal of the rural police came on the scene, he drew rein and called out:

"What is this? Wake up. Do you hear?"

The sleeper stirred lazily, rolled over on his back, opened his eyes, and sat up. A flame kindled for a moment under his puckered brows, as he recognized the light blue uniform of the horseman who stood over him. But he carelessly tossed the matted hair away from his forehead and said, quietly:

"The authority! Good afternoon, my Commandant. What can I do for you?"

"You can get up. Do you not know that it is against the law to sleep on the public road in the town precincts?"

"Bravo, my General! There is law in your very accent. One could tell on the darkest night, on hearing you, that it was the Government speaking—bravo!"

The Corporal was also of the gaucho race, and did not, therefore, find strange this flash of that humor which can crack a joke with death itself. But he had the dignity of his office to uphold, so he said in his curtest official manner:

"Come on! No more of this nonsense. You are no longer a boy, eh?"

"My little Commandant has reason. I have shed all my milk-teeth. I expect to be weaned one of these days."

"Now, attend to me—" and the Corporal advanced his horse a few feet, as he spoke. "You get up quickly, or——"

"Enough, enough. Do not trample on a lonely child like me—there! I'm up!" and

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the aged vagabond scrambled to his feet. "What more, Commandant mine?"

"Just mind what you are about, and attend to me, eh?"

"I am at the unreserved disposal of my Commandant."

"Commandant me no Commandant, friend. Plain Corporal is good enough for me. Tell me one thing?"

"Twenty if the Señor Com— that is, if the Señor Corporal will ask them."

"Where do you come from?"

"The other side of El Bragao."

"Where are you bound for?"

"For anywhere. I am not particular. It is all the same to me."

"But what brought you here?"

"What indeed! These two old horses of mine, Señor Corporal."

"I do not mean that. I mean what business brought you?"

"See, Corporal. It seems to me you are asking questions of law, are you not?"

"I am—answer them."

"But easy, easy. You are not in commission at this moment, are you?"

"What do you say?"

"You are not on duty, are you?"

"Look here——"

"No, no, do not ride me down unless I am in the wrong and you are in the right. If you are on duty, where is your carbine, and where is your comrade? I too know something of the law, and of the police, and I know you are not to go on duty without a gun, alone as you are now. You may be after a sweetheart, and you may not; but you are not on duty, and that is the truth."

The Corporal had to admit it, at least to himself. It was a mission of a private nature that had taken him thither at such a sultry hour of the day. But, nevertheless, he said more stiffly than ever:

"How many men do you require armed and in uniform to convince you that you are talking to the police? You can have as many as you please."

"Then bring a few score of them, bring a regiment—a brigade——"

"Tell me," said the Corporal severely, throwing the hollow of his right leg on the saddle, and leaning his elbow on his knee. "Do you want to get into trouble?"

"My son, I am hardly ever out of it."

"Do you want to get locked up?"

"Well, I don't hanker after it, no, as the Cordobés said when they asked him how he liked roast mule."

"Then keep a civil tongue in your head, see?"

"Oh, you were losing your stirrups, were you? I didn't think a good *criollo* like you would get vexed at the chaff of an old fool like me."

"I am not vexed," protested the Corporal, "but I want to know why you are here."

He insisted on being answered, not because he greatly cared to know, but because he did not want to be defeated by the ragged old vagrant whom he had roused from slumber through the sheer force of the habit of making pampa tramps move on.

"All I have to tell is of no consequence, I warn you," said the wanderer, with a shrug. "It is a case of nothing between two plates, eh?"

"No matter—tell it."

"*Bueno.* To begin with, I am bound for Junin, where the maize-picking has commenced."

"Go on."

"And I thought of passing this way because of the big race that is to come off here next week—the race between Pereyra's *zaino* (bay) and Molina's *colorao* (dun)."

One of the Corporal's eyebrows twitched, and the corners of his mouth drooped slightly, but otherwise he made no sign.

"How do you come to be interested in the race?" he asked, looking with studied carelessness at a shower of acacia flowers, which a whirling current of air had shed on the old man's beard and shoulders.

"I know the *colorao*," said the stranger, "that is why."

"You do, eh?"

"Oh, and then, don't you?"

The Corporal did not—a fact which led him into a more companionable mood. For the Corporal of the rural police, as hath previously been set forth, was *criollo* born and bred, and horse-racing was meat and drink to him. He made up his mind to unbend and seek unofficial information. He inaugurated this change of front by admitting his ignorance of the *colorao*.

"I have heard him spoken of, naturally," he explained, "but I never saw him. They say he is no cripple, eh?"

"*Carai!*" was all the old gaucho said, but he made a face, wagged his head, and waved his hand in expressive and eloquent pantomime, which conveyed unutterable praise.

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"Like an arrow, I suppose?" went on the Corporal.

"Oh, I believe you!" was the reply.

"And what do you think of the race?"

"What can I think when I know only one of the horses. If I could get sight of the *zaino* I might be able to give an opinion, see?" And he peered eagerly into the Corporal's face, with something like a pleading look in his faded eyes, the once dark pupils of which were blotched and dimmed by age.

"Was it to have a look at the *zaino*, then, that you came this way?" asked the Corporal with a sly smile.

"Well, to tell the truth to you, I was thinking that in passing through the town—just by chance, you understand—one might get a little look at the *zaino*, yes."

"Then you would like to see the horse?" he asked.

"Like to see him!" and the wanderer's face brightened strangely. "Indeed, yes. But why, my Corporal?"

"Because I can show him to you."

"You can?—that is magnificent!—but you are only joking, eh? They tell me that this Pereyra who owns the horse has him hidden away."

"No matter. I know where he is—not a hundred yards away from here. This is Pereyra's," and he indicated the acacias which were throwing broad patches of shadow on the yellow road.

"So they told me. And for hours I loitered around, peeping through the hedges without seeing a hair of the horse."

"I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO THE WOMAN WHO LOVES A HORSE LIKE THAT."

The Corporal smiled more slyly still. He was thinking that it would be a good thing to have the old man's opinion on the *zaino* so as to be able to report it to his superiors, all of whom were personally interested in the race.

"Then come with me—but say!"

"What is it, my General?"

"Do not speak so loudly, or you will have half the town about you in a few minutes, and then good-by to your chance of seeing the *zaino*."

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The old man dropped his voice immediately to a half-whisper. "You are right, my General," he said, "one must have prudence, no?"

"Naturally, and especially as we are going to intrude on private property, eh?—on property, too, belonging to folks who are no rubbish, let me tell you!"

"Then this Pereyra is a kind of *gente*, as it were?"

"'A kind of *gente*,' indeed! Do you not know that Don Lucas Pereyra is the alcalde?"

"Whew! The alcalde?"

"And his daughter, the Señorita Carmen de Pereyra is the Directress of one of the schools."

"*Por Dios!*" The Directress of a school, eh?"

"Oh, and then? What have you figured out the Pereyras as being, anyway? The eldest son of Don Lucas is sub-secretary to the Municipal Council!"

"Tremendous, my General! It will be a distinguished family then—clearly, they are *gente*, my soul! No doubt about it!"

"You may be sure of it—but, silence! Here we are." The Corporal dismounted and tied his horse to the trunk of an acacia. "Come," he whispered, "we must take this path through the weeds."

They went softly through a dense growth of tall hemlock and thistles, following a narrow pathway, which led them into a ditch under the cactus hedge. Presently they were skirting a growth of willows, beyond which was a red-brick dwelling-house. Under the spreading vine which roofed the rustic veranda, a man of middle age lay on a stretcher-bed, fast asleep.

"That is the alcalde," whispered the Corporal, "step lightly, and do not wake him, unless you wish to be eaten alive."

"May I die in the frost if it is not grand!" exclaimed the old man, below his breath, looking wistfully at the sleeper. "A mighty stylish thing it must be, this post of alcalde. And to sleep under your own vine, eh? Oh yes: that is *gente*, sure enough!"

"Hush!" cautioned the guide, dropping suddenly on his knees, "come round this way," and he crept to the left into a rank growth of maize, the tall stalks of which, topped with flower-plumes, nodded high above their heads.

"What is it, comrade?" asked the old man once, when the other paused for a moment to take his bearings.

"The woman sitting under the alders. Did you not see her?"

"No. Is she the alcalde's wife?"

"His mother, man, a woman of seventy or eighty; and, imagine it! she is guarding the *zaino* while the others are sleeping the siesta.

The aged gaucho rose cautiously from his knees, swearing softly to himself, and craned his neck to get a view.

"*Ahijuna!*" he chuckled after a lengthened scrutiny, "there she is, yes. I take off my hat to the woman who loves a horse like that."

"If her son wakes up and finds us here, he will take off your head," said the Corporal, pulling him by the tattered sleeve; "forward and do not be a fool!"

They made a detour of the maize-plot, and crept for some yards under the spear-blades of the cactus hedge on the other side of the garden. Then through a tangle of long grass they approached a large clump of willows. The clump was hollow. It was, in fact, a large shed bounded by willow-trunks and roofed with the entwining branches. It was carpeted with the fallen leaves of the previous autumn. In the centre, tied to a stake, was the *zaino*, cinched tightly to cut down superfluous flesh, strongly bandaged on both shins to prevent swelling, muzzled closely to prevent him from eating too much or too carelessly—and, in fact, to prevent anything from entering his mouth except his carefully prepared rations. Between the willow trunks could be seen the old woman, seated in the shade. She was mumbling to herself and sorting alfalfa-stalks from a bundle which was thrown across her knees.

"Look at that!" whispered the gaucho admiringly. "See how she prepares the alfalfa for the *zaino's* next feed. See how carefully she sorts out the stalks that have rotten leaves. And she so old! God of Heaven! Why do they not raise such women now?"

"But the horse?" whispered the Corporal, elbowing him in the ribs, "what do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him, eh?" and he ran his eye over the sinewy animal from pointed ear-tip to lean and shapely hock. Point by point he made the examination, muttering unintelligibly to himself. He tiptoed softly to the racer's head, rubbed him between the ears, ran his hand over the shining quarters, felt the legs and fetlocks, looked at the hoofs, and pressed his knuckles

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"VAMOS! . . . BACK TO THE GAMBLING AND THE REST OF IT"—

into the glossy back over the kidneys. Then with a final caressing pat on the arching neck he returned to the Corporal's side.

"Well?" asked the sporting policeman.

"Hmmh!" answered the veteran, slowly shaking his head.

"You don't think much of him, then?"

"Oh, he's a good horse, yes. But the *colorao*—ah! my General, I know him. He's a devil on four legs."

The Corporal turned away and signed to his companion to follow him. When they regained the road, the gaucho remarked casually:

"You will have a few dollars on the *zaino*, my Commander-in-Chief, will you not? Or maybe you have put them on already."

"Neither one nor the other."

"So best. Don't put them on."

"Then you think the *zaino* will lose."

"Yes. And I know the *colorao*."

"Have you any money on yourself?"

"Where would I get it? No, señor, money and I are strangers. But if I had ten thousand dollars, I'd stake it four to one against the *zaino*."

"Well, then, don't be long in getting clear of the town, unless you are prepared to give a satisfactory account of yourself. And let me warn you to say nothing to a living soul around here about having seen the *zaino*. If Don Lucas heard about it, you may believe me it would be bad for your health. No one outside his family has seen the animal for weeks but ourselves."

"He might let all the world see his horse, for he is going to lose the race."

"Keep that to yourself, and now good-by."

"*Adios*, my Commander-in-Chief," responded the old man cordially, "and a thousand thanks." He proceeded to resaddle, muttering to himself, and when the Corporal was out of earshot the mutterings swelled into a growl, and the growl into expressions of scorn and triumph which flowed from his lips in lurid fluency. As he rode out into the sun-blaze he shook his horny fist in the direction which the Corporal had taken and said: "Go now and shout from the housetops that the alcalde's horse will lose—go and tell what you heard from a roving old scapegrace, to the men who pay you for spying. It will be all over the district tomorrow and the odds against the *zaino* will be mountain-high by the day of the race. But ye are sold, sold, sold! The old man has smoked ye! The alcalde will win. There

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is not a strain this side of the Salado that can touch the breed of the *zaino*. And that breed is mine! The blood comes down from the wild mares I took from the Indians fifty years ago!"

He forded the river, took a long look at the blossoming acacias, behind which lay the home of the Pereyras and the *zaino*, and turned toward the east.

"What does it matter now?" he said aloud as he went his way. "What does it matter that I have led the life of a mad dog for thirty years? What does it matter that I left the woman and our child in a fit of jealous rage, because I could not find it in my heart to slay her? What does it matter, since no man ever took my place by her side? There she is now, mounting guard over the race-horse of our son—and sorting the alfalfa leaf by leaf—game to the last! And he—why he is *gente*, 'Don Lucas Pereyra, our alcalde!' And I left them half-naked and half-starved in a clump of weeds without a roof over them! with nothing in the world only a foal of the *zaino* breed. It was the woman who won the fight for life, and made *gente* of that boy. And now he is alcalde, my señor, with a son who is a secretary; and a daughter who is called la Señorita Carmen de Pereyra, Directress of a school! Figure it to yourself! I saw it after thirty years; and now I am content."

He shook the horse under him into a tired gallop, and the led horse alongside fell into a shambling trot.

"*Vamos*," he said aloud as he threw up his whip hand and flourished it. "Back to the gambling and the rest of it—while it lasts. Why should I molest them, now they are all *gente*? What would they do with me, a battered old gaucho brigand, with fetter-marks on his ankles? If they were poor, as I left them, if they were only shearers or maize-pickers like myself, I might remain with them. But being *gente*, it is different. Let them go on thinking that I am dead. I did them a good turn long ago when I left them, I am doing them another now by staying away from them. Oh, yes! and there is still one more favor I have done them. I have set the report going that the *zaino* will lose and that report will swell the odds against the horse and make the scoop all the bigger."

. . . . . .

The race came off and the *zaino* won, and the Pereyras made a haul of over five thousand dollars, for the odds against them had been three to one.

After supper, in the fading twilight, the alcalde's mother sat with folded hands, under the vine, a little apart from the family circle, smiling and nodding her head emphatically from time to time as she mumbled to herself about the victory. Don Lucas found her there after his return from the course, and going to her laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"So we have won after all, mother," he said cheerily; "wasn't it great?"

"Oh! and did I not tell thee the horse would win?" she replied with a tremulous laugh. "Did I not tell thee to bet to the last cent? Did I not tell thee that I had read a sign—that I had got a message from one who knew?"

"Truly you did," he said indulgently.

"But I didn't say to thee who told me," she went on, "and I will tell thee now. It was thy father's spirit!—there! A week ago to-day, at siesta time, when thou wert asleep, and I was sorting the alfalfa yonder, thy father seemed to pass near me. I was not thinking of him at the time. I was thinking of the race. I neither saw nor heard him, but suddenly I seemed to feel that he was near me. And I read that feeling as a sign. I thought over it day and night until I found in my heart the thing it meant, and I read it true. He wanted to tell me that the *zaino* would win. He knew what one of the breed could do and he came from the grave to say it. And I am glad he found me sorting the alfalfa and watching over the horse when he passed. For see, I am as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow, that thy father was here the other day."

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Is Bathing Good for Us?

By EUGENE WOOD

IT is one of the strange anomalies of our modern civilization—there must be at least ten or a dozen strange anomalies of our modern civilization, though I have never made a careful count of them—that no sooner do we succeed, after a long and strenuous battle against ignorance and prejudice, in winning general acceptance of the only course of action that can possibly save us from most dreadful calamities, than somebody, on whose intelligent support we had reckoned, jumps up and cries out: "Oh, good heavens, no! no! Do you want to kill us all?"

For example. You almost never now-a-days see anybody pitted up with small-pox. A century ago, many were so pitted. George Washington was, and as white as bone in the face, the magic-lantern pictures to the contrary notwithstanding. The annual deaths from small-pox in the nation are, in the present age, almost a negligible quantity. A century ago it was a terrible plague. What has wrought the change? Vaccination. We are all agreed upon that. Everybody is vaccinated. No child can go to school without its vaccination certificate. And yet, now that we have won the battle for this prophylactic, people rise up and tell us that when we get vaccinated we are simply issuing an invitation to the most horrible diseases (lock-jaw is the mildest) to come and pay us a visit and bring their trunks. They say that the reason why nobody dies of it nowadays is that the plague has run out, just as measles has run out, which was once just as deadly and which is deadly now among peoples to whom it is a new thing—the Japanese, for instance.

"Oh, but," you say, "you mustn't mind those folks. They don't amount to anything. They don't know anything."

Alfred Russel Wallace amounts to something, I should think. He knows a thing or two, I suppose. And he's an anti-vaccinationist. You can't ignore him. He's the man that worked out the Evolution Theory at the same time that Darwin did, and modestly stepped back and let Darwin take all the glory—and the hard knocks, of which there were quite a few. He's the man who declared that when the sleight-of-hand man at the vaudeville show takes rabbits out of your pockets and twenty-dollar gold-pieces off the end of your nose, he performs these wonders by the aid of the spirits of the departed. A man of mental calibre like that you simply can't up and ignore.

And it's the same way about bathing as about vaccination. We can't be properly cleanly but someone says we're simply soaking our lives away. We English-speaking peoples lead the world in tidiness and personal cleanliness. The Germans are well enough in their way, but they don't come up to us. The Scandinavians—well, away up there by the North Pole, with no steam-heat and hot water supplied, you really couldn't ask it of them. Among the French, a man comes around every so often with a wagon and a tin bath, and all the neighbors know what's going to happen when you lean out of the window and "holler" at him: "Hay! Hay there! Hay, *you!* Drat the man! I wish he'd stop his noise and listen to me." And the rest of the Latin races—well, I was once an honored guest on board a Spanish man-of-war. The captain was a most charming man. Right on his table-cloth I saw a small, round, mahogany-colored creature placidly making its way. Most embarrassing. The captain saw it, and saw that I saw it, and saw that I knew what it was—that's the shameful part of it, that I should have known what it was—but it never feazed him. It may have been that his *savoir faire* carried him through, but it looked to me as if he didn't think anything more about it than if it had been a fly. I know that if he had been the captain of an American man-of-war and such a thing had happened before company, he would have sunk right through into the cellar. Don't they have a cellar in a ship? I thought they did.

This one incident shows conclusively to my mind that we are far superior in this, as

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in other respects, to the Latin races. We believe in soap and water, lots of soap and lots of water, and often.

It was not always so with us English-speaking peoples. Just to illustrate. One day, a friend of Lady Wortley Montagu's said to her ladyship: "My dear, your hands are dirty."

"Oh," said Lady Mary light-heartedly, "you should see my feet!"

Shocking? I beg to direct your attention not only to the fact that it was a member of the British aristocracy of whom the story is told, but to the fact that a hundred and fifty years ago, this was thought to be a good joke. Some of the jolt is eased, I don't know why, by the fact that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a literary person.

We have made a long and strenuous battle for soap and water, and we have won. We lead the world. I suppose there is not a man within the sound of my type-writer but in his youth has had to get the tub and the wash-boiler up from the cellar every Saturday evening of the world, willy-nilly. He withdrew into the kitchen, locked the door, and after a certain length of time unlocked it again, red and shiny, and perfumed with soap, with his wet hair sticking six ways for Sunday. "Hay, Jim!" says he, "grab a holt o' the other handle o' the tub, will ye? Aw, ma! 'Way round to the rose-bush in the front yard? Won't the curran'-bushes do jist as well?"

With us, as a people, cleanliness is next to godliness, and as institutions Tub Night and the Sabbath Day get as close together as they can snuggle. Which brings me to the next number on the programme.

"Mistah Interlocutor!"

"Well, Mr. Bones. What is it?"

"Is you . . . Is you . . . a—h-yuh, h-yuh, h-yuh! Is you evah h-yard dat ah sto'y, dat ah sto'y, sah, 'bout de Cong'essman dat come to Wash'n'ton fo' de fus' time, and dey gin him a room wiv a bay-uff?"

"No, sir. I never heard the story about the Congressman that came to Washington for the first time, and the clerk assigned him to a room with a bath opening off it. What is the story about the Congressman that came to Washington for the first time, and got the room with a bath?"

"Well, sah, dishyer Cong'essman, he come fum one o' dese yer ti-oo-ral-oo-ral deestrickses, an'——"

"From where, Mr. Bones?"

"De ti-oo-ral-oo-ral deestricks. De country, sah."

"Oh, the rural districts."

"Yase, sah. Dat ah bay-uff, sah, dat ah bay-uff right . . . right handy, you know, hot watah, and cole watah so handy . . . dat jist took his time."

"It took his time, eh?"

"It did dat. It mos' suttiny did dat. Kind of a novel speeyunce fo' him."

"A novel experience, Mr. Bones?"

"Yase, sah. He ain't been usen to no sich, whah he come fum, 'way back in dem ah ti-oo-ral-oo-ral deestrickses. So he sot down, he did, an wrote to his wife . . . a—h-yuh! h-yuh! h-yuh! He tole her all about dem yar fassets, de hot-watah fasset, and de cole-watah fasset, and de rubber-cork-like, what dey is in de bottom of de bay-uff-tub, dat let de watah run down into de suller when you git thoo wiv it. An' he say, sez-zee: 'Hit do look so temptin',' he say, 'so temptin' and invitin', I jist cain't hardly wait fo' Saddy night to come!'"

"Hahahaha! Very good, Mr. Bones. Mr. Skelly will now sing 'White Wings.'"

This proves conclusively that the really nice people have an instinctive distaste for confining themselves to one all-over wash a week. And that isn't all: there are people who take an all-over wash every morning, as regularly as the morning comes around. These, however, are a totally different sort of water-fowl. No soap for them, except on face and hands and neck, before the real bath. And that isn't hot water. They let the cold water run, and then they hop in (Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!) and hop out again, and rub themselves with a rough towel till you'd think they would take the hide off, and they snatch on their clothes and come down to breakfast with an appetite like a circular saw, whistling 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.'

Right here is where the trouble begins. It begins at home, of course; something like this: "Well, I do wish to goodness you could take your bath without drowning the whole house. My land! Why, the place is flooded. Do you have to splash as much as that? I might as well give up trying to make the place look like anything with the bath-room floor ankle-deep in water. It isn't good for the health to bathe so much, now I tell you. It's killing you by inches. I just know it is."

It might end at home where it began, if it

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weren't for the cold-bath-every-morning-of-the-year men themselves. Oh, but they're a stuck-up lot! They think they're just about right, those fellows. You get to talking with one of them in the elevated train, a man you never saw before in your life and probably will never see again, and it won't be five minutes before he finds a way—oh, trust him to find a way!—to sneak in some allusion to "my cold bath this morning," and he'll swell up and look serious and important, and tell you how he always takes a cold bath every morning of the world. All those fellows are that way; they can't let the subject alone, they've simply got to drag it in somehow. The price of wheat reminds them of it, or the Presidential campaign, or the man that just got on at Twenty-third Street. It has become a necessity with them to tell you: "Oh, every morning regular. Never miss it, no matter what the weather is."

Yes. Well. Do you suppose that mornings when the frost is half an inch thick on the bedroom windows, and the snow outside creaks and squeals underfoot, and the furnace has gone out in the night, and the range-fire won't come up for a cent—do you suppose they hop into that tub full of ice-cold water? Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! I know better. I know they let that morning slide. How do I know? Never you mind how I know. I know all right enough.

"Well, but——"

Oh, do for mercy's sake, let *me* talk a little while! I know—because I—because I know. I don't wish to discuss the matter further.

Nothing tickles that kind of man more than for you to say: "Tck! I don't see how you can *stand* it. It must be a terrible shock to the system—m-hm—m-hm—well, of course, a strong, hearty . . . Yes, I know, a strong, hearty man like you . . . But anybody with heart-trouble . . ." Don't you put in. Let him talk. You've got him started and you'll have to wait now till he runs down. Let him go on and tell how he feels like a fighting-cock after he's had his cold bath in the morning, every day in the year, understand. Just the same whether it's 90 above or 90 below.

That anomaly I mentioned in the beginning begins to clear up a little, doesn't it? Is it strange that now the long and strenuous battle for personal cleanliness has been won, certain in high medical authority should rise up and declare that we are killing ourselves by bathing too much? Other people would like to take the same stand if they only knew what to say, and could get the popular ear, as only a medical man can. Nothing in the world prompts this reactionary attitude but pure exasperation at the cocky, self-important ways of the cold-bath-every-morning-of-the-year man. People cannot stand his obvious superiority to them. It's just as if you and a party of friends had come into a Turkish bath-place along about one or two in the morning, after having been "down the line." You feel pretty frisky, and you and the boys cut up and have a good time, in spite of the sour old grouches that tell you to shut up and let them go to sleep. You get all in a glow in the hot room, and wait in the steam-room for your turn, and then the rubber scrubs you nice and clean, and plays "Hiawatha" on your back with his hollowed hands, and stands you under the shower, and you take a swim, and he rubs you all good and dry, and you feel fine and a little drowsy; you could go right to sleep if it weren't for the fact that when they construct a Turkish bath they study and study: "How can we fix it so that the light will shine into a man's eyes no matter how he lies?" Then just as you are about to drop off, here come a party of wild hoodlums, silly, exasperating things, and tear up Jack around the place, and get gay when you tell them to shut up and let you get some sleep. You know how provoked you get at such cussed fools; well, that's how the people that take a bath only on Tub Night feel when they hear a man bragging how *he* takes a bath every morning of his life.

For even the medical experts really cannot find much to say against the cold bath. They babble about how aged persons and those of low vitality should "take the chill off the water." That just shows you that it is a case of any stone to throw at the dog. For the cold bath—we might as well get at the straight of the thing—is not really a matter of cleanliness so much as a matter of getting the skin livened up and the capillaries and veins next to the surface full of blood. Ice-cold water or scalding hot water will do that, but tepid water— No, no.

The skin is almost exactly the same kind of an excreting organ as the lungs. The same products seep through the pores as are carried off in the breath, and the air purifies the blood in the same way. But the greater part of the skin is smothered up in clothes

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day and night. What the cold water of the bath dissolves is matter well away. And the rubbing dry is pretty vigorous exercise, if you want to know. Any rubbing is bound to push the blood along toward the heart and help the circulation, because there are valves in the veins which prevent the blood from going in any other direction than toward the heart. Whatever loose flakes of outer cuticle are rubbed off we needn't worry about; plenty more where they came from. The extra food the increased appetite demands will make good that trifling loss. I have known aged people, men past eighty, to take their cold baths every morning, and be as spry as you please. One old fellow used to toddle down to the beach when he had to wade bare-legged through the snow two or three blocks. It carried him off at the last, though, for he died just about four weeks before he was eighty-four. And if those of low vitality who ought "to take the chill off the bath" were to take it ice-cold and rub themselves like sixty afterward, I don't think their vitality would be low. I think if they got their blood purified by practically adding another pair of lungs to their outfit, they would soon be as chipper as anybody.

But when the doctors say that so much soap and warm water dissolve away the oil of the skin and render it scurfy and debilitated, why, I agree with them entirely. Perhaps it is more the rubbing than the cold-water bath that clears the skin of rashes and little mild eruptions. A good hard rub of any such spots will soon cure them far better than all the salves and ointments ever invented. Very obstinate skin-troubles have been healed simply by vigorous brushing with a clothes-brush every day for a week. Eczema, I don't know about. I can't tell you what will cure eczema, because nobody knows how to do that, but I can tell you what will make it worse, and that is washing the affected place with soap of any kind. The skin does not need less oil, but more oil to heal it up.

Out-door bathing, in the river or in the sea, unites vigorous exercise of every muscle in the body, and especially the muscles of deep breathing, with the gentle massage of the blood-vessels of the skin by the flowing water, and the exposure of the smothered skin to fresh air and sunlight. That combination ought to do the system good.

But there are people opposed to that, too. They used to tell us, when we were boys, that swimming would "thin the blood." And they say now: "So much bathing will wash your strength away."

Well, I guess that's so. I think it stands to reason that the man who bathes every day cannot be as strong, in a way, as the man who never bathes at all. But I don't believe I care to be strong just in that way.

Inklings

By ARTHUR L. TUBBS

IT is generally the woman with a fine carriage who is most willing to walk.

"While there's life, there's hope" is not exactly the motto for an undertaker.

The girl of the period seldom comes to a full stop until she finds the young man of the interrogation-point.

There is nothing some disdainful women hold up to ridicule oftener than their lorgnettes.

The confidence man's road to success often seems to be paved with gold bricks.

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The Home Missionary

By HARTLEY DAVIS

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

UNTIL his nephew was born John Meredith had been sauntering down the broad smooth way. He had started on the road unwittingly before he entered college; he had pursued it from choice. It was the easiest, merriest road, with Folly as a playfellow, bright-eyed, laughing, red-lipped Folly, who needed only wine to restore her mocking glee when Wisdom confronted her.

When John Meredith realized the black annihilation of the pit—and at times he could see it quite plainly through the bubbling champagne and Folly's fluttering robes—he contrasted the pleasure of the journey thither with the miseries of an uphill struggle to the starting-point, to any starting-point, debating the matter without bias. As a conclusion he drank the yellow wine, took Folly's hand in his and continued on the broad, smooth way without fear and with much cheerfulness.

He had acquired a conviction of the inevitableness of his end, a sort of fatalism that seems a complement to a life devoted to pleasure. He made the blunder of balancing the ledger of his life long before the business of living was closed, discounting things receivable at usurious interest. In his own mind he accepted himself as a failure and went into moral bankruptcy, thus seeking escape from certain troublous responsibilities in order that he might travel the broad, smooth way steadily, without halt, without haste, and, what was far stranger, without self-pity.

His friends said frankly that he was going to the dogs—"like a gentleman," they added hastily, as if it were something to be proud of in a degenerate time. Now and then John's brother Horace, a young, gray, quiet man absorbed in his financial schemes, would suggest, tentatively, that he marry and settle down. This usually followed a hint from Horace's wife, who thought her brother-in-law should marry Elizabeth Pollock.

"A man has no right to ask a woman to marry him to reform him," answered John on one of these occasions. "Sooner or later the woman always comes to the man's level, if they live together. There is no woman I wish to bring to my level."

He knew that Elizabeth Pollock was in the minds of both of them. Deep in John's heart was the consciousness that he loved her, although he did his best to smother it with bitter facts. It was easier after Ned came into the world.

Between John and his nephew there existed a bond that began when Mrs. Meredith, in a burst of impetuous generosity, placed the baby in his arms. The bundle of things adjusted itself in the most mysterious way. The blue eyes looked into his with the wise, searching gaze that only babies have; presently the wrinkles were smoothed from the tiny forehead, the delicate mouth was opened in a round baby smile, a chubby hand grasped the man's lower lip, and the child gurgled a pact of friendship that was to endure.

Ned grew in fragile beauty and the years brought him and his uncle closer together. Mrs. Meredith viewed this intimacy with apprehension. She liked John—with reservations. She would have been delighted to see Elizabeth Pollock, her best friend, marry him, but to have her boy so closely associated with a man who was "terribly fast" was another matter. So it was with a shabby feeling of relief that she received the opinion of a celebrated specialist that the German water-cures and the air of the Alps would benefit Ned. He was hurried off to Europe and John drifted back deeper than ever into the old ways. The flush of his face grew darker, the baggy half-moons reappeared under his eyes. Horace went abroad at intervals to see his wife and son, and John crossed the Atlantic twice in the four years, to find that mysterious barriers kept him and Ned apart.

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When he heard the news that Ned was coming home to stay, John's heart bounded joyfully. He waited at the pier, eager and fearful; he was carefully prepared for the shock if Ned should have forgotten him, but he was not prepared to see his nephew mince down the gangway, a puppet of a boy, dressed like an artist's model, with negligent, golden curls, white transparent skin, tired eyes, and gloved hands. John came up and held out his hand.

"Hello, Buster boy," he said, "I'm glad to see you."

Ned started. He looked at John doubtfully for a moment and a flush came into his cheeks.

"Hello, Jack," he returned, a little uncertainly, as if recalling a forgotten word. There was just one little note in the voice that might have escaped John had not his ear been attuned to catch it, and the man muttured a thanksgiving under his breath as he gripped the boy's hand.

"Oh, you hurt me," complained the child, and there was a whine that made John shake his head sadly.

Often in the next few days Ned made his uncle choke. The delicate beauty of the child, the artistic wealth of his clothes and his satisfaction in them, his perfect self-possession, his bored, blasé air, his supercilious contempt for sturdy, chaffing youngsters with honestly dirty faces—these and other less tangible things made John very miserable.

"Poor old Ned," he said. "He hasn't had a chance. They have taken his boyhood from him. And they don't seem to understand. There isn't anyone to make a man of him but me!"

He smiled grimly at the grotesque notion of his teaching strength of purpose, self-reliance, independence, and manliness to anyone, and then sought consolation in the thought that the best teachers of art are often very bad artists. "Anyway there is no one else," he added, "and I'll have to do my best!"

So he went to Newport with the family, although Mrs. Meredith was not enthusiastic when he proposed his visit, and he studied his nephew closely. He observed that all the natural boyish instincts, the virile roughness, the jubilation over physical prowess, the delight in active games were smothered, or only flickered feebly.

"I'll make a boy of him first," said John sagely. He studied the problem. "By George!" he exclaimed, "I know the trouble; he lacks imagination."

It was a great discovery. Imagination is one of the least appreciated of the great forces in the world. With elaborate cunning John aroused the dormant instincts. He told stories of marvellous deeds in which the hero saved himself by strong limbs, a quick eye and cool judgment. The first triumph came when Ned evinced concern about his muscle.

From driving a pony with a groom beside him to riding the animal was an easy step. Often they met Miss Pollock and her sister Nan, a year younger than Ned, on their early morning rides, although John avoided them when he could. More than once he caught a wistful look on the young woman's face, a blending of pain and pity; he was sure she was troubled about his association with Ned and the conviction made his heart sink.

The influence that he gained over the boy became patent to everyone through the youngster's habit of constantly quoting his uncle. Every normal boy must have at least one hero, and he can be constructed out of the least promising material. Mrs. Meredith did not hesitate to voice her alarm at the condition of affairs.

"They are together all the time," she said to her husband when he came down for the usual week-end, "and Ned seems to have more respect for Jack's opinion than for mine. He is taking my boy away from me, and I don't think Jack's example is good for the child. You know his habits——"

"I don't think Jack will demoralize the little chap," returned the father with one of his slow smiles. "It looks to me as if they were doing each other good. Ned is stronger and healthier, and so is Jack. I would not worry about it, little woman."

"I cannot help being anxious," Mrs. Meredith went on. "Such a change has come over Ned. He is protesting against the beautiful clothes I design for him; he says they make him look like a girl. To-day he actually asked if he could not have his lovely curls cut off short! I am sure it is all Jack's doing. I am so afraid he will make a coarse, noisy, vulgar, careless boy of Ned, and I've tried so hard to keep him from anything of that sort."

"Jack isn't coarse and vulgar," said Horace Meredith rather dryly.

After the family returned to town Mrs.

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Meredith did her best to keep her son and her brother-in-law apart, and John often missed Ned. One day when he was told that the boy was walking in the park with the governess, the man decided to await his return. When Ned appeared it was with his fine raiment begrimed and tattered, and his face swollen and blood-stained. The youngster's physical ills were as nothing compared with his rage and mortification. It appeared that a band of youthful, ragged adventurers, led by one "Red" Leary, had teased him into striking one of them with his toy cane, and then "Red" Leary had thrashed Edmund Devereaux Meredith conscientiously and thoroughly. John discreetly remained in the background while Mrs. Meredith wept over her son and inveighed against his assailants. The governess went to even greater lengths.

Ned soon sought his uncle to discuss the fray. John inquired into the facts.

"What did you do after—what did you say his name was? 'Red' Leary? What did you do after he struck you?"

"It hurt me so, and I had to cry; I just tried to keep him away from me."

"Oh!" said John.

"What could I do? I can't fight with coarse, vulgar boys like that. I hope 'Red' Leary drops dead in his tracks!"

"So you just put your hands to your face and cried while he beat you," pursued John.

"I don't like you," exclaimed the boy. "I won't talk to you any more. I hate you."

"I don't like *you* very well just now," returned his uncle gravely.

They did not see each other for three days, and John prayed that the leaven was doing its work. When he received a message from Ned he responded joyously.

"Jack, is it wrong to fight?" asked the boy.

"Not always, Buster; why?"

"Mamma says it is wicked and evil. She says it is the worst thing a boy can do except lie and steal."

"Sometimes it is, but not always. Mothers don't always understand those things. Fighting is men's work, and women can't know all about it. If a boy starts a fight because he thinks he can whip the other fellow, or just to show off, he is a coward and a bully, and that is almost as bad as being a liar. Generally it is better to run away than to fight, but sometimes you cannot run if you

"GOOD WORK, BUSTER, GOOD WORK."

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HORACE LOOKED ONE WAY . . . AND JOHN LOOKED ANOTHER WHILE HE WINKED VERY HARD.

want to, and sometimes you should not run, but stand up and fight the best you know how. If you are whipped, it doesn't matter so much if you have done the best you can."

Ned pondered. Presently: "Then I ought to have fought 'Red' Leary the other day?"

"I think so."

"But I don't know how. Mamma has always told me never, never to fight."

"I know she has. In everything else, Buster, do just as she tells you, but a woman doesn't know about fighting. She cannot understand that men, that you and I, must fight sometimes for mothers and sisters, and we ought to know how."

"Did you ever fight, Jack?"

"Yes, but not very well. I didn't learn until it was too late, and generally I have been beaten."

The boy touched his uncle's arm; he still felt the smart of his own humiliation.

"And papa, did he ever fight?"

"Your father is a grand, good fighter," replied John, brightening, "a ripping good fighter. He hasn't been licked very often."

Again, Ned's deeply wrinkled brow indicated that he was thinking.

"Jack, will you teach me how to fight—when I have to?"

"Indeed I will, Buster."

And he did, keeping ever before the boy the chivalry of the game; he was learning to fight in order to be his mother's protector. This gave him a sense of responsibility that was manifested in greater consideration and gentleness. Ned realized that it is a fine thing to be strong. Your normal man has more vanity in his muscles than has a woman in her beauty.

Mrs. Meredith felt the change. She rejoiced in her son's new vigor and manliness, yet was she more miserably unhappy than in his weakling days. She was fighting one of the old, old battles that are the result of the irreconcilable man and woman point of view. She could not understand that because he was a man-child, Ned must enter a realm where she could not follow, must look upon things with eyes different from hers. She was supremely conscious of the bitter fact that he was going away from her, that she no longer filled his whole horizon. She could not grasp the truth that a man may have closer sympathy with certain workings of a boy's mind than even his mother. Eunice Meredith felt that John was to blame for all the change and she was filled with deep resentment. She hoped that Elizabeth Pollock would marry him and save her boy.

Miss Pollock had seen much of John of late—it was largely of her arranging—and Mrs. Meredith looked for a great deal from the renewed intercourse. So did Miss Pollock. The human mania for reforming our brother is most strongly developed in the feminine half of humanity and the dissipated man exercises a powerful fascination over a good woman, who loves self-sacrifice, as most of

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her sex love weeping, for its own sake. If Elizabeth Pollock had been Ned's mother, she would have been frantic over the man's influence upon the boy; as it was she had the clearest perception of the good in John. She felt it her mission to reform him. And, more important than these general considerations, she loved him, although she would not admit that even to herself. If she had, John would not have believed it. He thought she was merely sorry for him and that there must be in her feeling for him something of contempt which would destroy the pity that is said to be akin to love.

John was aware of the attitude of his sister-in-law toward him; he knew he was on mined ground and that the explosion might occur at any moment. He did not suppose that Miss Pollock would have anything to do with it when it came, but as it turned out, she really set the train, although in perfect innocence. She had planned one of those painful assaults known as "an appeal to one's better nature," and so one morning when she and her sister met John and his nephew in the park, she sent the children ahead, being bent upon making the most of the opportunity. It was ever so much more difficult to begin than she had imagined, and the minutes passed swiftly. Miss Pollock had desperately determined on a headlong plunge, when, as they turned a corner, muffled cries drew their attention to a fine illustration of a fight. The beautifully dressed Edmund Devereaux Meredith and a ragged, red-headed, freckled youth were pummelling each other with might and main. Standing by with her hands clinched and her eyes flashing from her white face, Nan was urging her champion to greater efforts.

"I'M NOT GOING TO BE A PRETTY GIRL-BOY ANY MORE."

"Stop them! Stop them!" cried Miss Pollock, rushing forward. "This is dreadful!"

"It's perfectly bully!" exclaimed John, grasping her arm. "You don't understand." Even then she was conscious that never had she seen so fine and eager an expression on his face.

A slender line of blood was trickling from Ned's nose, but he was fighting coolly and determinedly, while his opponent was wild. The boys clinched and John observed that his nephew made use of a wrestling trick at exactly the right moment. The red-haired boy went down and Ned plumped himself on the fallen one's chest with much force.

"'Nough," gasped the under boy. He hadn't breath for further remarks, and indeed none was called for, but after he scrambled to his feet, "Red" Leary added:

"You did it all right, all right. I didn't think you could fight. You're an all-right dude."

John sprang forward and grasped his nephew's shoulders. "Good work, Buster, good work," he said. Then he picked Nan Pollock up in his arms and kissed her, calling her a trump.

"I'm glad Ned whipped that boy," said Nan vindictively, "and I'm glad I saw him."

"That was a time when a man had to fight, Jack," explained Ned. "I stood all they said about me, but when 'Red' Leary pulled Nan's hair I sailed into him."

"Yes, it was right to fight then," said John. "Buster, boy, I'm proud of you." He gave the boy a hug and laughed at the dark red stain that was transferred to his white waistcoat.

"My! but won't I catch it when I get home!" observed Ned ruefully, as he looked at his clothing and gingerly caressed his disfigured face.

Ned was grateful to find his father and mother were driving. He ran upstairs to try and remove the marks of combat, while John waited with the pleasant sensation of a man who feels that he is convicted in advance of a heinous crime of which he is innocent.

Mrs. Meredith realized that something extraordinary had happened the moment she came into the house. The very atmosphere was charged with it. Even her husband was conscious of it. As if in answer to her inquiry, Ned marched in, holding his head high. His mother gave one long, agonized look at her son. His right eye was discolored, his left ear and his nose were badly swollen, his upper lip was cut, and—more conspicuous than all—his beautiful hair had been chopped off by the boy himself. There were patches where the scalp was almost bare, and moth-eaten wisps, and serrated bangs—never was hair cut in such fashion. In his whole ragged, irresponsible life "Red" Leary had

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never looked so disreputable as did Edmund Devereaux Meredith at that moment.

"Oh! Ned! Ned! What has happened?" gasped his mother when she could find words.

With a fine ring in his voice and with the words tumbling over each other he made his declaration of independence:

"I whipped 'Red' Leary in a fair fight, and I cut off my baby-curls, and I'm not going to be a pretty girl-boy any more."

Eunice Meredith gathered her son in her arms and ran out of the room. She was back again almost immediately, her eyes blazing. The primal instinct of mother-love, aroused to fury, swept away the refinements of thousands of years of civilization.

"You!" she cried, facing John Meredith. "You! This is your work. You have been scheming for years to take my son from me, to make him a vulgar rowdy, a swearing, fighting, disgraceful loafer, and you have succeeded at last. You want to make him like yourself, an idle, useless, dissipated creature, finding his chief pleasure in drunkenness, in the society of common men and worse——"

She choked in hysterical rage. Horace Meredith started to speak, but John checked him. There was a weary half-smile on his lips, a look of pain in his eyes, but there was no resentment.

"No, I have not been trying to make Ned like myself," he said. "I have been trying to save him, to make a man of him. I have tried to keep you from making a milksop of him, a pitiful coxcomb of a boy. I have sought to protect him from the fate of so many of the poor little children of the rich, whose lives are blasted by devoted, self-sacrificing mothers who have every virtue except common-sense. I have worked to get him out of the hot-house existence to which you have condemned him, to teach him to recognize temptation, the cost of yielding to it, and how to fight it.

"I know whereof I speak. I was a pretty boy, idolized by a doting mother and neglected by a kind and generous father who made the mistake that Horace is making. The freedom of boyhood, the innocent, joyous pleasures were denied me for fear I should become coarse and vulgar. When I was sent away to school I did not know the dangers of liberty, and before I realized it I was drifting down the broad highway that I have been following ever since, with only the sorry consolation that I could at least travel it like a gentleman.

"You summed me up exactly a few moments ago, Eunice. One day Ned might have been judged as harshly. But you cannot know the tragedy of it. I would rather see Ned in his coffin than have him become such a man as I.

"Do you remember saying to me that I should marry Elizabeth Pollock? Do you know why I have never spoken to her? It is because I realize what I am. The hardest fight of my life has been to keep her out of my thoughts. She shall never know. It would be a crime to ask her to link her life with mine. The only future I have to look forward to is Ned's future. I want him to be what I should have been. I want you both to help me."

Horace Meredith, his face white, his eyes shining, grasped his brother's hand and turned to his wife.

"Little woman," he said, "I fear we have not been quite fair to Jack. It is all true—what he said about Ned and ourselves. I think he has saved our boy in spite of us. I think he has saved all of us."

Eunice Meredith threw her arms about John's neck and kissed him with impulsive tenderness. "Oh! Jack, dear, I'm so sorry; please forgive me," she said.

There was a silence, and Horace walked to the window and back before he faced his brother.

"Jack," he said, "the last of your share of the estate was exhausted five years ago. Since then every penny you have spent has been my money. Heaven knows, you are welcome to it, but I rather think you would like to earn it. Come down to the office with me; I must have a partner. I would rather have you than anyone else. You will succeed in business, for it is not in a Meredith to fail. Come and try it for a year, and then go to Elizabeth and speak to her—man-fashion."

There was a rustle of silk, and Elizabeth Pollock pushed aside the curtains. Her cheeks were cherry red, her lips tremulous.

"I came back to help you explain to Eunice," she said unsteadily and with great effort, "and I have been eavesdropping." She moved toward John and placed a fluttering hand upon his shoulder. And all confused and trembling she whispered:

"I think—I think he *has* spoken—man-fashion."

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Sunshine by the Hour

By MARIAN WEST

THE title, "sunshine companion," roused curiosity; also a covert smile. The ambition of such a profession seemed somewhat on a line with "Little drops of water" and "Let dogs delight"; worthy, but childish, scarcely suited to a grown intellect. Only two possible explanations suggested themselves—sentimentality or cant. However, this is not the first time that one who went to scoff has remained to pray.

Crudely put, the office of a sunshine companion is to cheer people up, to offer that which makes one being say to another, "You have done me good." To understand the profession, one must first understand its pioneer in New York, Miss M. V. Townsend.

Miss Townsend has not put her profession on—she embodies it in every line of her fresh, plump person. It radiates from her curly auburn hair, her honest blue eyes, her splendid smile that has kept its joyousness unmarred by any consciousness of being a valuable asset; it shines through the quick, warm kindness of her voice, which contains not one note that is not wholesome and sincere. Miss Townsend's vocation was started at her cradle, where she was given health, simplicity and optimism, the three best qualities in the world to live with. It was fostered in a childhood spent with an invalid mother and grandmother, both of whom needed much cheering and diverting, so that she saved all the amusing things to tell them and brought always a bright face to their darkened rooms.

Then outsiders began to turn to her for strength and comfort, as instinctively as one opens a window to the sun. Selfishly, too, often enough. Years ago, when she was visiting at a friend's house, the surgeon came to do something very trying to a little dog who had been badly hurt. Someone must hold the dog, but his owners could not bear to. "You do it!" was the inevitable conclusion, and so the visitor faced the ordeal. "I really wanted to see how I'd stand it," she explained.

Miss Townsend grew up in California, but the need to earn her living took her to New York, where she has built up a successful business in selling stocks, handling only such stocks as she believed in and could offer with the enthusiasm that is so valuable an element of her personality. Strangely enough, it is out of this business that her new career has grown, for her professional visits led to long talks with her clients, wherein kept recurring the phrase that has been a finger-post along her way, "You have done me good!" The calls upon her for strength and cheer gradually formulated the new enterprise for her.

Taken in its most practical aspect, her work is that of a companion by the hour, for which she charges such modest sums as a visiting reader would. Suppose a convalescent has dismissed her nurse and is struggling through the wearisome period of weakness when her importance as an invalid is gone, and yet she is not equal to the interests of her own life. The companion will come to her at a fixed hour every day, talk, listen, read, sew, go driving, do anything that is wanted with the simple-hearted cheerfulness of one who enjoys helping. Or take the case of a woman left alone all day at a hotel in a strange city while her husband transacts business; the companion will go about with her, help her to shop, pilot her to pictures and parks and whatever interests her most. Or there is some crisis in a household and someone has to keep the young people out of its shadow; the companion steps in and is friends with them all in five minutes by grace of her willing spirit. No one who had a trace of self-consciousness or shyness could fill such an office, for its first requisite is to get wholly out of oneself, bringing to the other person a fresh interest that is never a copartner with egotism. An entirely natural manner, a perfect ease, is the inevitable result of such selflessness.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has divided the world into the Leaners and the Lifters. Those whose lot is cast with the latter must have something very strong within, for the Lean-

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ers will cling without mercy. A certain practical religion, that perhaps has little to do with forms or theology, but concerns itself chiefly with kindness and human brotherhood, is nearly always the centre of such strength. Add to this a love of laughter and pleasantness, and you have the essential elements of a sunshine companion.

Miss Townsend has certain attributes that she calls "faculties." One is for forgetting disagreeables, never churning them over uselessly in a vexed mind. Another is for not carrying care; the cause may be there, but the spirit is not cast down, or the forehead lined. A third is for never hurrying. "He that believeth shall not make haste," says Isaiah, a text that should be printed on the walls of a city where haste is so frantic, and often so needless, as in the typical instance of the man who races and tears to cross the street ahead of the car, then stands to watch the car go by. "Faculties" is a less formal name for these attributes than "principles," and gives the credit over to nature; but a dispenser of sunshine must be made as well as born, if that quality is to outlast childhood.

Courage, self-abnegation, a warm heart—these are the underside of what the casual observer may explain as a pleasant personality and a sense of humor. Faithful service is common enough—but cheerful service is much harder to find. A woman once got on a car with eight children. The conductor eyed them wrathfully. "Is this a picnic, or are they all yours?" he demanded. "They're all mine, and it's no picnic!" was the grim answer. Oh, the field for the sunshine lady has no limit!

When the Moon is Low

By LLOYD ROBERTS

SEARCHING the shores of Nictau Lake,
To the whispered words that the paddles make,
With the black firs down to the water's lip,
And the low moon in our wake.

Beyond the points of gleaming sand,
(Where the foam breaks soft and the herons stand),
Where the muskrats dive in the arrow-heads,
And the shoals drift out from land,

A bull-moose feeds in the reedy bed,
The long roots trail from his antlered head,
The mud drips black from his mighty flanks—
Till our rifles dye it red.

We drop him there in his pride of might;
As his challenge rings on the broken night.
And the wild loons out on Nictau Lake
Laugh at the yellow light.

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Loubet
President of France

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with photographs by V. Gribayédoff, Paris, France

IT was the seventeenth of February, 1899. Yonder, at Versailles, that dead and stately city, with its old houses and its rim of forest, they had just elected a new president. The excitement spread from the agitated statesmen in the great hall *du vote* to the attendants in amaranthine waistcoats, who posed in the antechambers; spread thence to the mob that waited out-of-doors. Who is it, then, this seventh President of the Third Republic? Why it is Émile Loubet. And though they hardly knew his name, the mob out-of-doors, brave lads, sons of the Quirites, cheered like mad.

Émile Loubet, being chosen chief of state, rode thunderously back to Paris in the presidential landau, the centre of a ringing mass of cavalry, steel-cuirassed, sword-girt, with naked revolvers in hand. And it was well the revolvers were naked that day. The good city of Paris, knowing nothing of Émile Loubet, welcomed him with hoots and hisses and sharp-flung missiles; the League of Patriots rose in its might, for had not Paul Derontede cried "God save France!" and "The time is come!" For a few hours Paris rocked on the edge of a revolution. Loubet got safely to the Elysée, however, for though the "patriots" were active enough they were badly drilled. Paris, seeing nothing better to do, accepted Monsieur Loubet and revenged itself by making fun of him. The only serious manifestation ever made against him was that of the Auteuil racetrack, when a disgruntled baron smashed the President's silk hat about his ears. Little by little Paris accepted him; France grew proud of him; if you ask the man in the street what he thinks of the President, he will make answer: "*Monsieur Loubet? Un brav' homme!*" The chief executive of France is a good, honest man; exactly that and nothing more. He is not brilliant. A plain, homely man, he is a rational representative of the French middle-class. In Benjamin Harrison we had his equivalent in the United States. Both physically and mentally the men were alike, and it is worthy of note that they became great friends when the late President Harrison was last in Paris.

Émile Loubet is a short, square little man, with a white beard and a good-natured face. His smile is sweet and sunny. Even at a public funeral he never quite loses the air of being on amiable terms with himself and all the world. I have seen him many times, at public functions, at the Elysée, in the Bois or the streets; once I shot through his forest of Rambouillet—and 'twas a pleasant sight to watch the little man in brown tweeds working ahead, firing with his left hand, both eyes open; but I have never seen him when he wasn't smiling "doucely"—as they say in Scotland. And so he has smiled himself into the good-will of his subjects. No one dreams, now, of bonneting him in his own silk hat. He needs no cuirassed guard. He wanders abroad in his good town of Paris, a cane under his arm. Now and then he stops and stares into a shop-window, or enters the shop and bargains for *bibelots* or *bric-à-brac*. Again you may see him in his surrey-phaeton, holding the reins over a good pair of black hackneys, a flunkey behind and a lone detective bicycling alongside; and the casual Parisian takes off his

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hat and says: "*Voila! C'est Loubet. Un brav' homme.*"

Like fortunate nations the President has no history. At all events his history is as calm as a mill-pond. The fact that a man has once had his hat battered about his ears is a poor basis for a dramatic biography. He has jogged safely along in the middle path without sin or peril or excitement. Just such an existence Harrison led, save that his life was for a few years exalted by the splendid energies of war. President Loubet has fought only in the courts and at the polls. He was born of good country-stock at Marsanne in the Department of the Drôme. The date was October 31, 1838. There is good yeoman blood down there in Dauphiny. The folk are canny as Yorkshiremen. They are hard-headed, thrifty, virtuous, and independent. You should hear Monsieur Loubet expatiate on their solid qualities. It is then he is at his best, as he smokes his pipe and smiles and talks. Once he told us how the little town of Marsanne —his town—won its freedom. I have forgotten the details of the battle, and anyway it is not news, for it happened in 1354. The outcome of it was that the burghers of Marsanne—terrible fellows for liberty!—won for themselves home-rule.

"And," said the President, "out of such civic liberties and commercial solidarity has come all that is best in the Republic. Liberty is the aggregation of little liberties."

Émile Loubet's father was, for thirty-seven years, the mayor of this little free-town. Just outside the village is the old homestead. It lies along a small river, shaded with poplar-trees. The house, the stables and farm-buildings are built round a square court-yard, wherein, by day, the fowls and domestic animals go about their business and, at night, the sheep are folded. The white-washed walls shine in the southern sun; moss grows on the high-peaked, red-tiled roofs. There are farm laborers in blouses and wooden shoes, bustling milk-maids—a merry, busy world, a fragment of old France, the brave, old France that knew neither railways nor socialism, nor Dreyfus, nor international finance. The President's mother, a brisk, aged dame, conducts the farm to this day; and a notable housewife she is, famous in Marsanne and the lands thereby. Loubet pays frequent visits to the old mother. His private secretary told me of one of his visits. It was between two stormy sessions of the Chamber of Deputies. I suppose the destiny of France hung in the balance, for, in fact, the destiny of France always does hang in the balance. In the peaceful interval, Loubet slipped down to Marsanne and walked out to the farm. The good dame was in the huge, brick-floored kitchen, kneading the bread for the fortnightly baking. She flung her doughy arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Really, mother," said the President, "you should give over this heavy work."

"And trust some slatternly maid!" cried the old dame, "no, no—but I admit it is not so easy as it used to be."

"Well, to-day you must trust me," her son said, "so sit down and fold your hands and talk to me."

He took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves and kneaded the bread, while the good mother told him the news and gossip of the farm. This is the sort of thing that Émile Loubet would do quite naturally. Lincoln might have done it, too; and, in fact, if I have not forgotten the legends of history, King Alfred did something of the sort. Having kneaded the bread, Monsieur Loubet returned by special train to Paris and went on saving France.

A good, homely, kindly man—*un brav' homme*, as they say here.

It was the old mother who told the President's secretary the one anecdote of his unillustrious boyhood that has come to my ears. Milder stories have been printed of greater men. Here it is:

The young Loubet, being ten years of age, was bathing in the Drôme with certain older lads. One of them got beyond his depth and was swept away by the current. The Loubet lad heard his cry for help and studied the situation. It was evident that he couldn't get that big boy ashore. So he kept out of reach and watched him. The drowning boy kept going up and down, swallowing water. At last he was so nearly drowned that there was no struggle in him. Then my little Loubet swam up, caught him by the hair and towed him ashore. It was a pretty bit of calculation. The big fellow was only three-parts drowned and they pumped him out and made him as good as new. One might have prophesied that Loubet would be a politician. From just such troubled waters he fished out—three-parts drowned—his election to the presidency. Just so canny, just so "judgmatical" has his entire politi-

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PRESIDENT LOUBET BOARDING A SPECIAL CAR

safe man—but canny withal. He is mediocre; he is incarnate mediocrity; he is all the presidents of all the republics rolled into one; he is the essence of universal suffrage; but his brain is good and his heart is kindly. He would help any lame dog over a stile, were he sure the dog were muzzled.

The outline of Émile Loubet's public career is not uninteresting. He took his college degree at Valence. In 1852 he came up to Paris to study law. He lived in a small room at the very top of a six-story building in Rue Tournon. From his garret window he could look down on the Palace of the Luxembourg, which was in time to be his official residence, as President of the Senate. Being

PRESIDENT LOUBET CRITICIZING HIS OWN BUST AT THE SALON. BOUGUEREAU, BONNAT, AND FRÉMIET ARE IN THE GROUP.

cal career been. That boy was the father of the calm, clear-headed, well-meaning, honest man who is to-day the first citizen of the Third Republic. He is a round man and a sound man; a

PRESIDENT LOUBET AND GENERAL DUBOIS.

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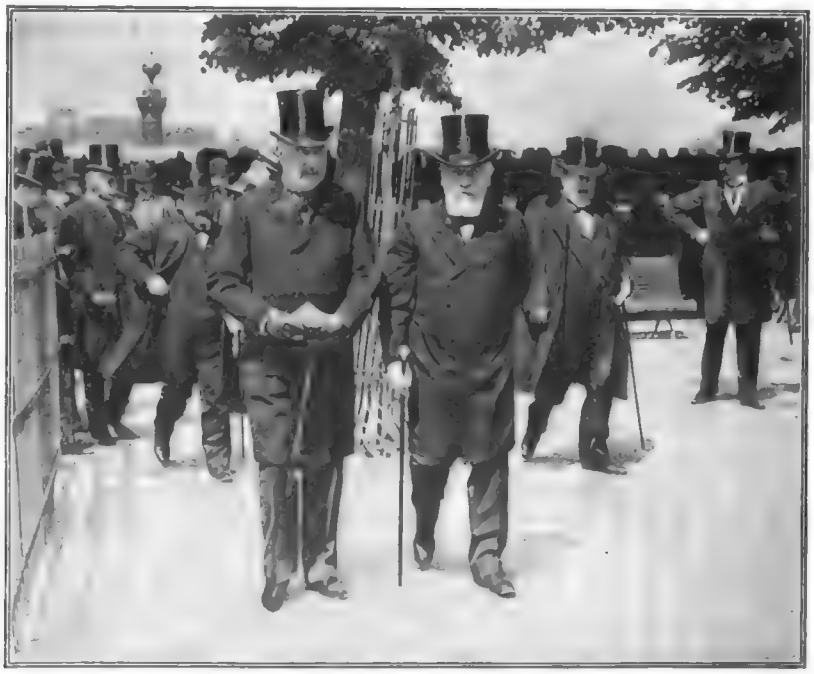
QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND AND PRESIDENT LOUBET, AT THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

a sociable little man and not without political ambitions, he frequented the students' clubs of the day and plotted, not too strenuously—for he has always been a man of measure—against the Empire. Having become a lawyer he returned to his native village. In 1869 he went to Montélimar and practised law. A year later he was made mayor of France did not tempt him from his hearthstone and his civic virtues. There is none of the wild, old Berserker blood—as how should there be?—in this stanch, sensible, little yeoman of Dauphiny. Girt with his mayoral scarf he went steadfastly about his business of governing the good town of Montélimar where the *nougat* comes from. His fellow-



THE PRESIDENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION.

of the city. He was a good mayor, they say, cool-headed and efficient. His wise administration of municipal affairs was the basis of his political fortune. It was a case like that of Cleveland. The war came. The peril citizens rewarded him. Canny burghers that they are, these Dauphinese, they do not admire the reckless daring that plays with steel and villainous saltpetre; they rewarded his civic virtues; they elected him Deputy of

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THE PRESIDENT AND MME. LOUBET AT AN AFTERNOON GARDEN RECEPTION AT THE ÉLYSÉE; MME. LOUBET ON THE ARM OF THE PAINTER, JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

the Drôme. This was in 1876. Naturally enough, Monsieur Loubet took his seat among the Opportunists. He was the son of that opportune boy. In 1885 he was elected senator for the same department; he became minister of public works, minister of the interior, prime minister. It was in the turmoil of the Dreyfus affair that Felix Faure died in a mysterious way. The Dreyfus case was ricochetting through the Third Republic, bowling down reputations right and left. The radicals, headed by Clemenceau, went to Loubet and asked him: "What do you think of Dreyfus?" Monsieur Loubet knocked them about the ears with a profound phrase and they went away no wiser than they came, but they said: "He is eminently statesmanlike—a safe man!" And they made him President.

One thing should be said: President Loubet is an absolutely honest man. He is an honorable man. In these days when politics, besides being a career, is a profitable business, he has kept his hands clean. He practised for forty years at the bar. He has held every important office in the gift of his countrymen. His private fortune—and I have this on his own authority—does not exceed 300,000 francs; it is an honorable fortune, honorably gained and sufficient for a man of simple tastes. And Émile Loubet is a plain man. Simplicity is the chief note of his administration. He has no love for tinsel and show. The Élysée is as reasonably democratic as one could wish. Kings and journalists he receives with frank cordiality; nor is he less courteous to folk of lower degree.

His daily habits vary but little. He rises at six in winter, at five in summer; drinks his coffee, reads the newspapers and whatsoever reports his secretaries have made ready for him. From eight to ten he walks abroad in his good town of Paris, a cheery, little figure of a man, trotting briskly along, swinging his cane. (He doesn't believe in umbrellas;—said he: "I'd rather be rained on than carry such a ridiculous object over my head.") Upon his home-coming he lunches in a good leisurely way and smokes a pipe or two. Then he gets to work with his secretaries. His study, the *cabinet du Président de la République*, was formerly the salon of —think of those old, powdered, rouged, indecorous days!—the salon, I say, of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. Could the ghosts come trooping they would have rare tales to tell. For my part I should listen

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PRESIDENT LOUBET AT ORAN, DURING HIS TRIP TO ALGIERS.

THE DAILY DRIVE IN THE BOIS.

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PRESIDENT LOUBET CONVERSING WITH HIS BROTHER, HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, AND GENERAL GRAFFET.

PRESIDENT LOUBET LISTENING TO A SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE VICTOR HUGO MONUMENT.

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THE PRESIDENT'S DESK AT THE ÉLYSÉE.

faithfully; would not you? Those perfumed scandals of the old régime come never amiss. The room looks out upon the gardens. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestries. The President's massive work-table is piled with documents, pamphlets, works on finance and political economy—there he sits daily, in his good gray head no thought of the Marquise and her prankish courtiers. Comes two o'clock. The phaeton and the black hackneys are at the door. The President goes driving. Sometimes he takes the turn of the Bois. Yesterday I met him at the Porte Maillot. He drives where he will in his loyal city. His hackneys are good ones. He knows more of horses than most men. After his family and the tariff, his affections, I believe, are fairly well divided between his horses, his dogs, his gun, his pipe and his books. The good, honest man! At four o'clock he gets to work again and keeps at it until seven. Unless there is a state dinner, he dines in his own private apartment, with his wife and sons and, it may be, a friend or so.

If nothing intervenes he spends the evening in his salon, smoking the old meerschaum, reading or chatting. At half-past ten he goes his way to bed. Of course, many days and nights are eaten into by public affairs, but in the main this is the routine of President Loubet's life. He is a true son of Dauphiny. He is happiest with a gun and dog; happiest when the pheasants are strong on the wing, or the hares run swiftest. A month or two each year he spends at Rambouillet. There twenty miles of forest spread away and the pheasantry—a state preserve—is the best in France. There is rare sport for him who likes the milder sort of shooting.

This, then, is the life of the good little Dauphinese, whom fortune and his own deserts made President of the pleasant land of France. There is no inherent greatness in him, but he is wise, patient, firm, and kindly. He has a large measure of tact, which in a chief of state is, perhaps, the most desirable of all qualities. His political record is clean, though it shows adroitness rather than any compelling force of initiative. His private life has been pure and pleasant. He has all the virtues of the middle-class Frenchman—those middle-class, homely virtues which are the same the world over. His elder son, Paul, is a young advocate, who has just entered politics. Émile, the younger, is a lad at school. Madame Loubet is a dark and stately dame, who presides with grace and dignity over the Elysée.

The natural issue of universal suffrage is mediocrity; its natural choice the mediocre man, who is midway between the two poles of thought, and never sparkles. Émile Loubet is the logical president of a republic. He is the ideal sovereign of a collective sovereignty. When he goes his way from the Elysée there will be little said of him but good. He, in the shade of the poplars, there by the old, red-tiled farm-house near Marsanne, may smoke his pipe with full content, assured that the work that came to his hand he did as well as a man of his quality could do it.

A thought like that is the best fortune a man can have by him in his old years.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

THE EARL OF EUSTON.

The Grand Master of the Great Priory of England and Wales, the Right Honorable Henry James, Earl of Euston, Grand Cross Templar, headed a delegation of Sir Knights from England, that attended the recent Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar at San Francisco. This trip of the leading Knight Templar of England across an ocean and a continent to attend the Conclave caused the recent meeting to be one of the most brilliant ever held. This is not, however, the first visit of the Earl of Euston to this continent, for he served in the Rifle Brigade in Canada at the time of the Fenian raid.

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DR. WILLIAM OSLER.

The appointment of Dr. William Osler to the Regius Professorship of Medicine in the University of Oxford is a distinguished recognition of Dr. Osler's brilliant services in the American medical profession. Dr. Osler, born in Canada and a graduate of McGill University in Montreal, is acknowledged to be one of the foremost scholars in the medical profession. His writings not only cover a wide range of subjects but show insight and profundity. He has been Professor of Medicine at the Johns Hopkins Medical School since 1889. His departure from this country will be deeply regretted.

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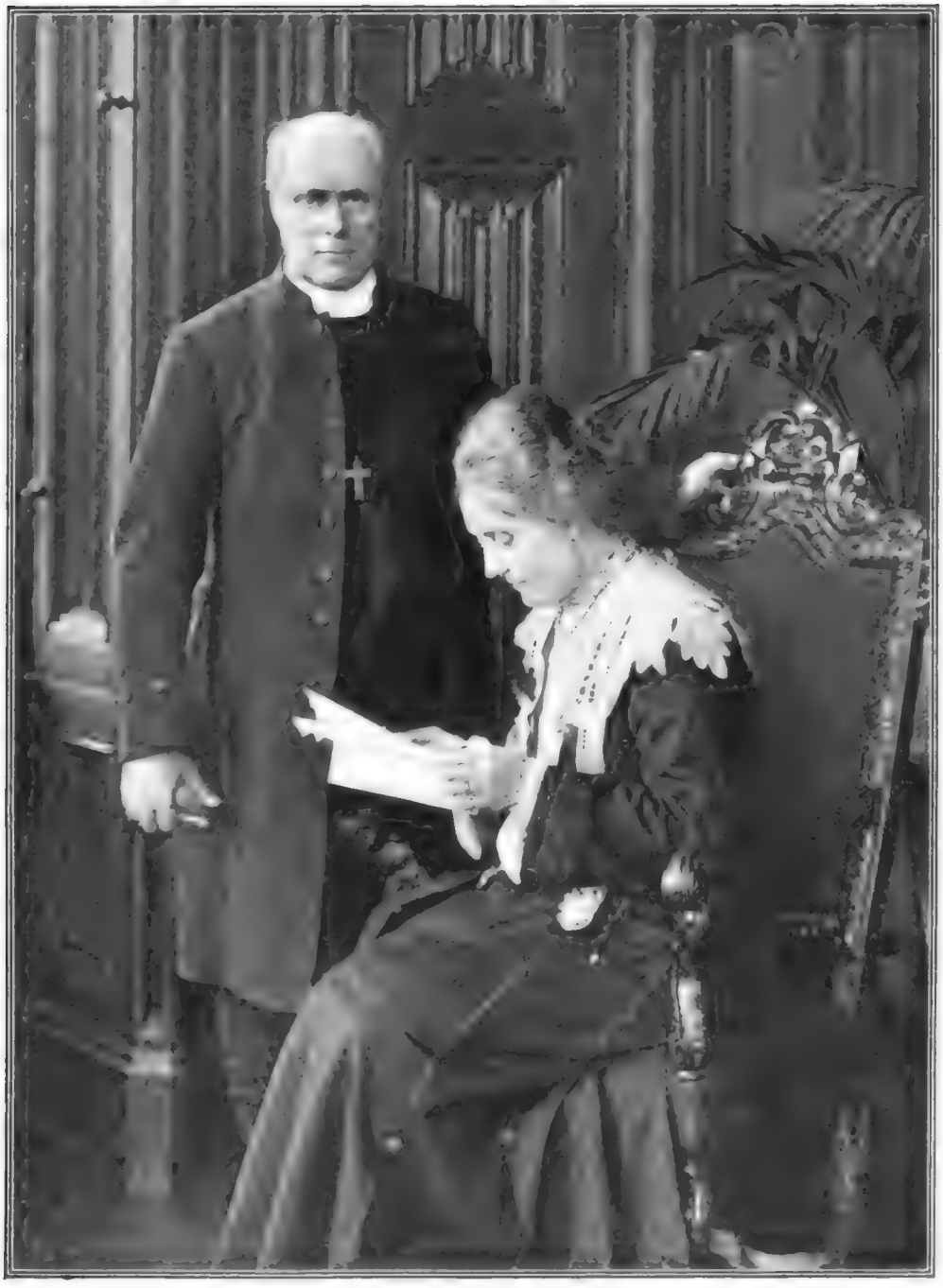

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND MRS. DAVIDSON.

The Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, the prelate who takes precedence at the court of St. James before even the Royal Dukes and the Premier, has been attending the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Boston. Dr. Davidson became Dean of Windsor in 1883, and his eight years of almost daily attendance on Queen Victoria brought him into close personal relations with the Royal Family. He advanced through the Bishoprics of Rochester and Winchester, to become in 1903 Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England.

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HOLCOMBE WARD.

Holcombe Ward's progress toward the National Tennis Championship has been marked by his capacity to originate new plays, his ability to carry them into execution, and his grasp of the general tactics of the game. Though he has achieved the final distinction in singles this year, he is really better known as a player of doubles. With Dwight F. Davis as a partner, he has for some years carried everything before him in America. In 1901 Davis and Ward, by winning a doubles tournament for a third successive time, came into permanent possession of the famous Astor twin cups, valued at $2,000.00.

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THE PLAYERS

Photograph by White, New York, N. Y.

GUY BATES POST AS *STEVE* IN "THE VIRGINIAN."

MUSICAL productions dominated the beginning of New York's theatrical season of 1904-5, no fewer than nine playhouses opening their doors to entice people with conglomerations of melody and nonsense. From Chicago came "The Isle of Spice" to the Majestic, and "The Royal Chef" for a short-lived term to the Lyric—triumphs of the stage manager, of the costumer, of the song-writer. But their librettos have the delicate, entrancing humor of a fat and frantic cow struggling in a mud slough, the subtle persiflage of a policeman's club in action.

Audiences sit in patient hope that they may hear something to give excuse for laughter, and at times funny lines and humorous antics do creep in—they do, really—while the comedians struggle along with superb courage with familiar drivel. A small boy in the gallery, always ready to laugh, wakes up a man who forthwith bursts into a guffaw to prove that he was not asleep, while a few others join in out of sympathy, or in desperation, or to demonstrate their superior understanding. Then the comedian goes forth and tells his friends and rivals: "That scene was a scream," this being the elegant stagese for striking popular risibilities.

The stage management of these two shows is remarkably fine, but one is reminded of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's man who possessed a remarkable fund of knowledge up to Araguay. The man never received the volumes of the encyclopædia containing the remaining letters of the alphabet. In the

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Photograph by Sciutto, Genoa, Italy.

Photograph by Varischi Artico Co.

Photograph by Sciutto, Genoa, Italy.

SIGNORE NOVELLI, THE DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN ACTOR, EQUALLY CELEBRATED IN COMEDY AND IN TRAGEDY. HE WILL PLAY IN NEW YORK THIS SEASON, APPEARING IN "OTHELLO," "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," "THE BENEVOLENT BARBER," AND OTHER PLAYS.

finale of the "Isle of Spice" there is lowered from the flies a golden star which opens to disclose a cramped girl in fleshings, whose predecessor was in that star in the days of "The Black Crook." In the finale of the second act of "The Royal Chef," the scene is in the palace of a Maharajah of India, and there march onto the stage two men and a

Photograph by Sciutto, Genoa, Italy.

Photograph by Sciutto, Genoa, Italy.

SIGNORE NOVELLI'S SKILL IN MAKE-UP IS MARVELLOUS. THE UPPER PICTURES SHOW HIM IN ITALIAN COMEDIES AND THE LOWER AS *SHYLOCK* AND *OTHELLO*.

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Photograph by Purdy, Boston, Mass.

PAULINE FREDERICK, A BOSTON GIRL WHO WILL APPEAR IN A NEW MUSICAL PRODUCTION IN JANUARY.

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Photograph by Windeatt, Chicago, Ill.

OTIS SKINNER IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "THE HARVESTER."

girl properly made up as drummers and fifer, who group themselves into a living picture of that once popular chromo, "The Spirit of '76." There would be at this point just as much reason to show "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" or "The Apotheosis of Little Eva." One has a mental picture of the stage manager dragging "The Spirit of '76" in by the ears and shouting to the audience: "Applaud, darn you, it's patriotic!" If the stage managers cannot save money enough out of their large salaries to buy a complete encyclopædia, the amount might be raised by popular subscription from a pained and suffering public.

One is lost in admiration of the chorus in each of these shows. The assemblage of girls is large and marvellously beauteous—I think that of "The Royal Chef" the handsomest seen in New York. The effects secured with these choruses are really extraordinary, but the most wonderful thing about them is their activity. There seems to be no limit to their working capacity. Should these girls retire from the stage after a couple of seasons, one has visions of their being forced to take up such occupations as washing, or putting in coal, and supplementing nine or ten hours of these with two or three hours of physical culture in order to get enough exercise.

"The Isle of Spice" has charming songs. There has been no catchier, daintier melody than "Peggy Brady" or more attractive chorus effects for years, while "The Goo Goo Man" and "The Maids of Nicobar" are charming. Then there is "The Witches," chiefly notable because the costumes and the gyrations of the chorus, known as the "business," are exactly the same as in "The Royal Chef." (The same man "produced" both shows, I believe.) A novel and entertaining exhibition it is. The funny men in "The Isle of Spice" are very sad, except Gilbert Gregory, who is really humorous despite the lines. He is a graduate of "Adonis," having been one of the tigers in that burlesque. He had a bitter time trying to get on. After seeking an engagement for

Photograph by Sarony, New York, N. Y.

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

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months, he took his only photograph and placed it in a Broadway window, with the inscription: "Gilbert Gregory, permanent engagement, The Streets of New York." He was given a part within twenty-four hours.

"The Royal Chef" starts out finely, but it exhausts itself in the first act and drags thereafter. It is a trifle better off for funny men than "The Isle of Spice," but the book is no better. Its songs are worth while. Then, too, it had Ida Renée, an English music-hall artist, really an artist, who half recites and half sings little character-sketches in the most exquisite fashion.

Edna May returned to New York after an absence of three years in London in a dainty, innocuous, but really charming and wholesome, musical comedy called "The School Girl." One of the chief charms of the play is its innate refinement. It never causes one to apologize to one's own self-respect. And it has three really fine comedians, genuinely, joyously, irresistibly funny men who are capital actors. George Grossmith, Jr., and James Blakeley are the sons of famous fathers on the English stage, and worthy sons they are; while Fred Wright, Jr., is equally clever. William Blakeley was one of the best character-actors and comedians ever seen in England, and his son inherits his unctuous finesse and delicacy.

Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston, Mass.

HELEN HALE, *THE WREN* IN "WOODLAND."

W. H. CRANE IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

As for Edna May, she has improved far beyond what most Americans believed to be her capacity. She is as pretty as ever, with that sweet, appealing beauty, all innocence and loveliness. She has learned many things and she possesses something that approaches animation and an interest in life. But after all I am not sure that Edna May is not exceeding clever. She has made one of the most remarkable successes ever won in England. She has wit enough to know it was not due to her voice or her acting, but simply to the fact that she was Edna May with a personality that appealed to English audiences. And she has the rare good sense to remain Edna May, without affectations or assumptions of any kind. She is just as simple and unpretentious as when she played the Salvation girl in "The Belle of New York." And

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York, N. Y.

JOHN BARRYMORE IN "THE DICTATOR."

Photograph by Kennedy, Portland, Me.

AMY RICARD IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

she sings in exactly the same way. It was a thoughtful thing on the part of the librettists to make Miss May operate a typewriter in the second act—she is compelled to strike the key then.

The music of "The School Girl" is by Leslie Stuart and it is suggestive of "Florodora," although it is not likely to prove as popular. It is full of quaint conceits. There are half a dozen songs that are charming, of which "My Little Canoe" will probably be sung most.

A playwright out of the fulness of bitter experience once declared that the only successful way to dramatize a book was to avoid reading the story. When he was transforming "When Knighthood Was In Flower" into "A Madcap Princess," for which Ludwig Englander wrote the music, Harry B. Smith seemed only to add lyrics to the play version of Charles Major's story. But he did make a lively, entertaining vehicle for Lulu Glaser, who romps through the piece with a swagger and roystering hilarity that pleases her audiences. Miss Glaser is the type of the full-grown and full-blown soubrette, and if she should attempt subtlety the result would no doubt be disastrous. She is the chief fun-maker of the piece, and truly it is a relief to escape

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York, N. Y.

FAY TEMPLETON IN "A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING."

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the familiar "comic-opera comedian" of the last few years. "A Madcap Princess" is a melodious show, and, moreover, it is admirably sung. William Pruette's voice, celebrated since the days he toured the country with Emma Abbott, seems to grow better with years, and he has developed into an admirable actor. He plays *Henry VIII.* to Miss Glaser's *Mary Tudor.* As for Bertram Wallis, the new English barytone, he is really handsome and manly. Moreover, he sings beautifully.

"Rogers Brothers in Paris," starts with a whoop and a hurrah, which it continues to the end. It is like all of their vehicles, made up of grotesque nonsense, far-fetched jokes, lively dancing, and jolly ditties. There are not as many good songs, that is to say melodies that are swiftly appropriated by barrel-organs, as in the former hodge-podges. John J. McNally has a gift for manufacturing jokes that amounts almost to genius, and to a very large percentage of people his broad humor is irresistible, especially when put forth by the Rogers Brothers in their crazy dialect. The chorus works with that prodigious energy characteristic of latter-day shows and the costumes are truly gorgeous.

Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey are to continue in "A Little of Everything," the most successful of the roof-garden shows of the summer, instead of going forth individually to star. Miss Templeton had the courage to celebrate her thirty-second anniversary on the stage not long ago, and during the greater part of that time she has been a leading woman. She occupies a unique place in theatricals, one that no other player can approach. There seems to be nothing she cannot do with distinction. No one can sing a "coon" song quite so well as she, or any other for that matter that has humor in it; and I am persuaded she would make an admirable *Lady Macbeth* if she cared to make a serious attempt at it. She is the only true burlesque actress on the American stage.

She was a little tot when she began her public career in the company of her father, John Templeton, who was famous as a comedian years ago. The daughter was scarcely fifteen when she was singing leading rôles in such operas as "The Mascot" and "Boccaccio." Miss Templeton's first great success was as *Gabriel* in Rice's "Evangeline." In those days she was celebrated for the beauty of her figure and the sweetness of her fine contralto voice, as well as for her magnetism and humor. Matrimony and life in Paris drew her from the stage for four or five years. She returned to appear in a dolorous thing called "Hendrik Hudson," which failed utterly and which drove her back to Paris. Her years in that capital developed her art to a remarkable degree. When she joined the Weber & Fields company she took New York by storm and she gained for herself the strongest following a music-hall player has ever secured in New York. After she left Weber & Fields she lifted "The Runaways" from a dire failure into a great success, and it has been going ever since.

The most pronounced success of the beginning of the season was scored by John Drew in "The Duke of Killicrankie," a comedy by Robert Marshall, which was the big hit of the season in London, where it is still running. It has been so long since Mr. Drew has had a really successful play that the experience must seem novel to him. This comedy is a triumph of stage-craft, of character-drawing, of brilliant lines, albeit the thread of the story is like gossamer. And the acting is worthy of the play. Mr. Drew has never had a part that suited him better than that of the British nobleman who kidnaps his lady-love and carries her off to his castle in Scotland in order to win her. That adroitness, that mastery of detail, that finish, that fine art of suggestion which make him so capital a player are shown to the best advantage.

He has the assistance of Ferdinand Gottschalk, who won distinction in the days of Rosina Vokes and who has been going ahead by leaps and bounds ever since then; and of Fannie Brough, that inimitable English actress, who plays the part of the widow of a glue king in a manner that is a delight.

Considered as a play, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is grotesque. Surely no such disjointed, purposeless, amateurish succession of scenes ever wandered across the stage and found popular approval. But there is no doubt of its success. The story runs that the author of the book and the head of the publishing house, neither of whom is distinguished for knowledge of stage-craft, determined that Anne Crawford Flexner, equally inexperienced, should dramatize the character-study according to their notions. The result is fearsome, and it is particularly irritating because one feels that a skilled dramatist could have made much of the

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material. If "Mrs. Wiggs" were presented by mediocre players, it would sink under ridicule. The two or three attempts at dramatic situation are artificial, illogical, and forced. As a play it doesn't get anywhere. The great favor with which it has been received is due to the remarkably fine acting and the fact that any play or book possessing humor and overflowing with the milk of human kindness will appeal despite its technical shortcomings.

Madge Carr Cook, as *Mrs. Wiggs;* Helen Lowell as *Miss Hazy*, and Will T. Hodge as *Mr. Stubbins*, reach the highest plane of character portrayal. Mrs. Cook's work is marked by a delicacy, a refinement, an artistic repression that make it suffer somewhat in the atmosphere of exaggeration created by the book and emphasized in the dramatic version. She makes *Mrs. Wiggs* very human, very lovable, and not a single effect is forced. Mr. Hodge invests *Stubbins* with an unctuous humor that is delightful, while Helen Lowell's *Miss Hazy*, the sorrowful, pessimistic one, is marvellously clever, and howlingly funny. It is really a "creation" in make-up, gesture, walk, voice, and a thoroughly consistent one. These three carry the major part of the comedy, causing one to forget the sentimentality that masquerades as sentiment. And they make it very much worth while to see "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Miss Lowell is an actress of long experience and a high order of talent, whose skill in character-work and whose willingness to sink her own personality in a part has kept her from being a leading woman, for which the public may be thankful. She usually runs the star a hard race for first honors. This was shown when she played *Susan* in "Quality Street" with Maude Adams, and *Polly Love*, which she "created" in the original production of "The Christian."

There are several players who frequently force a star to fight for his laurels. Guy Bates Post is one of them. He comes from Seattle and his early youth was passed in an atmosphere of wealth. When his father lost his money the young man decided to adopt the stage. He was first seen in New York with Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew in "Charlotte Corday" and "Romeo and Juliet." After this he had valuable experience in stock work and nearly worked himself to death, but the admirable results were shown when he came back to New York to appear in "The Children of the Ghetto," "The Marriage Game," "My Lady Dainty," "Manon Lescaut" and "The Bird in the Cage." Last year he made the distinctive hit as the colonial officer in "Major André" before he took the part of *Steve* in "The Virginian," which he is now playing, and which is the greatest success he has made.

One of the brightest, cleverest, best-constructed German comedies seen in the German theatre in New York last season, and one that had a great vogue in Germany, failed when it was made over into English, because American audiences could not understand it. "Military Mad," as it was called by its adapter, Leo Ditrichstein, lasted but a fortnight.

When a play draws its inspiration from the soil of a country, when it is vivified by the spirit of the people, when it has that intangible yet permeating and convincing quality called atmosphere, it has value far beyond those plays which depend solely on dramatic situations and dialogue. Certain of these plays are successfully transplanted from one country to another because the adapter or translator can make an audience comprehend the background, or because there are fundamental things which some peoples have in common. For instance, there is no difficulty in this country in grasping the dramas that revolve about the French Revolution, because the spirit of them—the struggle for liberty—is universal rather than national. But every effort to transplant a purely national play is usually a failure.

London would not have "Arizona," one of the very best and most successful American plays, and it didn't care much for "Secret Service," although it liked Gillette. The London public could not understand them. We would not have "Little Mary," because it satirized the British habit of overeating, a vice not yet common here. The New York public did not care for "Military Mad," albeit the comedy had much to commend it, and was brilliantly acted, because we are not military mad, and it is difficult for us to understand how the mania enters so thoroughly into the heart and thought of a people. The backbone and much of the original charm of the comedy were lost in trying to make this plain. To an American audience it seemed as if this rampant militarism were created for comic effect, and it appeared strained and impossible. Mr. Ditrichstein shone more as the leading player of the cast than as the dramatist. Last season he failed with

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"What's The Matter With Susan," because he did not know American life; this season he failed with "Military Mad," because the American public is not familiar with German life.

Another farce was in the season's vanguard, "Jack's Little Surprise," by Louis Eagan, with Arthur Byron as the star, had the merit of originality, of lively action, and excellent construction, following the lines of the French farce of which Scribe was the great master. These plays remind one of what Macaulay says of poetry, that "the reasonings are just but the premises are false," and that "the first suppositions require a degree of credulity which amounts almost to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect." There is no poetry in "Jack's Little Surprise"; the lines for the most part are poor stuff—cheap, inane attempts at humor, but the comedy is genuinely funny because of the situations and the complications. Still its life was brief. Arthur Byron is a son of Oliver Dowd Byron and a nephew of Ada Rehan. He has been on the stage the greater part of his life, and he has its technique and tricks at his fingers' ends. Success came to him early, but he never made a pronounced hit until he appeared last season as *Sam Coast* in "Her Own Way," with Maxine Elliott. He gave up that excellent rôle to star in the very bad Clyde Fitch play "Major André," which quickly succumbed.

Charlotte Walker, who played *Ada van Allen*, the opposite part to Mr. Byron, shows very marked improvement. She has risen rapidly to the place of leading woman by reason of her cleverness and her blonde beauty. She was a contented wife in Texas until the Galveston flood impoverished her and her husband. Then she turned to the stage. Her appearance gained for her a small part with Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France." James K. Hackett gave her a better opportunity in "Don Cæsar," which she improved so well that he made her the *Virginia Carvel* in "The Crisis." Last season she was *Katherine Searles* in "John Ermine," and *The Princess* in "The Crown Prince."

Mrs. Fiske began what is promised to be an ambitious season with a revival of "Becky Sharp," her most successful play next to "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." Mrs. Fiske has gathered about her a very large and strong company, players who can be cast for any production she may present. It is really a stock company, the like of which New York has not known for a long time. Great preparations are making for the presentation of "Mona Vanna" in English, and there is much speculation as to how it will be received.

Mrs. Fiske is one of the most brilliant women on the stage, and one of the best read. She is a prodigious worker and when she is not playing or rehearsing, she is pretty certain to be with her books. Her career seems to exemplify the old theory that it is possible for a player to be overeducated, especially in the subtleties of metaphysics. Acting is an emotional rather than an intellectual art, and some of Mrs. Fiske's most ardent admirers regret that in her latter-day plays she seems to be all mind rather than flesh and blood. They regard her *Tess* as her greatest triumph. Few players have such splendid natural endowment, such fine training, as Minnie Maddern Fiske. She comes of a theatrical family and made her first appearance on the stage when she was scarcely able to talk plainly. She was a star before she was out of her teens, and I can recall no actress who ever equalled her in *ingénue* rôles. There are many of us who would like to see her again in "Caprice," "In Spite of All," and other pleasant little trifles if she would play them as she did in the old days. She was the daintiest, sweetest, most natural of actresses, with that undercurrent of power which became so dominant later.

She was a profound student even in her young days. In the theatre she seemed to always have a book in her hand when she was not actually before the foot-lights, while her aunt, Minnie Maddern, who was always in her company, and is still, used to play solitaire with a devotion equal to that Minnie Maddern gave to reading. Miss Maddern's marriage to Harrison Grey Fiske was followed by her retirement for several years and it was said that she would never act again. But ambition recalled her to the stage, and in "Tess" she was a revelation, winning one of the greatest triumphs ever known. She immediately took her place as one of the most powerful and finished actresses, and she has ever since held that commanding position. Not only is she a great player, but there are few men who equal her in stage management. Of late years she has been the chief exponent in this country of the sub-

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jective school. She has gone in more or less for the Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann dramas, and some of her admirers think her work has lost much of that effervescent, human charm that added so much to her power.

In "The College Widow," George Ade aims at transferring to the stage the spirit of humorous satire that made his fame in his "Fables in Slang." Amy Ricard plays the part of *Bessie Tanner*, the athletic girl. Last season she was *Contrary Mary* in "Babes in Toyland," and before that she was with Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith." Miss Ricard is a Boston girl, and she made her *début* in the "Prisoner of Zenda," and she played every female rôle in the play.

Helen Hale, the Wellesley College girl, who deserted academic life to enter the chorus of "The Prince of Pilsen," and who was swiftly promoted to a soubrette part in "Peggy from Paris," has scored in "Woodland" as *The Wren*, although her buoyant personality is anything but wren-like. There are many young women of education, refinement, and good family seeking the stage these days and with ambition to succeed. As a rule their progress is rapid. Pauline Frederick is another illustration. Two years ago she gave up an excellent social position that was open to her in Boston to enter the chorus of "Rogers Brothers In Harvard." For a school-girl of seventeen to hope to enter grand opera by way of the chorus in a show of that kind seems rather ridiculous. Pauline Frederick's remarkably fine voice, however, and her beauty gained her the place of understudy to Hattie Williams, then the leading woman, after the first rehearsal. Last season she attracted attention as *Titania* in "A Princess of Kensington" at the Broadway Theatre and she did so well that she was offered the principal part. She had the courage to refuse because of her lack of experience, but she did accept the second part of *Joy*. She gained the friendship of Madame Lilli Lehmann, and after Miss Frederick fills an engagement in a musical production that will be seen in January, she is going to Europe to study for grand opera under Mme. Lehmann, so that she has made rapid strides toward her goal after all.

Superstishus

By BURGES JOHNSON

ONCT I went a-fishin' with a man what had a reel
An' fancy hooks an' catgut an' a fish pole made of steel;
He never got a single bite from early until late,
Just 'cuz he didn't take no stock in spittin' on th' bait.
Yes, he kin laff an' jeer, but *where's his fish, I'd like to know?*
Oh, I guess lots o' things is true 'at some folks say ain't so!

D'jever drop a horse-hair into th' wat'rin'-trough
An' leave it there for weeks an' weeks 'thout drainin' of it off?
An' if you use a human hair they say it only takes
Jes' half as long,—but anyhow, *it turns 'em into snakes!*
An' ef a feller don't believe one half the things he hears
A darnin' needle comes along an' sews up both his ears!

Our cook, she's superstishus,—she's scared as anythin'
If someone spills a little salt or don't pick up a pin.
An' when I was a kid I'd walk down to th' gate an' back,
An' think that I was poisoned if my foot stepped on a crack!
I know them things is silly—I cross my heart, I do—
But I guess lots o' things is so 'at some folks never knew!

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

THOUGHTLESSNESS MADE A THIEF

THE article by Isa Carrington Cabell is full of truth and establishes that, in the one line she mentions, man's inhumanity to woman is very great. Numerous instances have come to my knowledge that confirm her position on this subject. I will quote one or two instances in this line.

Mr. X, a wealthy man and, as he thought, a loving husband, for he provided a beautiful home with servants to perform all manual labor and was ready to pay all the bills of the establishment, and dressmaker and milliner also—never thought it necessary to give his wife money, to spend as she might desire, to give in charity it may be, or to follow some special hobby of her own. A child came into this home of wealthy poverty, and after a few years a cloud arose, for the child was a thief; no visitor could come to the house whose belongings were safe. The mother in her despair called on a friend, a woman physician, and told her trouble and asked her advice as to how best to save her beautiful child. She said: "Oh, doctor, can nothing be done to cure my child? I feel that I am the cause of her condition, for before her birth I needed money which Mr. X refused to give me, and later on I went to his pockets when he slept and helped myself, but oh, how I suffered in doing this, for I felt that I was a thief." Could anything have been more inhuman than Mr. X's action toward the highly strung sensitive woman who was his wife?

Was not Mr. X inhuman when his wife, a delicate woman, having at no time sufficient strength for the duties of daily life, was compelled in order to keep her children properly clothed to "burn the midnight oil" and do work to earn the necessary money for the purpose, while he could squander a fortune upon his horses, or anything that took his fancy?

I could multiply these cases (*real* not fictitious ones) indefinitely if I had the space. L. S. M.

WEALTHY WOMAN SEAMSTRESS

A YOUNG lady who had just received a handsome present from an admirer once said to me: "He certainly does know how to do the handsome thing once in a while. But it is the little, every-day nice attentions that keep a woman's heart warm." Many men think that by one fine present a year to their wives or sweethearts they purchase to themselves release from the daily attentions that are due, and excuse the many slights they put upon their "women-folks" by saying: "Oh, I don't mean to be derelict, but I haven't time to be thinking of all these *little* things." But the little things are the mark of the gentleman.

The proud wife of a wealthy man was one day surprised by a visitor, soon after the marriage, at work sewing on a dress for a neighbor. "Why, what are you doing? Taking in sewing? Aren't there enough poor women in P—— who need work, without having the field invaded by the wife of a well-to-do man?" "Yes, but I need pin-money, and up to the present my husband hasn't offered me one cent." The husband was very much surprised when he heard of it, and actually felt that his wife had done him an injury, saying: "She never asked me for any money." Why should it be necessary for her to ask him? "Man's Inhumanity to Woman" is a stern, inexcusable fact, due to thoughtlessness, which is an inexcusable crime. (Rev.) S. A. NEBLETT.

Matanzas, Cuba.

ONLY EIGHT CHILDREN

IN reference to the article of "Man's Inhumanity to Woman" I want to say: Man is inhuman to woman in many ways, but it seems to me his greatest inhumanity to her consists in his own independent condition. For instance, Mr. Brown prides himself on being a good husband. He provides his wife with a good home, pays her bills—sends for a physician if she is ill.

He has eight children, and never in the many months that I have lived near him has he ever offered to stay at home evenings and let his wife enjoy just one hour of the freedom that he enjoys every hour he breathes.

Never has he come home in a carriage and said: "Sadie, I have engaged Grandma Wilson to spend an hour with the children, dress and drive with me and refresh yourself." Instead he drives by with a gentleman friend.

Only a short time ago he went off, expecting to be gone but a few days. He was gone for three weeks, and after over a week without news from home came the message: "Having a good time with some old chums." Meanwhile the patient, trusting woman was left alone at home waiting, watching, praying, caring for her children, the home, a cow and a horse, with no help save that of the little ones. Is this "Inhumanity"? M. O. B.

Alamogordo, N. M.

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A HAPPINESS FUND

HAVING read the article on "Man's Inhumanity to Woman" in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE of September, 1904, I wish to write about one man's humanity, and I feel sure many such instances are to be found if only we happened their way, or they ours.

This man, after providing for his family, sets aside part of the surplus as a happiness fund for himself and wife; each spends half of it, to make their children or whomever they like happy; cheerfully he brings home whatever his wife needs to keep herself and family nice-looking, and although he handles machinery, comes home as neat as though he sat in an office instead.

Best of all, he brings home flowers or presents on holidays and anniversaries, with ardent little notes concealed in them, so reminding his wife of his constancy, and keeping strong the foundation of their power to bear with each other when either makes a mistake. This man is no sissy, only a human being too manly to take advantage of his position to tyrannize over his wife.

I think if the marriage-vow read "Sacrifice for each other," instead of "Love each other," some men would understand their position better and be more just and happy. L. G.

Jersey City.

THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE

A TYPICAL case—one among unnumbered thousands: A home over which hangs the shadow of a heavy debt. The wife economizing in every possible way—making over the old skirt, the old hat, wearing the old faded ribbons. Crushing all pride, stifling self-respect—toiling, toiling far beyond her strength.

She loves her husband supremely, and so he loves her. This affection is the reason that no reproach, no murmur is heard as she notes he denies himself in not one thing. The same habits of personal lavish expenditure, dress, cigars, drinks, etc., as in their days of prosperity.

The man dreams not that here is a selfishness, a thoughtlessness that inflicts exquisite torture. "So often, Jennie, I congratulate myself that I have an economic wife." She smiles—but so wearily.

Can there be presented a picture expressing greater inhumanity, more pathos, than—The Woman with the Hoe?

Upon the mental retina of this loving wife there flashes no ray of hope; upon the tympanum of the soul there breaks no hail of cheer.

Onalaska, Wis. WILLIS MILLS, M.D.

TEN CENTS A DAY

SOME parts of "Man's Inhumanity to Woman" are very true, and no doubt *some* men are as described, but I am sure the majority of men are very considerate of their wives and women-folks, willing to save them every humiliation, every trouble, every worry possible. As to a wife being timid, "where it comes to household expenses," that seems ridiculous. But I do know of one man who, if his wife wants to go out, hands her twenty-five cents, and if next day she should ask again, says she should have fifteen cents left from the day before, goes off mad, and the woman stays home because she spent twenty-five cents in one day.

The man is well off, but takes a delight in being mean and stingy.

I find your articles intensely interesting. I turn the first thing to your letters, and criticisms, and read them with much enjoyment. I expect to read some good ones next month. E. R. K.

New Orleans, La.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART"

IN reference to Isa Carrington Cabell's article on "Man's Inhumanity to Woman," let me give you a striking example of what might justly be called "Man's Humanity to Woman." Mrs. C— had a paralytic stroke, which left her merely the use of her hands and senses. That was fifteen years ago, and since then Mr. C— has devoted his evenings to doing the house-work, his circumstances financially not warranting a servant. After a hard day's labor, he spends his nights perhaps until eleven o'clock washing and ironing clothes, sweeping, washing windows, et cetera. Each morning, before leaving the house for his work, he carries his wife down-stairs in his arms, uncomplainingly bearing the outbursts of temper to which Mrs. C— in an excess of pain and worry often subjects him. Besides all this he has raised two boys from mere babyhood.

Allegheny, Pa. MARY J. R. CONDON.

WANTS ANOTHER CHANCE

THE article in your September number on "Man's Inhumanity to Woman" has hit me hard. Outwardly and to all appearance I was, during my married life, a good husband and father. I neither smoked, drank, nor gambled, and was never happy except at home and in my wife's presence. But I held the power of the purse, and despite all she did for me—and she did all a woman can do for a man—I did not fail to let her know it. I selfishly gave myself up to my favorite studies, and though all my leisure time was spent at home, it was in absorption in matters in which she had no share. I lost her twelve years ago, and have every day and many a night during that time learnt of all she did for me, and how I foolishly and even brutally treated the treasure she so liberally gave me. To a certain extent I did appreciate her and her work. I remember thinking how I would not grumble at fate whatever misfortunes befell me if only she were left to me. But I missed countless opportunities of telling her this. I failed many, many times to take the kisses I should value so much now. I left unsaid the words of approval and encouragement which would have helped so much and made her so light-hearted and happy; and I grumbled at many things which I should consider blessings now. I was astounded at her death to find how meagre was her wardrobe, and know she deprived herself of many things that are good for women to have, in order that I might not suffer. My lesson has been a terribly hard one. Everything has gone wrong with me since I lost her, but I should not mind my hard experience one bit if I could only recall her, and let her have the benefit of the different treatment I would now accord her if only I had the chance. The awakening has come too late; the repentance is no good; the remorse of no effect. The tragedy of it all sometimes overwhelms me, and when I read your article I could not forbear making this confession. If I could only unsay every cross word, turn every mean action into a

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generous one, and multiply the generous ones twenty-fold, I should be a happier man to-day. I realize, now that it is too late, how much I might have done at no cost to myself to make her happy, and how brutal it was to withhold the evidences of the approval I felt. In the hope that others may awaken before their chances for making up for lost time have altogether (like mine) passed away, and in the belief that your article will do good, I express my strong appreciation of such subjects as tending to advance the cause of human happiness, of which there is not too much in this world. I sometimes dream that I may meet a good woman and have another chance, and I trust that if I do, I shall not require a second lesson to learn and to practise humanity to woman.

Montreal. A. H. S.

SERVANT, NOT WIFE

Mr. P., although but a recent arrival, was a man of some importance in the community. Soon Mr. and Mrs. P. were invited to a daytime social function by one of the older residents. Mr. P. attended unaccompanied by his wife, but bringing her regrets. Later Mrs. P. confided to the lady who had entertained that she had cried when she could not attend her affair, but that her husband had said that it would be better for her to stay at home with the children.

Stay at home with the children, indeed! The children did not need the mother's care at that particular time of day. It was merely that that was the ranking which the man gave to his wife. Her place was with the children. She was good enough to attend to his domestic wants, to rear and care for his children, but not to share his social and public life. She may not have been his equal, perhaps she was not, but he had acknowledged her as such when he made her his wife and he had no right to treat her otherwise than as such thereafter. Mrs. B.

San Francisco, Cal.

TAXING "MADE" DOLLARS

As Mr. Lawson developed the scheme for making $36,000,000 in one afternoon, one of your readers was forcibly reminded that in most of the States of the Union a similar fallacy exists in relation to taxation.

In every sale of every character, where time is an element of payment, and a note is given by the buyer to the seller, the money-making act—in the estimation of the State for purposes of taxation—is performed.

A has a farm worth $6,000, clear of all incumbrance. It is assessed in his name, and he regularly pays the taxes, the State and county, school, etc., receive each the legitimate proportion of the amount the property pays to the public revenue.

A rents his farm and moves into a city near; he receives the rental of the farm as an income, and pays taxes as before on the assessed value of the farm, at the rate where the farm is located.

After a time, B, who has rented the farm, says to A: "I want that farm permanently; sell it to me." A sells the farm to B, taking $1,000 in hand paid, and B's note for $5,000, bearing 6 per cent. interest payable annually, secured by mortgage on the farm. This note is payable ten years after the date of the transaction.

Now the law says there has been $5,000 made in this exchange. B is assessed for the farm, in which he has only an interest of $1,000, and A is not only assessed for the $1,000, which is all he has received for the farm, but is assessed and rated at the city rate—two or three times greater than the rate he paid on the farm, which is really about all the property there is—on the $5,000 which is a fiction,—does not exist.

The fiction is more easily seen, if we suppose that, after a few years, B wishes to unload the farm and go elsewhere, and A adjusts matters with him, taking back the farm, returning his note, and the $5,000 of "made money" goes out of existence. R. B.

Chandlerville, Ill.

A DULL JOKE

In the September issue you give a short story of how the Democratic nominee for Vice-President was once started from a sound sleep in the Senate, by two long nasal blasts from Allan G. Thurman, and which caused the semi-unconscious senator to imagine himself back at his old vocation, setting brakes on a train —to the detriment of his desk.

The story provoked applause everywhere. But to the railroad man, the joke was decidedly dull, simply because the writer made one gross error in the details.

Imagine such a thing as two long blasts for a signal to apply the brakes. Time is too brief for that, when brakes are needed. One short blast is the proper signal. Two long blasts call for a release of brakes. Why didn't that writer get that straight? He has denied the railroad men a laugh that they paid for.

Terrace, Pa. C. W. Atkinson.

A WIDELY READ LETTER

Thanks for your kindness in giving me a year's subscription to your valuable magazine in return for the letter of mine published on page 213 in "Straight Talk" department of the August number.

Yours is certainly a very popular and carefully read magazine, for I have already received letters from nine different States in regard to my letter published in August Everybody's: Pennsylvania, Texas, Louisiana, Iowa, New Jersey, Ohio, Colorado, Kansas, and Indiana were the States represented.

The very honorable position you have taken in refusing to help gull the public by publishing patent-medicine advertisements, will be appreciated by all physicians. R. V. Pearce, M.D.

Howard, Kan.

CLEVER, PROBABLY BEAUTIFUL

I am only a woman, contented with my lot in life and the world in general. In fact, I am at "peace with the world and the rest of mankind."

I think Dorothy Dix and those who think women always ready to scratch each other's eyes out need a liver-tonic.

When that state of affairs does exist, you will find by sifting it down that men are to blame for it. Nearly all girls are taught that to be petted and flattered is theirs by right; that a man's sole object in life is to make them happy.

Who is to blame for it?

My mother told me, when I was about ten years of age, that the greatest gift we could have was a

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lovable disposition. She explained that to have it, we must always be ready to sacrifice self for others. That we should ever stand ready to counsel our friends and sympathize with them, ready in their times of trouble to help them bear their sorrows. She said that by always being at our post of duty, ever ready for whatever came, we should always have friends and be loved.

She always said: "Put yourself in his or her place, and never pass judgment. There is One who passes on us all, and we will leave the decision to Him, as He knows best."

I was an only child. My father took great interest in politics, and I had to read the different papers (of both parties) to see why there should be this or that, but it was always my country and party right or wrong.

I was a tomboy, so my teacher said, but four girls of us went through school from the days of our a b c's until we graduated, and not once did we ever have an angry thought toward each other.

I am anything but good looking, I am not smart, nor stylish; in fact, there is nothing to make me at all attractive, and still I never played wallflower.

When my husband comes home at night tired after a day of vexing business, he finds his dinner ready, his smoking-jacket and slippers waiting for him. Then he tells me of his day's work, where he was, what he did, and of all annoying things. Often have to talk him out of a worried mood, but it is then over for the day.

Dinner over, I fill his pipe (a pleasure to me, but women often say they would not do it), get him comfortably fixed, and wash up the dishes. Then the evening is spent in reading the papers and discussing the probability of Cleveland's nomination for a third term, why our President should be re-elected, the Panama route, etc. And why the dear old East is better, oh, so much better, than the wild and woolly West.

My husband never goes out without me; he is satisfied with home. Says no one can equal me in cooking, so always gets what he likes—flattery again—so we are back to the starting-point.

I have been from the Mississippi to the Pacific and found other women like myself, happy in their home and the loved ones there.

Men, instead of treating your wives and sisters, mothers and daughters, as you would a piece of china, treat us as though you needed us, not to mend your socks, but to mend your hearts, to comfort you in your trials, to chase away the shadows.

We do not ask equal rights, we do not want to vote, we only want the right to share your sorrows and your happiness, to train the minds of the little fellows who some time will fill your booths at the polls.

To train them, by your example, that the Constitution of this great country is the grandest on earth. That it has been preserved in blood and that it will stand the greatest and grandest as long as the earth shall stand.

All the flattery we need is the knowledge that you appreciate what we do, that it is better because we do it. And when we know you do not think someone outside your home can do it a little better, then will we love our fellow-sisters and not think a smile from you is one robbed from us.

How can we love other women, when we do not get all the smiles we need for ourselves?

We bow with respect to the men, believing them to be good, meaning to do right, with hearts loyal and true. Let us all, then, remember Will Carleton's advice:

> Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds,
> But you can't do that when flying words.
> Careful with fire is good advice, we know,
> Careful with words is ten times doubly so.
> Thoughts, unexpressed, may sometimes fall back dead,
> But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

If we keep that thought ever before us, we will have less and cause less heartache than we do.

San Francisco, Cal. E. M. McNEIL.

PROVIDES HIS OWN CONGREGATION

SINCE reading Dr. Hillis's article in one of your recent numbers, the writer has made it a point to study the conditions among the different churches in the towns he travels through from week to week, and to consult the pastors themselves, and without exception they have been in favor of Dr. Hillis's plan.

To-day the pastor in the Methodist Church of this town spoke of the work in this field. He is supposed to preach in a small town, 2,000 population, a few miles from here. There is a resident Presbyterian preacher there now who has a congregation averaging fifteen. This Methodist preacher says he usually has to bring a congregation with him to be sure of an audience at all; still, the Methodist Mission Board insists on his going there, instead of taking the expense-money he uses to help support the preacher already in the field.

There were twenty-seven people present this A.M. in this church in Logan, a town of 7,000, that is, counting children. The church will seat 300, and was beautifully decorated with flowers, the day splendid, and the preacher earnest and spiritual.

The writer has attended services in five or six States since March, and the average attendance has not been over twenty. The average number of churches is four, possibly more, the population varying from 300 to 10,000. In most of the towns half the pulpits are vacant. Still, the denominations not represented there are fighting to get their particular denomination represented; preachers, with tears in their eyes, making appeals for aid to establish new churches—new churches.

The trouble is, there is too much churchism and not enough Christianity. It is not the saving in money that we want by consolidating the *effort to save souls*, but the saving of waste in reaching results.

We could employ all the preachers we now are supporting, but we should be saving men and women then, and instead of fighting each other we should be fighting the devil.

The article, "A Plea for the Small Church," in Straight Talk for June, is all right in one sense, but I've seen more people converted in one evening in a large city church than I've seen during all the years combined in attending small church services. The large city church is usually the parent of six to ten other churches in the same city, and has donated millions to build up the small village church the good brother supports so stoutly. Dr. Hillis is in earnest, and has this advantage: He has familiarized himself with the conditions as they are, and not as we try to delude ourselves into believing they are.

If our Eastern leaders only knew the conditions, there would be a different feeling on this subject. Why not take a few States—combine the efforts of the Home Mission Societies? Let each denomination donate their usual amount of money, but let the

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management be left to one society, and that society the one most strongly equipped in that particular State, and watch the result. D. H. JONES.
Denver, Col.

A CORRECTION

IN the August number of EVERYBODY'S a Mr. Newton states that the late W. S. Stratton's will provided for a home for consumptives at Colorado Springs and that the citizens of the place would not permit it to be built here.

Mr. Stratton's will provided for "An Old Folks' Home" and nothing at all along the lines suggested by the article.

Furthermore, the estate is not yet out of the courts and so the people of Colorado Springs have nothing to say in the matter.

Furthermore, a Dr. Bancroft is about to establish a Home here where worthy patients in the first stages may be treated and cared for.

I came to Colorado Springs twenty months ago for lung trouble and believe in its climate and its people, and think that the article of Mr. Newton's is an injustice to its citizens.

I believe that the chances of recovery are greater here than elsewhere under like conditions. I greatly appreciated your two papers on consumption and wished that they might have been in every home.

"Frenzied Finance" is *good* along another line.

Colorado Springs, Col. H. W. SNOUSE.

LISTEN! THIS MAN KNOWS

WHY not continue the good work of Mr. Wood's articles by obtaining at any cost papers on climate by such men as Dr. Prudeau, Dr. Gallagher, of El Paso, Dr. Anderson, of Colorado Springs, and others from such places as Los Angeles, Denver, Phœnix, Albuquerque. A paper from Dr. Bowditch should certainly be one of the series.

This would stem the tide of fruitless travel west —every train has its hopefuls going—or its corpses returning. Last month I returned from six months' stay out in El Paso and New Mexico. I brought myself back almost a living corpse—my friend was in the baggage-car.

Too many consumptives are misled by well-meaning but ignorant lay friends. When even an eminent specialist, the head of an institution, says of a case: "This is one of those cases that show us how little we know about this disease," how foolish it is and dangerous to be guided by any but those of the profession of medicine. A superior of a large hospital in the Southwest said to me one day: "You see them lying about on the piazza and the climate doesn't do them any good."

Yet right there the rainfall for a year was less than an inch. Sunshine seven days a week. Altitude 3,700 feet. I might add that the treatment was pretty well carried out, too. Some may say they came too late. Ah, there is one great reason why we need this series of papers to open the minds of the East. One doctor said to me here in the East: "Climate is like a suit of clothes, you must try it on and see if it fits." It's too bad it is so. The suit is worn out, then you become aware that it didn't fit you. JOHN J. CANNON.
Plainfield, Conn.

A PASTOR TEMPTED

THE article in your last issue entitled "Frenzied Finance" by Thomas W. Lawson reminds me of an incident that came to my notice not long ago. I was talking with the pastor of one of the prominent churches of the city on the subject of finance and money-making schemes of to-day.

"I enjoyed your sermon last Sunday, Mr. W——," I said. "You hit out straight from the shoulder. I tell you such talks do me good."

The minister expressed his appreciation of the compliment, and added: "I simply said what was in my heart, Mr. Scott. This passion for money-making has made more unsettled homes, has stirred up more discontent and misery, and has caused more premature deaths than any other evil. It is the plague of our country. It makes one shudder to think of this Mammon worship. What does it mean for our country? It means simply that the wealth of our land will be slowly gathered into the hands of the rich, while the poor will grow poorer. It means that thousands of homes have not the happiness that is their due simply because discontent has crept in. Smith is unhappy because Jones has a better house and owns an automobile. Jones feels that Brown is very lucky. Why did he not think of that scheme, even though it was at the expense of the poor and ignorant? Pick up any of the papers, and see the ads of fraudulent money-making concerns. I tell you, man, the Devil is loose, and our country will drift to hell unless we can throw down the altars of Mammon. Even our churches are not free from this vice, yet, thank God, there are many who are not tempted by this demon."

"You are one of these," I thought to myself, for I recalled a time when the pastor was tempted. A young business man had borrowed $100 of the minister to invest in a get-rich-quick concern. He bought the stock at ten cents a share, and it was not long before he was able to sell out at $3 a share, thus obtaining $3,000 for the $100 invested. He returned the minister's money, and presented him with $25 worth of the original stock, two hundred and fifty shares.

The value of the stock kept on increasing until it reached its limit of $10 per share. The $25 originally invested were worth now $2,500. The minister realized that a crisis was at hand, and that the stock would rapidly decline. He felt that the whole scheme was a fraudulent one, and hence took no action to sell. His temptation came, however, in spite of his indifference.

That day one of his parishioners came to him and said: "Mr. ——, I understand that you have two hundred and fifty shares in the —— stock company."

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Well, I will give you my house and lot worth over $2,500 for your interest in the company."

The pastor hesitated, then spoke up frankly: "Mr. D——, I cannot sell out."

"Why not?" was the anxious question. "Do you think that the stock will rise above its present value? It is liable to fall at any moment."

"That is just it," the clergyman replied. "Charles, keep out of this investment, and hold on to your home and money."

The end of the whole affair is this: In the private study of this minister there hangs a document beautifully decorated and framed, but as for the stock, it is not worth the paper on which it is printed.

Rochester, N. Y. WILFRED W. SCOTT.

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The Prodigal Son

By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," etc.

PART IV

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Magnus, son of the Governor-General of Iceland, becomes engaged to Thora, elder daughter of the Factor of that island. Shortly after, Oscar, younger brother of Magnus and a musician, returns from a six-years' sojourn in England. He and Thora, who has only consented to marry Magnus for family reasons, are at once attracted to one another. Magnus discovers their attachment and determines to sacrifice himself. Accordingly, after obtaining from Oscar a promise always to consider Thora's happiness as his first object in life, he jilts the girl at the public betrothal. Oscar offers himself in his brother's place and is accepted.

Thora has a younger sister, Helga, who has been brought up in Denmark. She is sent for to assist in the wedding preparations. Brilliantly educated and musical, she is a more sympathetic companion to Oscar than the home-bred Thora, and a passionate love between the two develops; but fear of Magnus and conscientious scruples induce Oscar to carry out his contract with Thora. Helga, however, at Thora's request, accompanies the newly married couple on a six-months' tour through Europe, and by degrees usurps the young wife's place with her husband.

The day before the birth of Thora's daughter a jealous quarrel occurs between the sisters, as the result of which Thora becomes delirious and threatens to kill herself and her child. Helga persuades Oscar that his wife is dangerously insane, and the child is taken to the Factor's and put in Helga's charge, despite the fierce remonstrances of Magnus and the pleadings of Thora.

Three days later, when Oscar and Helga are attending an ancient Icelandic ceremony, Thora escapes from bed, makes her way to the Factor's house, steals back her child, and returns home, only to die. Oscar, overcome with remorse, lays all his musical compositions in his wife's coffin, and swears, over her dead body, that he will never again write a note of music.

In the meantime Magnus has become aware of the fact that, while on his wedding trip in Europe, Oscar had signed his father's name to a large note. He determines to use the note as a weapon with which to avenge Thora.

Other characters in the story are Anna, mother of Magnus and Oscar, and Aunt Margret, a sister of the Factor, and Niels Finsen, son of the sheriff. The present instalment opens with Thora's funeral.

CHAPTER X

WHEN the day of the funeral came Oscar was weak and ill, and more fit for his bed than for a journey to the cemetery, but no one could prevail on him not to go. The morning was dark and drear with black clouds from the mountains and some sprinklings of rain, and when the dread hour struck, and Oscar came down among the mourners, his face looked ghastly in the void and heavy air.

Thora's body was first rested on the green outside the door, and while the mourners stood around in a wide circle to sing a parting hymn Oscar stood bareheaded in the drizzling rain which had then begun to fall.

John, the servant, stood at the gate, holding Silvertop, Thora's pony, which he had brought from the farm to carry her on her last journey, and the sight of the horse seemed to be more than Oscar could bear. The coffin was laid cross-wise on the panniers and the procession began to form. It passed through deep lines of the townspeople, Oscar walking first after the body, alone, bareheaded and conscious of nothing but his grief.

The cathedral was crowded with the same faces that had looked on at Thora's wedding, when she came down from the altar in her bloom and beauty, happy and smiling on her husband's arm; and now she was being carried up to it, while the organ played the funeral march, and Oscar walked with drooping head behind. The people nearest the aisle said he was weeping audibly.

When the procession was formed again for the last stage of the journey the rain was falling heavily, but Oscar walked bareheaded as before.

When the procession reached the cemetery

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the rain was coming down in torrents and even the priest put an overcoat over his cassock, but Oscar stood uncovered by the open grave.

When all was at an end he could not be drawn away until his father took him by the arm and said in a firm voice, "Come." Then with a stronger step he walked behind a remnant of the broken procession across the little cemetery and thus back to his empty home.

At the foot of the stairs he excused himself when the mourners went into their meal and he was seen no more that day.

The dinner was a cheerless thing, being served in the room that had witnessed the wedding-feast, and so chilled with memories of that happier event. Silently, or in whispers, the mourners bade their adieux and crept away one by one, leaving the few remaining members of the two families with wide spaces between them at the table like gaps in a toothless skull.

The Governor and the Factor had not spoken since their return from the Proclamation, and the interval of silence had made the rift between the two old friends grow wide.

"Ah, well," yawned the Factor, "it's all over, I suppose."

Then he turned to the Governor and asked sharply, "Where is Magnus?—I've seen nothing of him to-day."

The Governor did not answer and Anna dropped her head, and then Helga, who was the only other person present, said quietly:

"Somebody saw him at the Hotel Iceland—he did right not to come to the funeral—they say he was not quite sober."

"Just like him," said the Factor. "A yell is all you hear of a wolf, and only for his last drinking bout perhaps nothing of this would have happened."

The Governor's proud face quivered, but he did not speak, and soon afterward the Factor and Helga went away.

Early next morning, before the household was astir, the Governor was in his bureau, ready to begin on the arrears of his business, when somebody knocked at the door. It was Magnus, white and worn, but sober and serious as a judge.

"May I speak to you, sir?" said Magnus.

"Well—perhaps for a moment—come in," said the Governor.

CHAPTER XI

MAGNUS seated himself on a low bench and twisted his felt hat between his knees, while the Governor leaned back in his desk chair and fingered a pen.

"I wish to ask," said Magnus, "whether you drew, about six months ago, a bill on the Bank of Denmark for 100,000 crowns."

The Governor uttered a contemptuous snort and said: "Certainly not; I have never drawn a bill in my life and never shall do so. Why do you ask?"

"Because a bill for that amount is in town at this moment," said Magnus.

"Then it is a forgery—an impudent forgery—and the forger must be found and promptly punished."

The Governor had risen in his chair when he looked at Magnus's drooping head and a thought occurred to him.

"But are you sure of what you say? Is this story true?" he asked.

"I have seen the paper myself," replied Magnus.

"And it is signed in my name?"

"It is signed in your name, sir, and witnessed in the name of the Factor."

"That, too," said the Governor, while a painful smile came into his face. "And pray who is this extraordinary document drawn in favor of?"

Magnus did not reply immediately—he continued to twist his hat between his knees.

"That may help us to find the motive, and therefore the forger—who is it?"

"Oscar Stephensen," said Magnus.

"Oscar? Your brother?"

"Yes, sir—and the money was paid to him in Paris."

"What?" cried the Governor, crossing the floor. "You tell me that Oscar—that your brother Oscar—has committed a forgery? Oh, that's what you mean—don't deny it—you mean that my son is a forger?"

Magnus made no answer, and after a moment the painful smile about the Governor's mouth broke into a more painful laugh. "But why do I trouble myself with such a trumpery story? I see how it is, Magnus—strong drink is a strong tongue—you have been drinking."

"I *have* been drinking, sir—I was ill and I couldn't help it—but I'm sober now, and what I tell you is the truth—it is God's truth."

Magnus rose as he said this, and father

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and son stood face to face—the little Governor in his uniform, with flushed cheeks and pigeon-breast distended, and Magnus, big, black, clumsy, unkempt, and with lines of suffering in his face.

"And this document, you tell me, is at present in Iceland?"

"It is, sir—two officers of the law brought it here from Copenhagen."

"You have talked with these men yourself, no doubt?"

"The Sheriff brought them to see me," said Magnus.

The Governor, though heated and agitated, laughed once more, and said with a sneer:

"Of course, in the interests of the family, you felt it necessary to examine the signatures they showed you?"

"I did," said Magnus simply.

"And without consulting me to denounce the forger?"

Magnus made no reply.

"And even to hint—only to hint—that perhaps you could point to the forgery?"

Still Magnus made no answer, and, dropping his cynical tone, the Governor burst out in choking anger:

"Out on you, man! Out on you! I thought you were drunk or suffering from the delusions of drink, but you are worse—you are sweltering in hatred—and it is an unnatural hatred, too—the hatred of your own flesh and blood."

Magnus flinched as if a lash had cut him through the skin.

"You are jealous of your brother—always have been, always will be—because he is clever and successful and amiable, and because everybody loves him—you are as jealous of your brother as Cain was of Abel, and this is your way of destroying him."

Magnus stood with drooping head while the Governor's lash fell over him.

"Aren't you ashamed to stand before your father and parade the whole diabolical catalogue of your unnatural passions? You allow yourself to consort with my enemies, with Oscar's enemies, with your own enemies, if you had the sense to see it, while they try to bring him down at the highest moment of his success.

"At the deepest moment of his distress, too! Just when the poor boy is unmanned by the loss of his wife—the dear girl he loved and you insulted. But I don't believe one word of this cock-and-bull story. That accursed document is nothing but a trick to dishonor my son and to discredit me, at the very time when a pack of rascals who call themselves reformers are trying to abolish the Governorship. Let them do it if they can, but while I am Governor here I am master in this house, and Mr. Sheriff shall be suspended and those men sent back to Copenhagen."

"Hadn't you better speak to Oscar first, sir?" said Magnus.

"Certainly I shall, and if I find as I expect—as I am sure—that your story is a pack of falsehoods, never let me see your face again."

Without a word of defence or explanation Magnus left the room, and a few minutes afterward Oscar, at the call of the Governor, entered it.

Oscar's face was as pale as yesterday, but with a different pallor, a different expression—an expression not of grief and regret, but of fear and shame.

"Oscar," said the Governor, "I am sorry to trouble you about business so soon after your great sorrow, but an ugly story is being told about you in town, and as every lie has its tail, it is only right that you should hear of this one immediately, so that it may be quashed without delay."

Oscar's lower lip trembled—he felt the blow before it fell.

"Magnus—your brother Magnus—I am aware that he has not been on brotherly terms with you—your mother has told me something about that—Magnus has just been here, and he tells me that a note of hand drawn in your favor for no less a sum than one hundred thousand crowns has been forged in my name. I do not believe the story, and I do not want you to discuss it. I only ask you to contradict it—to contradict it flatly—and to leave me to deal with the real offender as I think best."

Oscar, standing by the Governor's desk, remained for a moment quite still. Then in a voice so low that it hardly seemed to come from him, he said:

"I cannot contradict it, father. What Magnus has told you is true."

"True? You say it is *true?*"

Father and son stood facing each other for some moments without a word more being spoken. Then in hot words, broken by breathless pauses, the Governor poured out question after question, to which Oscar made no answer.

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"You received that sum and signed for it in your father's name?—in the name of your father-in-law also?—one hundred thousand crowns? What has become of the money?"

"It is lost," said Oscar.

"Lost?"

"It was to pay the debts I had already contracted."

"Was that at Monte Carlo?"

"Yes."

There was another long silence, in which Oscar stood with quivering lips and the Governor with contracted brows.

"But this document—how did it come about?"

"I ask myself that question over and over again, father, and I fail to find an answer. I cannot understand myself—I try and I cannot."

"Were you mad?"

"Sometimes I think I was—I must have been."

"Did somebody tempt you—put the idea into your head? Somebody, perhaps, who helped you to lose and promised to help you to repay? If so, who was it? Was it Helga?"

At the mention of that name Oscar's drooping head drooped lower still; the Governor saw this, and then he understood everything.

"Lord forgive us," he said in a breathless whisper. "Then Magnus was right after all. And the death of the poor child we buried yesterday was, perhaps, a part of the diabolical harvest we are reaping to-day! You needn't wince, sir—I see it's true without that."

Oscar did not attempt to excuse himself, and after some moments of silence the Governor spoke again.

"You have deceived and disappointed me, Oscar. I thought I had one son who was an intelligent man and a gentleman, not a forger and a fool. But it is of no use to prolong a painful interview. You may go."

Oscar staggered out of the room and the Governor sank into his chair.

CHAPTER XII

FEELING more bitterly against his son than he had ever felt before against any human being, the Governor passed the day in torment, and he was sitting alone in his room late that night, with no light but the sleepy glow from the open stove, when the door opened noiselessly and Anna entered. She looked as if she had been crying, although her eyes were dry, and the Governor reproached himself that in all his sorry summary of the consequences of his son's crime he had never once thought of his own son's mother.

But neither did she think of herself, and now sitting by the stove and stirring it she began to talk of Oscar.

"He has fallen asleep at last," she said, "and his troubles are over for a little while anyway. He went up to his old bedroom to-night, Stephen, the one he slept in when he was a boy—when Magnus and he were boys together. I sat with him until he dropped off and he held my hand all the time, just as he used to do after he had been naughty and you had sent him to bed without his supper. He looks quite like himself now, poor boy, and if you could see him lying there on the pillow, you would think the old days had come back, when you used to go up with the candle to look at him, and wipe the tears from his little face while he lay asleep, and stroke his curly hair. Ah, dear! how easily he could throw off his troubles in those days, Stephen! Next morning you would hear him romping about overhead and singing like a lark."

"A shallow nature, Anna," said the Governor, "a shallow nature on which nothing makes a serious impression."

"Oh, but this will, Stephen, this will make a deep impression, and if the poor boy could only have another chance he would turn over a new leaf and set to work in earnest, and realize all your expectations. And then think—only think, father, what a dreadful thing it would be if one brother were to drag the other into the dock—dreadful for us, I mean. We should lose both our children, for Oscar would be lost to us one way and we should never be able to look on Magnus again."

"Our children have always been at war, Anna—always—even since their earliest infancy."

"Don't say that, Stephen. When they were little they loved each other dearly. It was not until they grew up that they were different. And then others came between them—one other, anyway, and who knows?—perhaps she has been the cause of all this trouble."

"Has Oscar said so?" asked the Governor.

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"He will say nothing against anybody," replied Anna. "That was always the way with Oscar. But if somebody tempted him and he was weak, and if our poor boy must go to prison while she——"

"Anna, if I acknowledge this signature we shall have nothing left—nothing but my salary. Even my salary is threatened, and if it goes we shall be without anything in the world."

"Why should we think of that, Stephen?" said Anna. "We had nothing when we married, and yet we were very happy. It is true we were young then, and now we are old, but if poverty comes again we shall know better how to bear it. And if we have nothing else we shall have each other, and our boys, too—both our boys—wherever they may be by that time—and neither of them will love us the less because we have given up everything—everything we had in the world—that they might still be honored and respected."

The clock struck twelve in the tower of the cathedral with a reverberant ring that passed over the sleeping town and the Governor stopped in his restless perambulation.

"It is late, mother," he said, in a husky voice, "let us go to bed."

CHAPTER XIII

NEXT morning the Governor was in his bureau again. He was now firm and composed and waiting calmly for the officers from Copenhagen. They came early, headed by the Sheriff, and bore themselves largely, like men who were conscious that they were about to administer a painful shock.

After the formal introductions the Sheriff leaned above the Governor's desk and said suavely, almost condescendingly:

"These gentlemen have been anxious to show every consideration. They came over on an urgent matter—I may say a most urgent matter—but they have waited five days rather than break in upon you at a time of domestic tribulation."

"I am busy this morning, Sheriff," said the Governor. "Be so good as to waste no more time than is necessary."

The Sheriff gasped and fell back from the desk, whereupon the strangers stepped up to it, and one of them opening a large envelope, said in a tone of indulgent courtesy:

"We have a document here, your Excellency, which claims to be drawn by your authority. Will you be good enough to say if this is your Excellency's signature?"

The Governor fixed his eyeglasses leisurely, and glancing hastily, almost casually, at the paper put before him, replied promptly:

"It is."

The strangers looked at each other in silence before they spoke again.

"In that case we presume your Excellency will be prepared to honor it?"

"Certainly," said the Governor.

"Then your Excellency will be aware that the bill is almost overdue and that two applications have been made for payment?"

The Governor flinched at that question, but recovering himself in a moment he said shortly:

"The bill shall be met immediately."

"How soon, your Excellency—a week, a fortnight?"

"Three days," said the Governor. "Good morning, gentlemen," and without more ceremony he took up his pen and began to write a letter.

The Sheriff, who was perspiring visibly by this time, had edged round to the door, and after a short silence, in which nothing was heard but the scratching of the Governor's quill, the strangers bowed to his stooping forehead and backed themselves out of the room. The Governor's letter was to the Factor, asking him to come immediately. He came, looking sullen and suspicious, with the air of one who knew something already of the business for which he had been sent.

"Old friend," said the Governor, "we have known each other for fifty years, and I have never yet asked you to do me a favor, but I am going to ask you now."

"M'm!" said the Factor, with a cold smile.

"It is not for my own needs I ask it, but for one who is nearer to me than myself. We who are fathers know what that means; and we also know that a favor done once to our children is done twice to ourselves."

"M'm, m'm," said the Factor, with the same cold smile.

"It is a private matter—strictly private—but to you, old friend, I can reveal the secret—your godson has got himself into trouble."

And then, excusing and extenuating nothing, the Governor told the story of Oscar's downfall, and the Factor listened with the

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impatience of one who had heard the sorry tale before.

"He signed my name also, you say?" said the Factor.

"That too, unhappily," answered the Governor; "but you were merely made witness to the deed, and I alone am responsible for the money."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the Factor in a hard tone.

"Pay it, and give the lad another chance in life," replied the Governor. "And that's why I sent for you this morning. I can find fifty thousand crowns, and I want you to lend me the other fifty thousand."

"Not fifty thousand cents," said the Factor. "Not fifty—to shield a criminal and to cheat the law."

The Governor's face whitened, but he answered quietly: "Don't speak so fast, old friend. Remember that the offence against the law is merely an offence against myself, and if I choose to forgive it the law can have nothing to say."

"What about the offence against me?" said the Factor.

"Remember, too," continued the Governor, "that if Oscar has made free with your name he has certain claims upon your purse—there is the marriage contract."

"The marriage contract was made for Thora, and Thora is dead," said the Factor.

"There is the child," said the Governor.

"I hold the child now, and I am prepared to provide for it in the future," said the Factor; "but I will have nothing more to do with a man who has forged my name, and if any further claim is made—on my business or estate or what not—I will protest against it, and publish my reasons for doing so."

"Oscar Neilsen," said the Governor, "there is something I have not told you—something I did not intend to tell you—but I must tell it to you now. I have reason to believe—to be confident—that for the trouble in which Oscar finds himself Helga is partly responsible."

"Can you prove that, Stephen Magnusson?" said the Factor.

"If I cannot prove it," replied the Governor, "it is because my son—whatever his faults and follies—is still a gentleman; and if you do not know it by this time it is because your daughter is not a lady."

"Speak for your own, Stephen Magnusson, and leave mine to me," said the Factor.

"Therefore," continued the Governor, "when I pay this money—and I shall pay it—you will have the satisfaction to know that though I am a poor man and you are a rich one, I am discharging your debt as well as mine."

With that, red and angry, the Governor walked to the door and opened it. The Factor looked at him in blank amazement, and for one swift instant his better nature conquered his greed, and he saw what a pitiful thing it was that after fifty years of friendship they should quarrel thus about their children. But one sword draws another from its sheath, and he snapped his fingers contemptuously and strode out of the room.

Then the Governor sent for the manager of the Bank of Iceland.

"Manager," he said, "I wish you to arrange a loan of one hundred thousand crowns on the security of my farm at Thingvellir."

"The farm is hardly worth so much, sir," said the Manager. "In fact, it is hardly worth half as much. But in your case there can be little difficulty—none whatever, if you are willing to pay the higher interest."

"I agree," said the Governor, "and let the deed be drawn without delay."

CHAPTER XIV

As soon as he was alone the Governor sent for Oscar. After some minutes Oscar came slowly, looking more ill and weak than ever, and stood by the stove with drooping head like a prisoner about to receive his sentence. The Governor glanced up at his son from over the rims of his eyeglasses, and at first his heart failed him but after a moment he steeled himself to his task, and began to speak in a steady voice.

"I have sent for you to tell you," he said, "that for your mother's sake—I prefer to put it so—I have acknowledged that signature and am prepared to pay the money you have wasted. To do so I am compelled to mortgage every pennyworth of property we possess, so that apart from my official salary I shall soon have nothing. Worse than that I have had to eat up your brother's inheritance in order to purchase your liberty, and whether I had a right to do so God alone can say."

Oscar shivered as from cold; the Governor saw this, waited a moment and then went on.

"The condition on which I make this sac-

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rifice is that you leave Iceland immediately. You will sail by the Laura which goes this evening, and, as your honor is my honor, I will give it out that your health is broken after the death of your wife, and that you have gone away to recruit."

The Governor paused a second time, and when he spoke again his voice was thick and hoarse.

"I shall not expect you to come back soon—I shall not expect you to come back at all. Inasmuch as you have done your best—or worst—to wreck my happiness, I will ask you to consider that henceforth our lives are to run in different courses, and that, for my own part, I wish to see you no more."

The Governor's voice was now husky and indistinct, but still he struggled on.

"You will look to yourself for your livelihood in the future, but that—with your talents, little as you have made of them hitherto—should not be difficult. Whatever happens here I shall never expect you to do anything for me, or for your mother, but if fortune should favor you, and you are able to repay your brother, your conscience may be the easier and—though I do not pity him, for his heart was hard—the earth on my grave the lighter."

The Governor paused for the last time, cleared his throat, and then said in a firmer tone:

"Only one word more. I thought perhaps your father-in-law might have done something for you, but apart from a promise to provide for the child, he will do nothing. Therefore, as I have reason to fear that his daughter Helga was at the root of the trouble which has so nearly wrecked us all, and perhaps a first cause of the death of our dear Thora, I will ask you to promise me for your sake more than mine—to hold no further intercourse with him or his. Do you promise?"

There was silence for some moments and then a muffled sob came as from the stove itself.

"I promise."

After that there was silence again for a perceptible period, and then a voice—a strange voice—a voice that was like a cry—said:

"That is all. And now—good-by and—and God help you!"

Choking with emotion and blind with tears, Oscar turned about to acknowledge the justice of his punishment—to say that he deserved everything—everything and more—a hundred-fold more—but he found himself alone. His father had fled from the room.

CHAPTER XV

When Magnus heard of what his father had done his wrath knew no measure. His father had saved Oscar from the just punishment of his infamous offence. And how had he saved him? By making him—Magnus—pay the price of Oscar's riotous living abroad. His rightful inheritance was wiped out, the farm on which he had built his last hopes was embarrassed beyond the possibility of redemption, and he was ruined for the rest of his life, while the man for whom and by whom he was ruined—ruined in his affections as well as his fortunes—was to be allowed to steal away amid a croaking chorus of sympathy and pity under the cloak of broken health and a broken heart!

Then a wild thought came and expelled all other thoughts from his brain. If there was no law to punish Oscar, if his father had conspired to help Oscar to escape, and if the hypocritical community agreed to cover up his fault, one thing at least remained—before Oscar left Iceland he must meet with him!

Sitting in the darkest corner of the smoking room of the Hotel Iceland, Magnus's mind was weltering in this thought as in a boiling sulphur pit when the Captain of the Laura came in with the agent of the steamship company, and seating themselves near to him they began to converse apart. "Then he will have to put up with a bed in the hold for all the berths are gone," said the Captain. "But why can't he wait for the next steamer?" "I'll tell you why," whispered the agent, "because the Factor's daughter is to sail by the Vesta, and there seem to be some reasons why they should not meet." "So that's it, is it? But their fathers are fools not to know that they'll meet at the other side if they want to."

Overhearing this conversation Magnus lifted his head from his arms, drank a large tumbler of brandy and water to the last drop and walked heavily out of the house. The darkness was closing in, porters were hurrying with luggage toward the pier and the first of the Laura's three bells was ringing.

Magnus was like a man who could not see nor hear properly. More than once he

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collided with people on the parapet, and, being big and strong, he brushed them out of the way. Some of them cursed him, but he did not stop. His faculties were conscious of one idea only—that he must go to Government House and meet Oscar face to face before he sailed.

Reaching his former home he found the door open, as usual on an autumn evening, and nobody in the porch or hall. Avoiding his father's door he walked upstairs and turned mechanically toward the apartments which had lately been occupied by Oscar. But that was a part of the house sacred to his memory of Thora, and even in this hour of passion and pain something whispered to his tortured conscience and he turned away. A moment later he was in Oscar's bedroom on the upper floor.

The furniture was in disorder, the carpet was awry and articles of apparel were scattered about as if somebody had been packing trunks, but the trunks were gone and there was nobody in the room. Magnus was about to go when his eyes were arrested by papers on a desk. Among sheets of music and scraps from newspapers there were the remains of a letter doubled up and torn across.

Magnus knew the handwriting—it was Helga's—and without any compunction he put the pieces together and read the letter.

"OSCAR—As soon as I heard that the Governor had spoken to you on the fatal subject I confessed everything to my father and took my own share of the transaction. Of course he was furious, and now he vows that I must go back immediately to my mother in Copenhagen. That does not trouble me, seeing that you are leaving Iceland, but I must see you before you go. In spite of all you say, and notwithstanding any promise you may have given to anybody, it is impossible that we can part like this. It would be too selfish and too cowardly not to give me the chance of seeing you for the last time. Your steamer sails at nine o'clock—come and see me at half past eight. If you do not come I may even follow you to London—I *will* do so if——"

Magnus read no more, but ramming the pieces into his pocket he plunged downstairs and out into the street. If anybody could have seen him at that moment his appearance must have seemed terrible, for his eyes were bloodshot, and the veins on his forehead were large and dark, but it was now night and the second bell was ringing in the bay—the second bell rang at half past eight.

He was lunging along in the direction of the Factor's when somebody crossed in front of him in the thoroughfare. It was Oscar himself, and he was going in another direction. Magnus was like a man whose reason is clogged, but he saw everything in a light of his own making. His brother was returning from the pier after taking his baggage aboard, and he had come ashore on a last errand.

Magnus knew what errand that was—it was to see Helga, and they were going to meet where they would be unobserved.

The moon had risen by this time and Magnus could keep his brother in view while he followed like a hound behind him. He saw nothing else and was not even conscious of what streets they passed through, save that they were going toward the upper part of the town, near to the lake and down the road that runs beside it.

He tried to walk softly and to make no noise, but sometimes a hard laugh broke from his dry throat and once or twice a great sob came behind it. He was thinking of Thora, and telling himself what he would say when Oscar met Helga and he came face to face with them. He would say, "I loved your wife—I'm not ashamed to say so—I loved her and gave her up to you and you promised to cherish her, but you neglected her and allowed her child to be stolen away. I would have given my heart's blood to make her happy, but you made her miserable; and now she is dead, and you are here with this woman who helped to torture her. You are a perjurer and a forger and a scoundrel, and you may take that—and that—and that—and carry the mark of my hand on your face when you go where this wanton means to follow you!"

He was now outside the town, but he could not see, or hear, or think like a Christian man, and was merely ranging along the road like a beast. Then all at once, in the still air and the silence all around him, he heard the voice of someone who was saying in low, quivering, pleading tones, "My darling! My darling!"

Magnus knew whose voice it was! He thought he also knew what sight he should see a moment later. It would be Oscar and Helga locked in each other's arms as they had been when he saw them last in the dance at the farm—flushed, hot and excited.

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With his fists clenched and his teeth set hard, he plunged through a gate that was like the gate of a garden and ran forward a few paces. But he drew up suddenly as if an unseen hand had seized his arm. He saw where he was and his breath seemed to leave him—he was in the cemetery, and some twenty yards farther down the path his brother Oscar was kneeling by the side of a grave and sobbing as if his heart would break.

Magnus stumbled back to the road, sobered, ashamed, and broken into utter helplessness.

It might be the devil's own world, but God was in it also.

PART V

CHAPTER I

THE Danish mail-steamer Laura, outward bound on her midwinter trip from Copenhagen to Leith, and from Leith to Iceland, carried saloon passengers only.

One of these, a comfortable, elderly person of capacious proportions, dressed in the warmest Icelandic vadmal, was an Iceland merchant returning from Edinburgh with a hundred tons of British produce.

The other passenger was a tall, spare man, apparently about fifty years of age, with large and luminous but weary eyes, long, pale cheeks deeply scored with lines of thought, and a pointed beard that was beginning to be tinged with gray.

In this man with every feature marked by the strange characters which work and sorrow write in the human face with the stern hand of time, few or none would have recognized the ardent and impetuous Oscar Stephensen who had left Iceland under the shadow of disgrace fifteen years before—and yet it was he.

Leaning on the deck-rail of the vessel, his eyes fixed on the receding coast of the land of his exile, his thoughts were busy with the past.

He saw himself again in London, searching for work, finding none, starving, despairing—and yet from mingled motives of pride and pity sending glowing accounts of prosperity to lighten the sorrowing heart of his mother, Anna. He recalled his chance encounter with his friend Neils Finsen, become the manager of a great musical syndicate, and his own fury of righteous indignation when Niels had counselled him to recover and sell those compositions which he had cast into the grave of his dead wife. It was precisely at this time that the news of the death of his father had reached him, and in his grief and bitter regret for the irretrievable past, he had abandoned effort, and sunk to the depths of poverty and misery. Then had come his meeting with Helga—Helga in London, studying for the operatic stage under the patronage of Finsen—Helga grown a hundred times more beautiful and bewitching. It was not without many a pang of conscience that he had broken his vow to his father, and renewed his intercourse with her, but before her fascination he was powerless, and that promise had gone the way of many others. Through Helga's influence he had obtained the position of conductor of an orchestra, and he had achieved a certain success. There had been happiness, he remembered, in the three years that followed—years of constant association with the woman he loved; then jealousy of Finsen had sprung up to disturb him, and growing doubts as to the real nature of the girl. A fatal visit to the Riviera had settled these doubts forever. There the passion for gaming once more took hold of Helga and she lost far beyond what she had power to pay. It was to Finsen that she had turned for the necessary funds—Finsen who seemed never weary of gratifying her caprices.

On that quiet ship's deck Oscar felt again the fierce anger, the fury of impotent jealousy which had finally driven him to what he had once believed impossible baseness. To Finsen he had given an order that the buried sagas should be exhumed from Thora's grave, and with the price of his shame he had set himself to win a fortune for Helga at the tables. At first the inscrutable god of chance seemed watching over him and he had won magnificently. Then his luck had changed, disaster had followed disaster, and the moment had come when he had found himself once more penniless. And at that moment of profound discouragement temptation had again assailed him and again he had yielded. With the connivance of the manager of the Casino, and urged by Helga, he had played with stacked cards—played and been

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discovered, and at the scene of his downfall Helga had finally abandoned him.

To the extent of his powers the manager had stood his friend; he had hurried him into a temporary hiding-place, and later had come to him panting and gasping:

"I have done the best I can for you," he had said. "I have told them you have shot yourself, and your friends have supported that explanation. You must get away at once. You must catch the midnight train to Paris. Here is a second-class ticket to London. And remember," said the man as Oscar was passing through a private door to the garden, "remember, Oscar Stephensen is dead."

Up to this point Oscar's retrospect had been rapid, a mere recalling of the events of the past in their chronological order, but now his memories became more vivid; he seemed to re-live the scenes that followed.

CHAPTER II

He had just been able to control his faculties long enough to reach the railway-station, find the train, and search out an empty second-class compartment, and then he had collapsed utterly. He was like a beast that has been smitten in the shambles and is shattered in every sense and nerve.

Almost unconscious he had lain through the dark hours of the night. But at the first gleam of light his stunned soul had awakened, and with a sharp pain like the after-pain of a bullet-wound, he had realized where he was and what he was doing. He was flying from the consequences of perhaps the most base and infamous conduct a man could be capable of—conduct the more base and infamous because there was no law to punish it.

Every artery in his body had seemed to bleed, every tendon to be torn. When the sun had risen on him in his ghastly solitude it had seemed to sear his very brain and he had pulled the blind down to shut it out.

Then the women passengers had begun to move about the corridor of the train and he had thought of Helga. Although it seemed so long ago as almost to belong to another existence he could still see her frightened face as she had sidled away from him last night and left him standing alone at that hideous moment when it had seemed certain that he must pay the penalty of the offence to which she had tempted him. He despised her for her cowardice; he loathed her for her treachery; he hated her for herself; and he told himself that never again as long as he lived should love of Helga hold dominion over him.

At one moment he had found himself cursing her. At the next he found himself weeping. Could it be Helga whom he was thinking of like this? Helga, who had been so much to him during so many years, who had come close, so very close to him, nearer than his father, nearer than his mother, nearer—Heaven forgive him—than his wife or child? Helga, who had been with him early and late, a soft voice always at his ear, a sweet presence always at his heart, a spirit, a support, an inspiration? Helga, whom he had loved and should always love, let her do what she would with him, let him do what he would with her? God pity him! God help him!

Yet his hatred and rage were stronger than his tenderness and tears and he had resolved that, for her perfidy and selfishness, Helga should be punished and that he should punish her. There was no longer any need to ask himself how this was to be done. The words that had rumbled in his ears like the roll of a muffled drum when he ran from the gardens of the Casino were rumbling in his ears still. *Oscar Stephensen is dead!* It was not at first that he had been able to be sure that the manager had really spoken them, so exactly did they echo the wish that had been bubbling within his own breast. But Oscar Stephensen was dead indeed, and the words that might have crushed him with shame moved him more than a trumpet.

If Oscar Stephensen were dead, then the vow he had made in Thora's death-chamber was dead also! That vow had been intended to punish him for his infidelity and for all his failures of love and duty, by denying him the gratification of his greatest pride, the realization of his highest hopes. But what pride could be gratified and what hopes realized to Oscar Stephensen if his name were wiped out, his identity lost, and he was dead to all the world except himself?

The feverish soul in its hour of suffering had found the reasoning sufficient, and he had thought he saw as in a glass everything that he had to do. He had to take another name, to bury himself in London and to set to work on the only task he was fit for! He had to write an opera, as he was now free to

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do, since Oscar Stephensen was dead, and he was living in the name of another man.

The scene was to be in his own country, among the lonesome grandeur of its untrodden glaciers and the stark sublimity of its burnt-out plains, and the story was to be from one of the fiery sagas of the same stern old land. And when after many days, many months, perhaps years, eating the bread of poverty in loneliness and obscurity, he had finished his task, and had sent it out like a dove from the ark, men were to know that a new voice had come among them, and the name of Iceland was to be on the lips of the world.

Then when people asked each other who was he who in the darkness of years and years of labor had learnt all the art and mystery of music, he would give no sign because his lips would be sealed, but there would be one who would read his secret. It would be Helga, and she would come back to him in shame if not remorse and throw herself at his feet and cry: "I did wrong, forgive me, and take me back to your heart!"

And then he would answer and say: "You came between me and my sweet young wife; you persuaded me to the act that broke her heart and killed her; you tempted me to the crime that ruined my father and to the offence that destroyed myself, and then you left me to bear my punishment alone. Therefore I have wiped you out of my life; I have cut you off as I would cut off a rotten limb that threatened to drag the whole body down to death. I love you—yes, I can never cease to love you—that is the punishment I shall always bear—but there can be nothing more between us—we part now forever—your course lies that way, mine this. Farewell!"

As the train rolled along he had found a delirious joy in this prospect, which began and ended with the idea that Oscar Stephensen was dead. In the light of that thought he looked back on the past of his life and many things that had been hard to understand became plain. Again and again he had tried to stop on his downward course and he could not do so. Before he could rise out of the degradation of his past life he had had to drink out his cup to the dregs, to go down to the depths, to be covered by darkness and the shadow of death. But at last Oscar Stephensen was dead! Thank God! Thank God!

It was in this mood he had reached Paris, and having some three hours to wait there before his train started for Calais, he had walked through the streets until he came to the centre of the city and then had sat outside a café to eat a roll of bread and drink a cup of coffee. It was six o'clock and the news-vendors were crying the evening papers. He had bought one to beguile the time of waiting, and had not yet opened it when he saw his own name standing out from the front page as if it had been printed in a different ink.

For some moments thereafter a mist had seemed to float between the newspaper and his eyes, but he had read the paragraph at last. It was a telegram from Nice, headed: "Suicide in a Casino," giving a mangled version of the events of the last night, clearly inspired by the manager to protect himself and his house, and closing with the words:

"The deceased, who was from Iceland, was understood to be a son of the late much respected Governor-General of that country."

The paper had slipped from his fingers and his transport of rapture had passed. He had told himself that this report would go far, that it would reach Iceland, that his mother would hear of it, and that his child would be told that she was fatherless.

Little Elin was too young to feel grief, but could he allow his mother to believe that he was dead and to weep for him as for one who was lost to her forever? That would be too cruel; it would be impossible; he would write to his mother immediately; he would write privately saying he was still alive and that part of the report was untrue.

But then had come the chilling thought that though he might dispose of the fiction of his death he could not get rid of the fact of his offence, and that when his mother pictured him as one who was flying from the consequences of his conduct, skulking in a slum and hiding his face from the faces of his friends, there would be something in the shame of that end more bitter than death itself, and even his own mother would wish that he had died.

He had not thought of this before and in the confusion and pain of it he had got up from the table at the café and begun to walk the streets again. After awhile he had found himself ascending the steps of the Madeleine, hardly knowing what he was doing, except that he was trying to pass the time by following a stream of people who were going into the church.

It was the hour of Benediction, the most

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beautiful, the most tender, the most moving of all the offices of the Catholic Church.

As the sweet music had swelled through the great church the hard lump had risen to his throat and thinking of his mother so far away he had told himself that if she believed he was really dead the Angel of Death would comfort her. His faults would be forgiven, his errors would be forgotten, and the dust of death would cover all his transgressions. She would be happier in his death than she had ever been in his life, and though it was a sore thing to think of that, the pain would be his, not hers, and her poor heart would be at ease.

He had thought of Magnus, too, how his hatred would be appeased when he heard that his brother was dead, and all the flames of his rage extinguished. Then he had thought of his enemies at home, how they would cease to revile him, and how he would pass out of shame, reproach, and contempt into the charity of silence and the peace of forgetfulness. Finally he thought of his child, his little Elin, his sweet, motherless daughter, how she would hear no more hard words spoken of her father, but would grow up to think of him merely as one who had died early. Oh, blessed and merciful death, which can make those who hate us hate us less and those who love us love us more!

It had been bitter to comfort himself with the thought that he was dead—dead in disgrace and in a foreign country, with no mother's tears falling on his face and no child weeping by his side, that tragic consolation of the dying. But just at that moment the music had ceased, the bell had tinkled at the altar, and raising his eyes as the priest elevated the host, the awe had deepened about him and he had told himself that it was not he who was dead at all but only his sin and misery, and that he might rise, if he would, out of the shadow of death into another and better life.

Then almost before he had known it the thought had become a prayer, and he had found himself praying that he might be permitted to begin again, to put the past behind him, and to think of the lost days of his life hitherto as seed that was not dead though he had trampled it into the clay. Out of the heart came the only songs that went to the heart, and out of his shame and suffering, in that future he had foreshadowed for himself the voice might come that would speak to other souls as stained with sin as his.

Yet who was he to speak to anyone? Only a poor prodigal in a far country who had wasted his substance in riotous living, and having come to himself at last, now that no man would give to him, was turning his eyes homeward and crying: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son!"

When he had come out of the great church he had felt himself lifted into a purer air, where he was no longer a fugitive from the vengeance of his fellow-men, but a pardoned soul born again in a blessed resurrection; and when he had settled in the train for Calais he had set himself to consider what other name he should be known by in that new existence on which he had just begun.

It had to be a name that would sufficiently conceal his own, yet one that would be characteristic of his country, and, after much beating of the wings of memory, he had decided on Christian Christiansson as a name which not only answered to these conditions, but possessed an added nobleness of meaning and association that would forever forbid the lowering of the flag of his purpose.

That had been ten years ago and in the interval Christian Christiansson had carried out his plans and realized his expectations. Buried in the depths of London as a man dying on shipboard is buried in the vast grave of the sea, he had lived long as one who was dead, but his hour had struck at last. For five years he had been the most popular of living composers. His operas, founded on the sagas of his own country, had made Iceland familiar to people everywhere; his works had been presented in every capital; his tunes had been played on street-organs in every street, and it was almost as if he had breathed over Europe and set the air to song.

Meantime he had been faithful to the pledge he had made with himself. His name was a household word, but it was no more than a name, and his identity had never been revealed. No temptation had prevailed with him to disclose it, and the few who knew his secret had found it to their interest to maintain the mystery. And now he was returning to his own country rich and famous—rich as the man who strikes ore from the rock and finds it pouring down on him in an avalanche of gold, but famous only as the "hidden folk" are famous, the good fairies who leave food and drink at the doors of poor men and then steal away before they awaken in the dawn.

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It was fifteen years since he had left his own country, but he was returning to it at last as he had always hoped and intended to do. He had left it in disgrace, he was going back to it in honor; he had left it in poverty, he was going back to it with wealth. He was going back as the prodigal, yet not, like the prodigal, empty-handed and ashamed, but able to make amends and wipe the tears from all eyes.

Would it be wrong to permit himself to be known? If the people of Iceland, more observant than this old captain, identified in Christian Christiansson the Oscar Stephensen who was thought to be dead, would it be false to the pledge he had made with himself to submit to their recognition? Fifteen years he had lived in obscurity—was it not enough for penance and pardon? Were not the doors of his dungeon even yet broken open? Could he not consider that he was delivered from the body of the death he had lived in? He had lived, he had died—might he not live again?

CHAPTER III

DURING the ten years in which he had been as a dead man all channels of communication had been closed to him, and except for information casually gathered he had little or no knowledge of what had occurred in Iceland. And now, finding himself for the first time face to face with men who had been in constant touch with his people, he had a hundred questions which he yearned to ask: "Is my mother alive? Is she well? And my little daughter—has God been good to me and let her live, or is all my labor wasted?"

But he was afraid to learn the truth too suddenly, so he waited and watched and listened for answers to the questions he dare not ask. Meantime he tried to amuse himself with the curiosity of the captain and his fellow-passengers, who were clearly at a loss to know who he was, where he was born and what family of the Christianssons he came from. It was a perilous pleasure, a dizzy joy, to listen to the names of his family and to hear himself discussed, and sometimes in mortal shame of the subterfuges to which his disguise condemned him, he could hardly resist an impulse to blurt out the truth of his identity, and sometimes he had to leap up from his place in the smoking-room and fly.

"You've not been home very lately, Mr. Christiansson?" said the Captain, who was smoking his long pipe after mid-day dinner while the ship swung along in open sea.

"Not very lately, Captain," said Christian Christiansson.

"You'll see changes then," said the merchant.

"No doubt, no doubt!"

"The new constitution has worked wonders for Iceland, sir."

"Worked wonders, has it?"

"The barter trade has gone, the cash business is established everywhere, and as for the fishing, it's another industry, sir."

"Another industry, is it?"

"Judge for yourself, sir—instead of the old open boats we have sixty smacks, manned by twenty men apiece, and going as far as six days out and home again."

"Then the people were right after all who used to say the old trade was doomed and the water was to be the wealth of Iceland?"

"They were that, sir," said the merchant, inflating his chest and pulling down his waistcoat. "Everybody has benefited by the change and I shouldn't be surprised if you find your own people better off than when you left them—that is to say if they are still alive."

"If they're still alive," said Christian Christiansson, dropping both voice and eyes.

"By the way, were you at home in Governor Stephen's time, Mr. Christiansson?" asked the Captain.

"Well, yes, Captain, yes, I was at home then," said Christian Christiansson, with a momentary faltering in his voice.

"In that case you must have seen the beginning of the end. The old Governor tried to resist the change and lived with a sword over his head all his days, poor devil."

"A wise old man, though, wasn't he?" said Christian Christiansson—he could scarcely trust himself to speak.

"Wise?" said the merchant, with a curl of the lip. "No man is wise who will not be warned, and he had warning enough. But it was his sons who settled *him*."

Christian Christiansson looked up with a start. "Ah, yes, of course, his sons, he had two sons, I remember. What became of them?"

"One of them is living at Thingvellir still."

"Living still, is he?"

"If you call it living—up to his ears in debt."

"In debt, you say?"

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"Always has been, always will be. As for the other one—Olaf, Eric—what was his name, now?"

"Was it Oscar?" said Christian Christiansson with a catch in his throat.

"Oscar it was—what a memory you must have, sir! Oscar Stephensen! He used to think he could do a little in your line, sir, but he was here to-day and there to-morrow and he never did anything in his life except put an end to it. You would hear what happened—it all came out in the newspapers."

"Died abroad, didn't he?"

"Shot himself in a gambling-hell, sir."

"The young scoundrel," said the merchant.

"A scoundrel was he?"

"He used to beat his poor young wife black and blue, sir."

"Beat his wife, you say?"

"She died of his ill-usage, anyway. He killed his father, too, after ruining him. The old man died a pauper."

"Died a pauper?"

"Left nothing behind him, so it comes to the same thing. Every stick in the house had to be sold to the new Minister."

"And is this all they say at home of Oscar Stephensen?"

"All? Not a tenth of it."

"Then his very name must be hated in Iceland?"

"Hated? Execrated, sir. Not that anybody cares about the old Governor; he is dead and gone with the rotten system he tried to support, but as for his son, nobody can say bad enough about him."

"So that if he had lived and come back alive——"

"He would have been hounded out of the country, sir."

"Just so, just so," said Christian Christiansson, and rising with a startling gesture he stumbled back to his state-room.

The merchant looked after him uneasily. "Who the deuce can he be, I wonder!"

"I wonder!" said the Captain, pulling at his extinguished pipe.

It was impossible! The odium attaching to the name of Oscar Stephensen made it impossible that Christian Christiansson could ever reveal his identity. He had thought that the dust of death might cover his transgressions, but rumor and report had kept them alive and magnified them.

The people of Iceland must never know that Christian Christiansson was Oscar Stephensen. If they suspected, he must use means to deepen his disguise; if they questioned, he must deny.

What else had he expected? In thinking he could ever allow himself to be known in his true name and character, what secret craving of pride and vanity had he been cherishing unawares? His errand to Iceland was one of penance and atonement—at the bottom of his heart he had been looking to it as the top and high-tide of his career, the flush and crown of his success, as the hour of triumph when he was to justify the friends who had loved him, to put to rout the enemies who had hated him, and to come off with flying colors at the last. If so, he was rightly punished. Oscar Stephensen was dead, and nothing and nobody could bring him to life again.

CHAPTER IV

Christian Christiansson became more reserved as the vessel approached its destination. Every fathom of the voyage was full of memories, and the sweetest were the bitterest, the happiest were the hardest to bear. He was standing in the bow when he caught his first glimpse of Iceland, glimmering white and blue like a sheeted ghost in the distance where its glaciers rose out of the sea. And then thinking of the enchanted hopes of the days when he had first seen it so, and how many of them were dead under ashes now, he would have broken down badly but for the Captain who came up behind him and said, in his cheery creak:

"There it is, sir! There's your country! That's the place you've made them all hear about!"

The Laura cast anchor under the town amid a fleet of smacks and coal-hulks, and remembering how he had stood there last, Christian Christiansson's emotion would have mastered him again but for the bustle that was going on around—the calls of the Captain from the bridge, the shouts of the sailors who were lowering the ladder, and the cries of the men who had come out in small boats and were clambering up to the deck.

Christian Christiansson knew most of the boatmen, though some were old who had been middle-aged, and some were middle-aged who had been young, and some were bearded who had been boys. But none of them recognized Christian Christiansson as

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they tipped their hats to him and pushed past to the officers of the ship.

"Good-morning, mate! Good-morning, Captain! What passengers this time?"

"Only two, but one of them is a host in himself—Christian Christiansson!"

"What! The *great* Christian Christiansson?"

In less than three minutes half the small boats were scurrying away to carry the news to the town, while the owners of the other half were scrambling for Christiansson's luggage to have the honor of taking it ashore.

When the boat drew up alongside, the jetty was packed with people, and Christian Christiansson had not gone many paces on shore before he was confronted by a young man in the uniform hat and cloak of a Government Secretary, who parted the crowd and said, in the breathless gasps of one who had been running:

"The Minister's compliments, sir, and will you do him the honor to become his guest at Government House?"

Christian Christiansson tried to excuse himself, but every eye was on him, and seeing that he could not escape without the danger of exposing himself to suspicion, he yielded and allowed himself to be led away.

The little journey to Government House was like the progress to a Calvary. Every step was sown with memories—memories of the pleasures, the passions, the darling joys, the sorrows and the tragedies of the past—but while they seemed to strike up at him out of the very stones of the street, he had to nod and smile as the Secretary, walking by his side, rattled along with explanations and descriptions of the places they passed on their way.

Suffocating with shame, choking with a sense of duplicity, and trembling with the fear of detection, Christian Christiansson continued to say, "Yes" and "Is that so?" until he reached the porch of his old home. And then, remembering how and when he had passed out of it last—alone, at night, disgraced and with his father's door closed against him—it was almost as much as he could do to restrain an impulse to turn about and fly. But just at that moment his father's door opened quickly, and there on the threshold another man, in the uniform of the Governor, stood waiting, with outstretched hand to welcome him.

CHAPTER V

THE Minister, who was none other than our old friend the Sheriff of former days, was the same man still. He received Christian Christiansson with suavest politeness, but without a trace of recognition.

"Welcome!" he said. "Welcome to Iceland! My wife is in the drawing-room—she will be delighted to see you."

Christian Christiansson found his hostess was an acquaintance of his school-days, grown middle-aged and matronly, and with her were the Rector of the Latin School, looking elderly and iron-gray, and the Bishop, looking white and old. They received him with the utmost cordiality, but, like the Minister, without a sign of recognition.

After a moment a servant announced dinner and the Minister led the way to the dining-room. It was the same old room, with the same furniture, and hardly altered in any particular. But it was full of ghosts in the eyes of him who came to it again. In one rapid glance Christian Christiansson took in everything—the chair his father used to sit in, his mother's place, Magnus's and Thora's. And remembering that all these were gone; that everything connected with his own people had faded away; that the old house was inhabited by others now, and nothing remained except himself, and he had neither part nor lot in it, the palpitation of his heart nearly choked him again, and he sat at the table like a guilty thing.

But if Christian Christiansson was silent, the Minister talked incessantly.

"You will find that Iceland knows all about you, Mr. Christiansson—all about you! You will find that your fame is no empty bubble here."

"There isn't a student who doesn't sing your songs, sir," said the Rector.

"Nor a girl of fourteen in a farm-house who doesn't play your music," said the Minister's wife.

"Wonderful!" said the Minister himself. "It's perfectly wonderful! But I always say the musician is the international artist. Other artists—the poets, for example—require their translators, but the musician needs no go-between. He uses the one universal language and when he speaks the whole world may hear. What a gift! What a thing it must be to be among the great composers! Perhaps it has its penalties though. What does the poet say? They

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learn in suffering what they teach in song. What a thought that is! I wonder if it's true? I wonder if every great song, every great symphony, every great opera is born of the suffering—the actual real life suffering and perhaps in some cases the sin and sorrow—of the man who created it! What should you say, Mr. Christiansson?"

"God knows," said Christiansson, and after that there was silence for a moment.

"Poor Stephen!" said the Bishop suddenly, and then everyone raised his face from the table.

"I was thinking," said the Bishop, "that if sin and sorrow, added to the gift of genius, go to the making of great music, somebody was born in this very house who should have left immortal works behind him."

Christian Christiansson had looked up with the rest, and now the Minister leaned across to him and said in an undertone: "A sad story, sir—a son of my predecessor who made shipwreck of his life, poor fellow."

"You mean Oscar Stephensen?"

"Yes, indeed. But can it be possible that you know him?"

"We talked of him on the steamer."

"Ah, of course, certainly! And then he was a kind of humble *confrère* of yours and conducted at Covent Garden. What a tragedy! What a scandal!"

Christian Christiansson was quivering from heart to eyelids, but the same mysterious impulse that compels the lamb to confront the dog forced him to go on.

"His mother is alive, isn't she?" he said.

"Anna? Yes! She's alive—that's nearly all you can say about her."

Christian Christiansson's voice deepened and shook. "Is she sick?" he asked.

"Sick in fortune, at all events. When the old Governor died she went to live with her other son at Thingvellir, and he is in trouble again, poor creature."

"In debt, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is in debt to the bank for the interest and principal of some money which his father borrowed on mortgage to keep his brother out of prison."

"And what is the bank going to do with him?"

"Sell him up immediately."

Christian Christiansson sank into silent revery again, and when the conversation at the table had taken another turn he said unexpectedly:

"He left a child behind him, didn't he?"

"Who, sir? Oh, Oscar Stephensen? He did—a girl."

"She's living too, isn't she?"

"She is, sir, that is to say, for all I know to the contrary. Rector, Oscar's little daughter is still alive, is she not?"

"Alive and well and hearty," said the Rector.

Christian Christiansson's eyes brightened visibly. "That's good news, at all events," he said.

The altered tone startled everybody, and nobody spoke for a little while. Then the Minister said:

"It is really very good of you to take an interest in the family of your poor dead *confrère*, and if I'd had the least idea you wished to hear more about them it would have been so easy—I might have invited the banker."

"I'll see him to-morrow," said Christian Christiansson, and then, breaking through his reserve, he talked for the next half-hour on other subjects.

He talked well and the company were delighted, for there was no one to know that his vivacity and nervousness and his laughter were to hide something like shame.

"How charming he is! How perfectly charming!" the Bishop said, as he put on his overcoat in the porch before leaving. "He reminds me of someone I've met somewhere."

"Me, too," said the Rector.

"Those beautiful manners, that captivating smile, and that voice that goes through and through you!"

"Does he resemble—or is it only because we have been talking at table——"

"You mean poor young——"

"Yes."

"Ah me!" said the Bishop as he opened the door. "What brave things he might have done if Heaven had willed it!"

CHAPTER VI

As soon as the bank opened in the morning Christian Christiansson called on the manager, and was received with extravagant politeness.

"I must take the liberty to introduce myself," he began.

"Quite unnecessary," said the banker with a bow; "all the world—I say all the world, sir, has been introduced to you."

"You would receive a letter from my

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banker in London, which I think asks you to honor my checks up to two hundred thousand crowns."

"That is the amount, sir—two hundred thousand. And if you wish to draw any of it immediately——"

"I do," said Christian Christiansson, and taking a large pocket-book from his breast-pocket he drew out a check-book and took up a pen.

"Mr. Palsson," he said—the banker started at the mention of his name, then bowed and smiled—"I was much touched by a case of distress which the Minister spoke of at dinner last evening, and I could wish to be of some assistance.

"It was the case of the family of the late Governor-General—I understand they are in debt to the bank and that the bank is in the act of distraining."

"Unhappily true, sir, but the bank has been very indulgent—I say the bank has been very indulgent—it was impossible to hold out longer."

"I think that the debt is for interest on a mortgage on the Inn-farm at Thingvellir and that the money was borrowed by the father of the present owner?"

"That is so, sir, but the interest is long in arrears and the mortgage—I say the mortgage itself, sir, is the reverse of a good security."

"Mr. Palsson," said Christian Christiansson, "if I were to pay you the interest out of my own pocket, would that stop the proceedings?"

The banker's breath seemed to be arrested. "You are very good, sir," he said after a moment. "But the interest is large; you can hardly be prepared for the amount of it."

"What is the amount of it?" asked Christian Christiansson.

"Eight thousand crowns at least, sir—I say at least eight thousand. And in any case I should be unable to receive it. Things have gone too far. The deed of execution has been served, the advertisements of the auction have been published and the whole matter is now in the hands of the sheriff."

"When is the auction to take place?"

"Let me see," said the banker, consulting a newspaper, "this is the last day of the year; the auction is advertised for to-morrow, sir."

"Did you say to-morrow?" said Christian Christiansson, rising suddenly.

"To-morrow at nine in the morning, sir."

Christian Christiansson resumed his seat and sat for some moments rubbing the top of the pen. Then he wrote a check and tore it out of his check-book, and handed it to the banker. "Two hundred thousand crowns, sir?"

"Do you really mean that you wish to draw the whole sum at once, Mr. Christiansson?"

"If you please," said Christian Christiansson.

The banker began to laugh. "Certainly—we have no highwaymen in Iceland, sir—I say we have no highwaymen—but unless the money is wanted for immediate purposes——"

"It *is* wanted for immediate purposes, Mr. Palsson."

"In that case—of course—certainly—may I ask you to wait a little?"

It took half an hour to find the money for Christian Christiansson's check, and when it came it was in three bank-notes of fifty thousand each, signed specially by the Minister, and fifty other notes of a thousand.

"I've given you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Palsson."

"It has been a pleasure, sir—I say it has been a pleasure. I only regret that I was unable to help you in that other matter. If you had come to me two days ago I should have sent a messenger to the sheriff and perhaps he——"

"Who is the sheriff in that case, Mr. Palsson?"

"The sheriff of Arnes, sir. He lives at Borg."

"How far is that from Thingvellir?"

"Only some thirty to forty miles, sir."

"About as far as from here to there?"

"About the same, sir, but in this country of no roads and no railways that is sometimes a long day's journey."

"Just so! Good-day, and thank you, Mr. Palsson!"

The morning was heavy and cheerless. Dark, woolly clouds were rolling over the mountains, a cold wind was coming up from the east, and the voice of the north sea was loud and shrill.

"We shall have snow before the year's out, sir," said one of a group of fishermen who were stamping their feet and beating their arms at the bottom of the bank steps.

"No time to lose!" thought Christian Christiansson. "I must send for horses immediately and start off without delay."

But before going to Thingvellir there was something to do in Reykjavik and that was the most important thing of all—he wished

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to see the Factor and find out the whereabouts of his child.

Of the Factor himself he knew no more than he had been able to glean at breakfast without betraying a particular interest—that he was still alone, that enough had been saved out of the wreck that changes in trade had wrought of his fortune to enable him to keep his house and live in it, and that he lived the life of a misanthrope, blaming the whole world for his misfortunes and all the trouble of his days.

Christian Christiansson might have walked to the Factor's blindfold, but the house itself, when he came in front of it, seemed strangely unfamiliar. The once bright little villa looked like a witless man who has lost his place in the world and all hope and all respect for himself. The white paint of the walls was cracked and dirty, the windows were smeared with the salt which is borne on the breath of the sea, the garden was wild and the cobbled path was overgrown with grass.

The door was opened by a withered old woman in white ringlets with her gown tucked up in front. It was Aunt Margret, but the little old maid, once so pert and dainty, had the neglected and frightened look of a cat in an empty house left behind and forgotten.

"Is your brother at home, Margret Neilsen?" he asked.

"He is always at home," she answered, "but he never receives anybody now. Who shall I say wishes to see him?"

"Say that Christian Christiansson would like to speak to him."

Aunt Margret, who was not wearing her spectacles, seemed to listen for a moment as to a voice that came to her from afar, and then she asked him into the house.

After a moment the Factor came in with the old fire in his eyes and the old spirit in his step, but wearing a threadbare skull-cap over a threadbare suit that had once been black, and looking like a gray rock in a green place when the sun has gone from it, leaving it grim and hoary.

"I heard of your arrival, Mr. Christiansson," he said, "and I suppose I ought to thank you for your call, but I am an old man who has lived past his day and I can't think why you wished to see me."

Christian Christiansson had his subterfuge ready. "Coming from London," he said, "I thought I might be able to tell you something of your daughter."

"Helga? You know my daughter Helga?"

"I used to know her, but our ways have parted and it is ten years since we met. Nevertheless, I know all about her and can tell you what has happened."

"What *has* happened, sir?"

"She has become a great singer."

"A singer, has she?"

"A great opera singer."

"Then she's rich, I suppose?"

"In the way of being so, perhaps, but famous, at all events, and a favorite all over Europe."

The Factor was silent for a moment, leaning on his stick; then he said:

"Well, that will suit her mother, I dare say. As for me, I don't think it matters. It's ten years since Helga Neilsen left Iceland and I've never seen the scribe of a line from her since. If she's rich, I'm poor, and she doesn't care anything about it. What I call a daughter is one who remembers her father when he is old and past his work and the world has got its heel on his neck. I had a daughter like that once, but they killed her between them—they killed her between them, I say."

The old man's voice was breaking, and thinking to comfort him, Christian Christiansson said, hardly knowing what he was saying:

"I heard of your trouble, Mr. Neilsen."

"When did you hear of it? Helga couldn't have told you. She had too much to do with her sister's death to talk of it. Did you perhaps—in those days you speak of—did you know my daughter's husband?"

"Yes," said Christian Christiansson, for in that heart-quelling moment there seemed to be no escape from it.

"Then you knew a scoundrel, sir," said the Factor.

Christian Christiansson dared not flinch, though the Factor's lash had cut him to the bone. With a throttled utterance he tried to plead for charity. Oscar Stephensen had never ceased to reproach himself for his share in Thora's death or to mourn——

"It's a pretty way to mourn for one daughter to corrupt another," said the Factor.

"Corrupt?"

"What else was it? He hadn't been a year in London before he persuaded Helga to follow him."

"Mr. Neilsen, I have no right to speak for the man we are talking of, but Helga is your daughter and if it is any comfort to you I tell you that you are wrong—I know you are wrong——"

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"*How* do you know—he lived in the same house, didn't he?"

"Nevertheless, I believe in my heart that whatever his failures of duty to your daughter Thora while she was alive, when she was dead he reverenced her memory too much to——"

"Was it reverencing her memory to sell the right to violate her grave, and then waste the money at the gambling-tables?"

"The man we are speaking of had his grave faults, God knows, but if you had heard his talk about you, sir, and your sister and his daughter—especially his little daughter——"

"He talked about his daughter, did he?"

"Constantly—he seemed to be always thinking of her."

"He never did anything else then. He left me to bring her up and never sent a penny."

"I know he was very poor."

"Then what about the letters he wrote to his mother, bragging of his business and the fine friends he was making?"

Christian Christiansson dropped his head.

"And when my own business was broken up, did he offer to relieve me of my burden? No, sir, when changes came and made me a bankrupt, it was the father's brother who had to take the child off my hands, and he had his mother to provide for already."

"Then Elin is at Thingvellir! And Magnus has been bringing her up all these years! And now he is a broken man himself."

"Serve him right if he is," said the Factor. "I've no pity for him either—he was the beginning of all the trouble."

"But when a brave man who has borne other people's burdens——"

"A brave fool, you mean, sir. Fortune comes to every man once, sir, and it came to him, but he wouldn't have it. Look at this room, sir. You may not believe it, but I used to have four assistants eating and drinking with me here, and Magnus Stephensen was one of them. He had good ideas in those days, and if he had stayed with me, we should have kept out the free-traders and he would have been the first man in the west of Iceland by this time. I gave him every chance, too. I was willing to make him my partner and marry him to my daughter Thora. But no, grasp all lose all, he insulted my girl and turned up his nose at my contract."

"Mr. Neilsen," said Christian Christiansson, who was breathing heavily, "you are wrong again and you ought to know it."

"What am I wrong in?"

"You are wrong in thinking that when Magnus Stephensen refused to marry your daughter Thora he did so from selfishness."

"If it wasn't selfishness, sir, what was it?"

"It was unselfishness—sublime unselfishness."

"So."

"Thora had found that she loved his brother Oscar, and to make her happy Magnus was willing to give her up to him. But the contract was made, and you had built all your hopes on it, so to save your daughter from your displeasure he allowed it to appear that he refused her although his heart was breaking."

The Factor rose to his feet with a wild lustre in his eyes. "But is this true?" he said.

"It is God's truth, sir."

"Who did you have it from?"

"From one who should have told you himself fifteen years ago, but dared not."

The Factor turned rigidly to his sister: "Margret, do you hear what he is saying?"

Aunt Margret bowed her head.

"I don't know what to say to you, sir. If what you tell me is true, I've been hating the wrong man for half a life-time. And yet people talk of Providence. If I have been wrong about Magnus, I may have been wrong about Oscar also. I got frightened when he signed my name, so I helped to send him away."

Christian Christiansson's head was down—his throat was surging. He wanted to throw off all disguise and cry: "And I'm here again, godfather," but he could not and dared not speak. He rose to go and the Factor took him to the door.

"I'll come again before I leave the country," he said at the last moment, "and then perhaps I'll have something to say to you."

When the Factor returned to the sitting-room, looking like the same gray rock but with the clouds enveloping it, Aunt Margret, who had scarcely moved, said in the frightened voice of one who had seen a ghost:

"Do you know who that was?"

"What do you mean?"

"That was Oscar Stephensen."

"Margret Neilsen, you are mad. Oscar Stephensen is dead."

"Then he has come to life again. That is Oscar Stephensen as sure as I'm a living woman!"

(To be concluded.)

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

Sitting Up for Bessie

By Leslie Bright

BESSIE caught to herself the light of the whole room, caught it on the golden curls and coils of her hair, in the sparkle of her eyes, on the white of her shoulders, on the sheen of her first low-cut gown.

She was trying to stand very still, for some one, kneeling beside her on the sheet that had been spread on the floor before the long mirror, was putting a few stitches in her lacy flounces. It was very hard work for Bessie to keep still. There were so many calls for little, fluttering gestures, now to stiffen up a bow, now to fluff out the curls about her forehead, now to lift her pink gown to make sure that the glittering buckles on her slippers and the tiny rosebuds on her stockings were not just a dream. Each time that she moved, a voice from the little woman in black, stitching at her flounce, begged her not to do so again. Bessie did try each time to be obliging. She pressed her lips close together with the effort, but they parted into softness of line as soon as she stole a glance into the mirror at her own eyes, glowing so brightly with a light that she had never seen in them before, that it seemed to her she was not her usual self at all but a radiant princess-self; then her heart beat to the tempo of princess possibilities, her breath came in little quick sighs, and she forgot to stand perfectly quiet. She wondered if her ears would ever stop burning. They told the story of her excitement so plainly in their rosiness. She would like so much to appear perfectly calm.

The room was intensely quiet, though it did not seem so to the three people in it. To their agitated minds its atmosphere throbbed with a pandemonium of whirl and rush.

Over this imaginary confusion of sounds, over the loud heart-beats, there presently arose a real sound. It came from the street —that rumble and roar that stopped suddenly in a dancing clatter.

"The carriage," whispered Bessie.

The color died from her face, leaving it pathetically pale. Her eyes dilated and darkened, and her hands opened helplessly and fell to her side.

With a warm Hibernian exclamation of encouragement the maid stepped to her side, holding up the girl's first real evening cloak, which was lined with satin as rosy in hue as Bessie's gown. In the maid's look as she peered over the collar of the cloak down the shining lining there was distinct disapproval of hiding so much beauty in the inside of the garment.

"First let me have one whole look," came in an enthusiastic little gasp, as Bessie's mother rose quickly to her feet from the last hurried stitch in the lace flounce. "I think that will stay right now. It was stupid of Madame to forget."

Mrs. Howard stood off from her daughter, looking at the tall, slender girl under a hand that pressed tightly over her tired forehead.

"It is sweet, darling," she murmured in as awed a tone as though she had been given a sudden peep into a pretty corner of paradise.

"I'm so frightened," cried the girl, sincerely, dipping her arms down into the sleeves of the evening cloak as though it had been a school-jacket.

"Nonsense," laughed her mother as she twisted some extravagantly wide ribbons into place under her daughter's chin. "You won't be frightened when you get there and see the other girls."

"You seem a little frightened too, mother," said the girl, nervously.

"Nonsense," whispered Mrs. Howard as she gave the pale cheeks before her a rub to bring back their color.

"Will you be awake when I come back?" the girl pleaded.

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"Awake? My little girl's first grown-up dance, and I not awake to hear about it when she comes back?"

"Thank you, mother, for all these things. Oh dear, how late it is! My fan—my gloves—should I put them on now? No, they'll get soiled! Oh, there, I just knew we'd forget something—my fur shoes—oh, where are they?"

Bessie sank into a chair and dipped her pink-slippered feet into the soft, white interiors of the velvet overshoes. The maid began to tie a succession of little bows.

"Surely I am to see," came in a father's grieved tone.

"Yes, dear, of course you are. When Bessie stands up she will slip off her cloak. We didn't mean not to call you. We—we just lost our senses a little when we heard the carriage." Mrs. Howard's voice trembled.

"Anyone would think that you were going to your first party, my dear."

"I am," she whispered, brightly, but not to him or to anyone in particular.

When Bessie rose the cloak was hurried off to give the father a glimpse of his child in her fine array; then it was hurried on again in a jiffy, and there was a rustling sweep down the stairs, a pause at the front door for the hoisting of ruffled skirts under the

dove-colored cloak, a hurried good-by that sounded like a little laugh or a little sob, and Bessie fled into the cold darkness followed by her faithful maid.

"I think I'll have a good time," she called from the carriage. Then she was whirled away to her evening's fate.

"I hope she will," murmured a little woman, anxiously, as she stooped to draw away a pink thread from her black gown.

"Of course she will," said a tall man, reassuringly, as he turned to the lamp and his book.

"She did look lovely!"

"We're actually vain, Bessie, of that pretty child of ours," he exclaimed, finding the lost place in the book.

"Well, she's something to be vain of," said Mrs. Howard, with a happy laugh. She was going upstairs as she spoke. Her quick step and the happy thrill in her voice made Mr. Howard lift his eyes from his book. She did not know that he was watching her with quiet scrutiny as she hurried on, head bent forward, in that blind, little self-forgetful way of hers.

Mrs. Howard was hurrying back to the room that had been the scene of Bessie's dressing for the dance. She smiled as she entered it. Everything in it seemed to have partaken in the animation of the evening—everything seemed to have danced out of its usual place. Mrs. Howard did not call a maid to help her subdue the confusion. She preferred to do all that herself. It wasn't work. It was keen pleasure, arranging the contents of the wide-open bureau drawers so that they would close, collecting stray ends of pink ribbon, folding bits of tissue-paper into the purple box that had held Bessie's first big bunch of violets—sent by none other than a devoted mother—drawing down the cover from the little white bed and laying over the foot the "child's" warm, soft wrapper. After all was calmed into usual order, Mrs. Howard turned out the light. When the sudden blackness that eclipsed the room's gay colors had lightened into the ordinary darkness of the night, Mrs. Howard went over to one of the windows and slipping between the white curtains, stood there twisting the string of the shade she had raised, and gazed down through the cold glass into the chill city street that suddenly for her tinkled with music, and flowered warmly with radiantly pretty girls in evening dress.

Would Bessie have a good time?

The dance she had gone to was a mystery to the mother, for Mrs. Howard was not in the most remote sense a society woman. She had always led a very quiet life. "Too quiet," she had lately exclaimed to Bessie. Her early youth had passed in an austere

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home. She had married a man of quiet tastes who had always been deeply absorbed in his work. Mr. Howard had made a great deal of money out of this work, but their means had not in any way affected the almost Spartan simplicity of their home.

As Mrs. Howard gazed down into the cold, brown-toned street, presently the bright young people in it faded away and took the music with them. A dull little throb in her head told her that she was very tired. She decided to snatch a little nap, right then, while Mr. Howard was reading. He always read very late. She would take it there in her daughter's room, so restful to her in its girlishness of atmosphere.

Yes, she was tired. The day had been a hard one, in spite of the fact that it had been a happy one. She felt for the lounge and the Italian rug. She fell asleep almost immediately.

. . . . . .

It was very late indeed when Mrs. Howard waked. She knew that from the little chill that she felt. She had been sound asleep and not just napping.

She rose quickly and hurried to the hall.

"Ernest, dear, it is late," she called downstairs.

"I know it, but I'm not tired. I want you down here."

She looked puzzled, and then her little head, always bent forward in her hurry to do things for other people, straightened with thought of herself. Her hand passed quickly over her forehead in a characteristic gesture. She went downstairs, but not hurriedly —slowly, even shyly.

"Well?" she queried as she stood before him.

"Well?" he repeated in her tone, looking up at her through his strong glasses. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been sound asleep." She gave an amused little laugh as she twisted the shade of the lamp so that the light should not fall into his eyes. "And you?"

"Pretending to read."

"Pretending?"

"I have really been thinking."

"Of Bessie," she whispered in happy confidence of insight; "I've been dreaming of her."

"Not of Bessie," he said, somewhat peremptorily, "save indirectly. Of you."

"Ernest!"

Her little head went straight again.

"It's a bit painful for you to think of yourself, isn't it, Bessie?—you've gotten so out of the way of it. You've never been to a party, Bessie. You've never had pretty clothes like those you plan for Bessie. You don't need to deny it, for I saw to-night that if you had lived just the way you had wanted

to live, you would have had the bright happy times you are planning for her. I've been blind and selfish."

He took off his glasses with a quick, impatient gesture and laid them on the table. Then he waited, helplessly, for what his wife would do. She must help him now. He had gone pretty far, independently.

"Ernest, you foolish man," she whispered, laying her hand on his rough gray hair. "Your sensible mind is not its usual self to-night." But she drew up a little chair beside him and leaned her cheek against his arm. Her face looked wistful and she made no effort to change its expression. They were perfectly quiet a minute. Then he put his arm about her and took mastery of the situation.

"I'm pretty old," he began, gravely, "but you are young, almost as young and silly as Bessie. But we can't go to dances now, even if you are, my dear. We can give them here, though, for Bessie, and there are other kinds of good times we can have with Bessie and *without* her. You are to have pretty clothes and are to stop at once going about dressed like a little mouse. I'll order some clothes for you myself if you won't get them. That will make you attend to the matter, for even the quietest men have a dashing sort of taste in women's clothes. Father surprised mother once with a shawl. It *was* a surprise! It had every color under the

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sun in it. Poor mother had to wear it so as not to hurt father's feelings. He thought it was a nice, quiet little thing and loved to see her in it." With a sudden loss of interest in his banter, Mr. Howard impulsively bent his head down over hers. "Poor Bessie, never been to any parties at all, when her heart's been going to them on the sly. And I thought I had such an exemplary, staid little wife."

She gave a little crying laugh. There was another small silence and then they began to talk together very quietly, his arm still about her and her head on his shoulder.

The fire flickered comfortably before them, talking in the pauses of their conversation, of just what they wanted to hear, in the well-bred, cosey way of fires on real-home hearths. A charm seemed to hold the room near its heart and shield it from the world.

But interruption at last came in the clatter of a carriage up the hard city street.

"Bessie," each whispered to the other, informingly.

They hurried to the door.

"It was lovely" asserted the mother in ecstasy, reading the story of the evening in a glowing young face.

The girl gave a little wordless gasp of delight as she pointed to the maid, whose arms were piled full of tinselled and beribboned cotillion favors.

"Now you must tell us all about it," said the father, with mock severity, as he led her to a big chair by the fire.

Bessie commenced the story at once, and as she began her father drew away the mother from straightening the ribbons of the evening cloak that had been ruthlessly swept aside—to listen, standing by him.

"And you both stayed up to see me—so late," she cried, when the narrative, charming as it was to her, had begun to tire her.

Neither father nor mother knew what to say. Bessie did not notice that neither answered, because she had begun to count the favors which the maid had placed in a chair beside her.

"One, two, three—what a beauty! Four—he was perfectly lovely—five—the girls pinned these in their hair—six. . . ."

Overwhelmed with happy guiltiness, the father and mother fell to helping Bessie count the dainty trifles.

"You know each means a man," explained their daughter, giving the information incidentally, as she waved a staff crowned with flowers.

Love Me, Love My Dog

By Inez Hayes Gillmore

THROUGH the portières, Miss Whiting could see from the back of the wide, dusky hall, the figure of her caller. The heavy, winter doors were wide open and the halves of the screen-door formed two appropriate frames, the one on the right for the stout, elegant figure of a woman who stood in profile, card-case in hand, absently looking over the garden; the one on the left for the huge St. Bernard that accompanied her, and that waited, staring intently through the screen, his ears twitching and his tongue lolling. Miss Whiting remained in the hall while Dixon went to the door. She watched while he showed the lady and the dog into the front drawing-room. Her examination of the card that he presently brought to her was merely perfunctory. Of course her caller was Mrs. Edward Hollister. If there had not been the air of New York about the lady's face, figure, and very bearing, the presence of the dog would have been sufficiently enlightening. The new Mrs. Hollister was very fond of dogs, so rumor went. The old Hollister place had been overrun with them ever since her arrival.

Miss Whiting gave a scrutinizing glance

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into the hall mirror before she went into the drawing-room. Her own spare, erect figure, her plain, parted hair, her expression, a little prim and decidedly intellectual, her unrustling, dark china-silk gown sprinkled with tiny figures in white, were as typical of Cambridge—of old Cambridge—as were any amount of fur and feathers of New York. She hoped severely that Mrs. Hollister would prove congenial—it hardly seemed possible, as she was from New York—but they needed somebody to take up the work in the club that poor Jane Hollister had done so acceptably. Elizabeth Whiting sighed. Jane had been a very dear friend. But that was no reason—her New England conscience threatened her with a charge of injustice—why she should not care for her successor. She entered the room with a serene front and a mind free from prejudice.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hollister?" she said. "It is very pleasant to see you. I was so sorry not to find you in when I called."

"You can fancy my feelings," Mrs. Hollister said; her voice was pleasant, a little too "rich," Elizabeth thought critically. "Naturally, I was looking forward most to seeing Edward's oldest friends."

The ladies sat down. There was a tiny pause in which they seemed to be settling comfortably back in their chairs. In reality, each was taking stock of the other.

Mrs. Hollister was a very handsome woman, Elizabeth decided immediately; in, she added deprecatingly, "the New York way." Her figure, face, and features were all full. Her hair was prematurely white, but her color, almost high, was youthful and her eyes were topaz in shade. Her expression was good-natured, even humorous. She was dressed literally in purple and fine linen. Her suit was made of broadcloth peculiarly glossy in lustre. The waist, whose embroidered ruffles protruded through a voluminous scarf of plaited violet chiffon, was of a delicate, thin linen. Her hat was purple. Elizabeth regretted that she had thought it necessary to accentuate the color-scheme of her costume by an impalpable, purple tulle veil.

The dog had retreated under the piano. Out of the shadows there his tawny coloring glowed like a mass of autumn leaves, lighted by the two restless sparks that were his eyes. He was really a puppy, Miss Whiting observed. The fact was demonstrated, in spite of his huge size, by his uncertain-looking, splayey feet.

"It is especially pleasant for me to come into the house," Mrs. Hollister began graciously, "Mr. Hollister—Edward has told me of the many good times that he has had here as a child, playing on rainy days with you and your brothers and sisters."

"Yes, we did have good times," Miss Whiting admitted; "somehow we always kept this room for rainy weather, I don't know why."

"Edward says that he always loves to come back to this house, as it is the only one on the street that has remained absolutely unchanged since his boyhood." She looked about from wall to wall. "I don't wonder you don't care to change it, it's full of atmosphere."

Elizabeth looked about, too. It is doubtful if her eyes saw what Mrs. Hollister's must have seen: the faded places in the gray cartridge paper and the velours upholstery, the dulled gold of the moulding and the yellow spots on the mats of the pictures. She had always seen these things. They were a part of the room. And if she had noted them consciously as flaws, she would have thought that the fine old engravings and the few bronzes and marble busts on pedestals, the splendid old Chippendale, lent the room a distinction that new paper and upholstery could not assist—as indeed they did.

"Yes," she answered quietly, "it never occurs to us to change this room, whatever we do to the rest of the house; we always think of it as father's room."

"If Mr. Whiting had been my father," Mrs. Hollister said charmingly, "I should hardly feel as if I had the right to change it."

Miss Whiting received this with a faint smile and the inclination of her head, half nod and half bow, with which always she acknowledged references to her famous historian father.

"Yes," she was beginning, when she was interrupted.

The dog suddenly emerged from under the piano. He walked leisurely over to Mrs. Hollister's side and presented her with his paw. Then he made a determined effort to climb into her lap.

"Oh, you nice thing!" that lady began. "No, no, you can't get up," she remonstrated. "You must lie down. No, you're too big to lie in my lap. Lie still—that's a good doggie. Down, sir, down."

The dog did not "down" and finally there was a short struggle. At its end the dog

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retreated crestfallen under the piano, and Mrs. Hollister, with a heightened color and a slightly breathless air, smoothed out the tattered billows of her voluminous chiffon scarf.

"Perhaps he wants to go out," she commented graciously, after an awkward pause. "He's very playful—really only a puppy. One should never blame a puppy for anything he does—once he is permitted to come into the house. Are you fond of dogs, Miss Whiting? I adore them, you know."

Miss Whiting stiffened perceptibly. "Not especially," she said coldly. "I don't think I understand them."

Although she spoke her visitor so fair, secretly she was a little contemptuous. Mrs. Hollister's tone was that of the typical owner of pets, a little sorry but more indulgent. Elizabeth registered another vow that never so long as she lived would she have a dog in the house. You might begin with the best of resolutions as to the way you would keep him out of the drawing-room and away from your visitors, but, sooner or later, that peculiar blindness that overtakes the owner of canines, that pet-egotism would surely develop in you. She would find herself talking about him, describing his tricks and laughing at his playful attempts to claw the clothes off her callers. She could almost hear herself exclaiming: "That dog understands everything I say to him." It was unjust, however, to hold the matter up against Mrs. Hollister, when she had seen plenty of good Boston or Cambridge people quite as silly in similar circumstances.

"It's delightful, anyway, to see for myself this whole Brattle Street existence," Mrs. Hollister was proceeding, quietly ignoring the incident. "I'm sure I could have gone blindfold the whole length of the street and named all the houses in order. I never happened to come to Cambridge, but Edward has described everything so explicitly and he's shown me so many snap-shots and things, that I feel in a sense that I've really lived here."

Miss Whiting wondered involuntarily if Edward's comments and descriptions were really as harmless as the lady's bland manner would give one to understand! Edward Hollister had published in the last ten years two or three novels of a markedly satiric trend. The Brattle Street atmosphere had appeared in one of them, and the familiarly witty way in which he had handled it had caused much talk.

She glanced out of the window. The trees, that almost upholstered the street with their plump, parallel slopes of green, were as fresh as the spring could make them. In the distance, between two expanses of dimpled lawn, she could catch glimpses of the water, blue as a mirror, and of the sky, bluer yet. The haze of nascent summer lay languidly over everything, and the sound of the hand-organ in the distance added a slightly mournful touch to the scene. It was very beautiful, as Miss Whiting had a million times said to herself. She would certainly give Mrs. Hollister the benefit of the doubt. She started tentatively the subject that was nearest her heart.

"You must have met Mrs. Appleton Stokes, have you not, Mrs. Hollister?" she asked.

"Mrs. Appleton—let me see—which one of the Stokeses is that—oh, I know, she's the mother of the wonderful baby. Oh, yes, I called there yesterday. Isn't it a lovely baby?"

"Oh, yes," Miss Whiting agreed with a touch of enthusiasm; "Eleanor is certainly a fine child. Let me show you a bonnet I am making for her." She turned to the big centre table at her elbow, and opened the gay work-bag that lay there. "This lace belonged to my grandmother," she said, pulling out a wad of yellow old Valenciennes.

"Oh, how lovely!" Mrs. Hollister exclaimed.

She was suddenly reduced to silence. With one bound from under the piano, the dog leaped in Miss Whiting's direction, seized the little half-completed bonnet, wrenched it from her hand, and dashed back under the piano again. With his strong jaw and his slavering tongue he reduced it to a thready pulp in the twinkling of an eye.

Miss Whiting's breeding stood her in good stead. She did not move a muscle, while she waited for the indignant rebuke that must surely follow this gross bit of canine waggishness.

But Mrs. Hollister did not move either. "Oh, you naughty, *naughty* dog. You ought to be put out-doors," she said. There was a strong flavor of indignation in her tone now, although she spoiled everything in Mrs. Whiting's opinion by adding, "What shall we do with him? I think he deserves a good whipping, don't you, Miss Whiting?"

"It is doubtful whether a whipping would

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do him any good," Miss Whiting observed, dryly.

"I find that it does sometimes," Mrs. Hollister remarked, thoughtfully, "although Edward says I'm inclined to be indulgent with my pets. I do maintain, and I always shall, that you can do more with kindness than cruelty. Still I should say this was a case—you were speaking of Mrs. Appleton Stokes," she concluded, sweetly.

The dog was leisurely tearing such strips of the lace as he could get hold of, off from the bonnet. Well, the thing was ruined now, Miss Whiting reflected, and if Mrs. Hollister had no intention of rescuing it, she certainly would not. No, not if it were made of rose-point. What could more perfectly indicate the New York point of view than the events of the afternoon? She supposed Mrs. Hollister let her pets chew at her chiffon embroideries or her duchess-lace ruffles in the same casual way that she would provide a baby with a rattle. She thought of the hundreds of tiny stitches that she had put into the little bonnet, and it was only by a big effort that she was able to control the tremor of indignation in her voice.

"Yes, I was about to say that Mrs. Stokes has been delicate ever since the birth of little Eleanor, and this winter she finds that it will be out of the question for her to serve on the charities committee of the Church and City Club. That is a very important committee and it does very interesting work. We do all sorts of things: look after the boys' clubs in the winter, provide free play-rooms, swimming-places, and excursions for the street-children in the summer; there's plenty of other work that I'll tell you about later. We have been wondering if you would take her place on the committee?"

"I think I should like it very much," Mrs Hollister said, briskly. "I haven't done much of that sort of thing, but I suppose, like everything else, it all comes with experience."

Miss Whiting reflected austerely that it was doubtful if anything could come to such a type, even through the caustic channel of experience. But she had been deputed to ask the favor of her caller, and she had done it. She wished with all her heart that Mrs. Hollister had refused the honor. She knew that it would be a constant menace to her own comfort to attempt to work with the woman who had just demonstrated her lack of common-sense and common politeness. She glanced sideways under the piano. The dog came quietly out from under its shelter. He pattered mournfully round and round the room occasionally emitting a melancholy yelp.

"I'll give you our last printed report," Miss Whiting said; "it will give you a clearer idea of the work we do than anything else that I could show you."

Mrs. Hollister murmured that she would be very glad to see it, and Miss Whiting moved over to the bookcase, opened the doors and kneeled down before them.

Suddenly she heard a sound like a cyclone behind her. The dog had dashed as swiftly across the room as if exploded from a cannon's mouth. He seized the pamphlet that she had found, and leaped away. Again he retired to his inaccessible lair and, safely there, he leisurely chewed the book to pieces.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty dog," Mrs. Hollister said, strenuously, "I never *saw* such a naughty dog! Miss Whiting, he does deserve a whipping, he really does."

Miss Whiting straightened her tall figure. "I can easily get you another copy of the report," she said, stiffly, "and I'll send it to you."

"Thank you," Mrs. Hollister said, "I shall read it with a great deal of interest. And now, I think I must be going. I find I've made a very extended call."

She arose as she spoke. Miss Whiting came forward. "Oh, must you go?" she said, perfunctorily.

"You must come to see me soon," Mrs. Hollister went on, heartily, "and then, as soon as this first flurry of call-making is over, you must dine with us informally. Edward and I especially desire it."

Miss Whiting had a sudden vision of the alternate chairs, in the case of informal dining, being occupied by Newfoundlands, Irish setters, and St. Bernards. "Thank you," she said, coldly.

Mrs. Hollister was smoothing down her shining plumage, readjusting her veil, tucking the torn chiffon out of sight and pulling her lorgnon-chain into position. She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said.

She had stepped out on the piazza when Miss Whiting appeared in the doorway.

"I'm afraid you'll have to call your dog, Mrs. Hollister," she said, briefly, "he's gone to sleep."

"Oh, my dear Miss Whiting," Mrs. Hollister said, coming quickly back into the house, "he isn't *my* dog. Isn't he *yours?*"

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

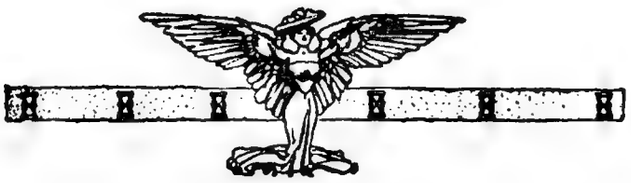
We desire the views of our readers about The Procession. What do you think of this department? Are you satisfied or do you believe the pages it occupies might be better utilized? Would you prefer a more serious review of the month's affairs along present lines, or brief signed reviews by authorities—on the month's events, politics, business affairs, science, and literature? Or, would it seem better to you to omit the department altogether and devote the space to articles and stories?—THE EDITORS.

KITCHENER'S CANTEEN

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. D. GRANT, commanding the Department of the Lakes, asserts, in his last report, that abolition of the canteen has increased intemperance among the enlisted men of the army. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, with General Miles as a star witness, will vigorously oppose General Grant's conclusion; and no prudent outsider will venture into a discussion already somewhat heated. It is interesting to notice that that iron disciplinarian, Lord Kitchener, has established a new system of canteen management in India. The Indian Army Canteen, controlled by a committee of officers at headquarters, embraces all "regimental institutes," including recreation-rooms, coffee-bars, "wet" canteens, and "dry" canteens. Civilian contractors will "run" it, receiving a commission on sales. Profits will go to the army, and be used chiefly, at first, to buy outfits for games and sports, and for the gradual conversion of the present "institutes" into soldiers' clubs. It is also proposed to have at each "institute" a teaching staff, so that non-commissioned officers and privates may learn trades that will enable them to support themselves on their return to civil life.

STREET-CARS AND AUTOMOBILES

A WRITER in the *Manufacturers' Record* lately predicted that in a few years "there will not be a street-car track in New York." Five or six years ago automobiles were not. Already the annual output of automobiles exceeds in value by $20,000,000 that of locomotives. "The trolley-car and draft-horse will go together." Los Angeles has improved its streets and introduced automobile omnibuses. Denver is to do the same. New York will follow their example. The manager of the Manhattan Transit Company is equally sure that trolleys "must go," and electric vehicles on asphalted streets take their place. The automobilists are already talking of flanged-tired gasolene automobiles to run on automobile tracks. A Western firm makes light runabouts with wheels fitted to the car-rails. These are good for thirty miles an hour, and railway managers have been asked to use them for track inspection and as emergency engines. It may be some years before automobile railways are built, but we are living, we are moving, in a very rapid time.



NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

MR. ARTHUR EVANS, the Oxford Archæologist, who has made so many interesting discoveries in the so-called palace of Minos, in Crete, has found in a subterranean sanctuary certain very ancient, small, earthenware statues, representing some goddess and two of her servants. The dress of the figures is said to be highly modern. The goddess, we grieve to say, wears a corset, just such a corset as contemporary man shyly wonders at in the windows of a department store. The skirt of the robe of the goddess is "in Louis XV. style." Her jacket is "exactly as is worn in the present day." Styles of, say, 2000 B.C.;

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styles of 1904. Unless some humorist has "salted" the excavations, you are forced to hold that much nonsense has been written about the splendid, free, uncramped bodies of the female ancients, by no means ancient females, in their time. And "we shift and bedeck and bedrape us" much as our esteemed ancestors did in the morning of the world.

THE ASCETICS OF WILKESBARRE

THE members of a church in Wilkesbarre, Pa., resolved to pay the mortgage on their church by self-sacrifice. For a week they abstained from butter, candy, imported fruit, delicacies, meat, street-cars; and the women "did their own washing." Sensible Wilkesbarre! Most of us eat too much, stuff our insides with too many sweets, are puffed with too much pie, take too little exercise. Occasional periods of abstinence would be good for our health as well as our pockets.

THE WATCHERS IN THE CRYPT

IN the crypt of the Garden City, L. I., cathedral, built by Alexander T. Stewart, the famous New York dry-goods merchant, two men keep perpetual watch by turns, day and night, over his body. Stolen, then recovered or supposed to be recovered, that body or a body is now guarded continually. A curious fact, a curious scene—that ceaseless, solemn vigil. Something a little uncanny about it, especially if you picture it to yourself at midnight. Another chapter in the long serial of "The Disadvantages of Being Too Rich." The body, stolen for a ransom, restored to the grave, safe there only by the watchfulness of hired guards—a rather bleak, posthumous destiny for a "merchant prince." Let most of us be grateful that we are not indecently rich. According to present standards, indeed, poor old Stewart was poor enough. Your plutocrat of today has no privacy and little peace. He and his family are hounded by certain newspapers. They have to look under the bed every night to see that there is no reporter secreted there. All their movements are watched. Lies and romances about them are always circulating. Blackmailers are always casting nets for them. They are watched and hunted living. They are hunted and have to be watched when dead. The poor rich!

THE LEARNED HORSE

Is some humorist trifling with the cable or are we to believe the legend or true history of Herr von Osten's accomplished "Orloff stallion"? In presence of scientists and sages this equine paradox adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, does "sums," picks out twelve colors, "forms sentences and remembers them next day"—break not into horse-laughter, O infidel!—distinguishes musical tones, picks out discords, in fact, might be a musical critic. These and other prodigies of intelligence he registers by means of his hoofs, the beats whereof are his alphabet and signal-code. Herr von Osten avers that his pupil has as good an education as a boy who has been at school for the same number of years. Collusion between teacher and horse is suspected by the unregenerate. But it is admitted by the wise that Herr von Osten would have been burned at the stake as a sorcerer in more credulous ages. Credulous? Well, we can believe in witchcraft almost as easily as in this wondrous steed. Herr von Osten "of the East"? Is some Down-East Yankee playing tricks in Berlin?

THE SUPPLY OF MINISTERS

AT a conference held in the Union Seminary in New York City, to stimulate interest in the Christian ministry, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Seminary, said that "the pressure on educated men not to enter the ministry is tremendous." Everybody knows that the oldest American colleges, founded especially or largely to educate men for the ministry, now produce very few clergymen. But what is the tremendous pressure of which Dr. Hall speaks? It can be nothing else than the desire to make money, to compete for the great material prizes of life. But surely not one student, not one young man, with a right conception of religion and of the functions of a clergyman, is seduced from preparing for the ministry into business. If interest in the Christian ministry as a profession needs to be stimulated, it is because religious faith needs to be stimu-

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lated, and because more and more, a vulgar prosperity in this world is taking the place of the ideal of a simpler age, to love God here and serve Him forever hereafter.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

THE last report but one of the Manchester Ship Canal Company showed an increase of 238,000 tons of sea-borne traffic and of some $114,000 of receipts for the preceding half-year. The last report—for the first half-year of 1904—was awaited with much interest, especially by the cynics who doubt the value of these "big ditches." American cotton was so high that the English spinner could hardly afford to import. It was to be expected that the steamers from the American cotton-ports would not come, and that there would be a considerable loss to the canal on account of reduced importations of cotton and other cargoes. The railway receipts in the Manchester district fell off. One hundred and ten thousand fewer bales of cotton were carried on the Canal, yet it carried 54,000 more tons of cargo, and the gross receipts were greater by $45,000 than in the last half-year of 1903—a very encouraging showing to the friends of ship canals.

THE IMPROVED ELECTRIC MOTOR

HOT is the fight between steam and electricity. The former, for years the sovereign of the world, is being pushed from the throne. The General Electric Company has tested an electric motor whose accomplished mechanism enables it to use the direct current in cities and the alternating current in the country. The electric equipment of the railroads for suburban traffic is an immediate certainty, as the example of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads sufficiently shows. The country towns are being knit together and to the larger cities by electric traction. In time we may be able to "go trolleying" to Seattle and the Golden Gate. To use electricity for long "runs" on the railroads now operated by steam, to make electric freight-trains feasible and profitable—these are the problems now before those magicians, the electricians. It is likely enough that the next generation will travel cinderless, sootless, clean, and breathing pure air.

INSULTED!

THE fingers of Insult are applied to the nose of Scorn. The International Teamsters' Union has ordered that all chauffeurs shall be brought into the union. The teamsters say that a chauffeur, for all his glittering name, is only a plain, ordinary teamster, a variety of the truckman, no more illustrious than the charioteer of an ash-cart. A chauffeur nothing but a teamster! Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

A WARNING TO MARRIED MEN

THE wife of a Kansas City man has got a divorce from him for good but strange cause. The head and front of his offending her is this: "Whenever I asked for anything" (says the lady) "I always got it without question." Naturally she wearied of "that kind of humdrum existence." The excellent man was too tame and pigeon-livered. The lady pined to be contradicted. She wearied of perpetual summer and "having her own way" always. A solemn and needed warning! Oh, our brothers in the married state! Lest half of it secede, be not too yielding and suave! Play the "blustering, Bubbly Jock" occasionally. The chief failing of us men is that we are too good for the world and to our women-folk!

A CHURCH AND A HYMN

FOR twenty-five years Henry Francis Lyte was Rector of Brixham, a fishing hamlet near Torquay on the Devonshire coast. A scholar, a man of eloquence, poetical feeling, and literary gifts, he could not be lured away from his humble people. It was his one ambition to build a beautiful church in place of the bare and homely one where he preached so long. The dream was not to be fulfilled in his time. At fifty-four he was seized with quick consumption. He preached his last sermon to the fishermen. The night of that day he wrote "Abide With Me," a hymn whose solemn and consoling words, sung as the earthly farewell to so many, are treasured in so many hearts. He went to the Riviera and died. Renown has hardly found him.

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The hymn is famous, the author still obscure. But the great purpose of his life is to be accomplished. For thirty years Brixham Church has been building. The fishermen have contributed the incredible sum, for them, of $35,000. About $10,000 more is needed. Princesses, bishops, deans, and fashionable folk, musicians, singers, actors have joined to help. Brixham will be another place of pilgrimage for Americans in that beautiful Devonshire. One almost grudges the outside world a part in honoring Lyte's memory. How much that one hymn has done for millions, and, until lately, how ungrateful everybody but the Brixham fishers has been!

WOMEN M.D.'S OF MUSCOVY

RECENT Russian ordinances grant women doctors about the same rights and privileges as those of medical men. Women can study for and receive medical degrees at the universities and the Military Medical Academy. "The atrocious crime of being a Jew" continues to be punished. There can be only three per cent. of Jewish students. Reform and hide-bound hunkerism go together in Russia.

EMOTIONAL GOWNS

HAIL to a glorious and beautiful speaking invention, or poem, the Emotional Gown! The clothes philosophy of Carlyle's Herr Teufelsdröckh had potentialities brighter than that "atrabiliar lecturer on things in general" knew. Lady Duff Gordon has designed for Mrs. James Brown-Potter, the transplanted American actress, a series of gowns which symbolize the emotion of the wearer. Among them are "The Tangible Now," "The Vampire" (which must hurt the wearer, one would think), "A Silent Appeal," and "Thoughts of Strange Things." Presumably this last has no button-holes, but great, surprised, goggling eyes. The art is in its infancy, and for the present, valuable advice and directions, the poet-dressmaker's commentary, may be needed with each gown or frock. But a wondrous vista of symbolic togs opens. You can see, dimly hanging in the wardrobe of the future, "A Silent Appeal to John for a Larger Allowance," "Love and a Cottage on Fifth Avenue," "No Reasonable Offer Refused," "A Paradise of Pin-Money," "No 'Detrimentals' Need Apply."

"TIPS" REGOGNIZED OFFICIALLY

Tip, tip, tip!
Dropped in the waiter's fin;
Tip, tip, tip!
To the man that reaps your chin;
Tip, tip, tip!
To the el-e-va-tor man;
Tip, tip, tip!
To the bell-boy Af-ri-can;
Tip, tip, tip!
Till the purse is lean and thin,
Tip, tip, tip!
Oh! it is a curse and sin;
It makes me "rip," this tip, tip, tip!
This tipping away my "tin."

THE War Department allows expenditures for "tips" on the part of officers travelling in the service of the United States. The long-hated, ever-"growing evil" and "un-American habit" of "tipping" has now an official standing. Millions of boiling-hot letters against the practice will continue to be written. But, like Massachusetts, there it is, and there it will remain. New varieties of this pernicious plant spring up. We have seen customers at the bar of a "Gilded Sheol" in New York "tip" the man behind the bar. "So much less left to buy 'rum' with," you may say. We know housewives in New York who actually "tip" their butcher and say that they have to or they can't get a "decent cut." They learned the practice by observation and abominate it as much as we do. At present the great mass of Americans neither give nor receive "tips." But an anti-"tipping" league is needed badly. Abroad there is a known scale of "tips." Here the taste and fancy of the reckless "tipper" have corrupted many waiters. There are hotels, outside of New York, too, where you get small service and the worst of food, if you don't "tip" in advance. The avaricious "tippee" is not content to live in hope or to be feed when the guest goes away. The War Department ought to publish an official scale of "tips." There should be some little protection against the man with his hand held out. Our own expectation is that the enriched waiters will build first-class hotels of their own, and, in order to keep good servants, pay them high

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wages and forbid "tips." A sharp-eyed honest head waiter, too proud to share in the "swag," could break the practice up easily in the restaurant over which he presides. As it is, the head waiter is usually the chief criminal.

TEN-YEAR-MARRIAGES

THE other day Mr. George Meredith asserted, if the ears of a *London Mail* reporter heard him correctly, that some day marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say, ten years. This is best taken as irony. Divorces are grown so common that marriage is a very uncertain estate—an estate at will, not for life. Make it certain for a ten-year period, says Mr. Meredith. That will do to begin with. Marriage for life may come later. We notice that in Ohio, which is no more liberal than most other States, 4,316 divorces were granted in the first half of 1904. More than eleven thousand applications for divorce were pending, July 1. "They divorce to marry and marry to be divorced."

FAMILY CLUBS

CHICAGO has a habit of taking the lead. The South Park Commission is laying out fourteen parks. In each of these is to be constructed a public building to cost from $60,000 to $90,000. In each building there will be an assembly hall, which will hold from one thousand to three thousand persons. The plan is to give to "the masses"—perhaps a rather snobbish phrase—places where they can have physical and mental recreation for nothing. These fourteen buildings are to be "neighborhood centres," "family clubs." Judging from some New York experiences, the great trouble with free municipal recreation is that the "tough" element is apt to make itself too prevalent and offensive there, so that the very people for whom the recreation was meant are driven away in disgust.

THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE

IT is expected that the bridge over the Zambesi River, just below Victoria Falls, will be completed next May—fifty years after Livingstone's first sight of them. It will be a single span of 500 feet and 400 feet above the river, which is about 600 feet from bank to bank at that point. There has been great difficulty in transporting the materials; and not until after several months of labor were foundations of solid rock found. Communication between the banks has been by means of a wire rope and a "bo's'n's chair." Globe-trotters and lovers of the picturesque will long to see, from the new bridge, one of the "grandest cataracts" in the world. Victoria Falls are about 3,000 feet wide, and 360 feet high. In two or three hundred years, or less, so fast is "the march of improvement," a visit to Victoria Falls may be not much more of a journey than a trip to Niagara is now.

THREE GIRLS

THE Woman's Commonwealth, a communistic society in Washington, consists of some forty middle-aged women and three girls in the early twenties. Once men were eligible to the Commonwealth. Once, legend says, there was a man in it. He stayed ten years. That was long ago. Men have not been welcome there since. Indeed, the Commonwealth is a sort of protest against men and marriage. Mrs. Martha McWhirter, of Texas, had twelve children and wearied of housework. She thought that it and family cares engross time that should be given to nobler objects and brighter thoughts. She led some other wives to think as she did. They prayed and studied the Bible, chiefly perhaps the text that in heaven there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. The husbands rebelled. The women's allowances were stopped. The emancipated McWhirterites did all sorts of work, from washing to hotel-keeping. By 1898 they had $100,000. They then moved to Washington. They take women boarders, who may join the community if they abominate men and have money to add to its capital. No men need apply. The three young women or any other members of the community may leave if they choose. But they have no money and nowhere to go. Still, if those three girls in that solemn old house are comely, their views of marriage may change. The hermit's young man in the poem found that when he was taken into the world, the most attractive thing in it was woman, vainly named a devil by the good anchorite.

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THE SEA SCHOOL

SOME 210 lucky boys left Providence last fall in the steamer Pennsylvania for Halifax, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, Copenhagen, Antwerp, Havre, London, Lisbon, Cadiz, Barcelona, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Algiers, and the West Indies. This is the Nautical Preparatory School, which is to fit boys for college, and train them in seamanship, and give them a good dose of discipline. The Pennsylvania is ship-rigged. The boys will be called "cadets." A lieutenant-commander of the navy is the captain. Excellent teachers are aboard. The headmaster, a high-school principal for many years, we remember from some thirty years back as six feet four and "first base" on the Harvard "nine." What health and fun for those boys, what sailoring, studying, and seeing!

CAPITAL AND LABOR AS PARTNERS

THE New York building strike, so-called, seems to have been neither a strike nor a lock-out. It was a quarrel of partners. A combination of capitalists undertakes to build great city buildings, and gets something very like a monopoly of the most important and extensive building projects. A combination of all trades employed in the construction of that class of buildings combines with the combined capitalists. Clearly, the men who want to build, the real-estate owners, are in the power of the combined combinations. These may clash for a season, but self-interest must make them pull together in the long run. The long-desired harmonious co-operation of labor and capital is effected. Unpleasant for the real-estate owner; but notice how cleverly labor has used the principle of combination and imitated the methods of great capitalists.

LIGHTNING LETTER-WRITERS

SIXTY years ago the first telegraph line, between Washington and Baltimore, was completed. See what a fire a little spark kindleth. In 1903 the number of telegrams sent was 364,848,474, just about a million a day. It is rather surprising to find that England was a little ahead of the United States as a wire-writer. The English telegrams were 92,471,000; the American, 91,391,000. Next, in order named: German, Russian, Austrian, Belgian, Italian. Possibly the Americans will be at the head of the class by the end of the year; but the figures seem to show that American telegraph rates are too high. On the other hand, the great compactness of populations like those of England and Belgium is to be considered.

THE COS COB "BROILER" FACTORY

WHENCE do they all come—the tender young chickens, the "broilers" dear to delicate palates? All the world is "going in" for chicken-farming. The dream of thousands of the dwellers in "flats" is to buy a 100-acre farm for next to nothing and make its barren bosom blossom into second joints and "oysters." Well, here is one secret of the trade. "We bought a hundred little mites of chickens, broilers-to-be," writes a Cos Cob correspondent. "They were hatched in an incubator and are being brought up by a 'brooder.'" So Mother Hen becomes a specialist. She sticks to the Egg Department. Incubator and "Brooder" do the rest. Long live the division of labor and the age of specialization! "It is too early to assume," saith a cynical friend, "that mothers are played out," but the Baby Incubator is making its way slowly, and the Incubator Baby grows apace. "Public utilities" may yet include municipal incubator plants. "Women," says the cynic, who belongs to some eleven clubs himself, "must find more time for club-work. Motto:

Early and late
We incubate."

NEW COLLEGE AT CHICAGO

THE University of Chicago has founded a College of Religious and Social Science for the training of students who intend to be secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations, or medical missionaries, or engage in philanthropic work of any sort. Also students who wish to enter the ministry, but, from age or other reasons, have not been able to go to college. There are new schools of philanthropy in Boston and New York. What is somewhat vaguely called "social science" is become a distinct profession. It sounds a little queer to hear that charity and philanthropy are profitable businesses. There, as in other fields, the trained man and woman—the specialists—are in demand; and the amateur goes to the rear.

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THE COMING SEASON

THE OUTLOOK FOR OPERA

THE operatic prospect, at the date of writing, is in most respects equal in brilliancy of promise to that of last season, with a single notable exception: there is no such distinguished novelty on the list as last winter's "Parsifal" sensation. Another regrettable difference is that that greatest of dramatic sopranos, Milka Ternina, is not to return; and we are again to be deprived of the incomparable De Reszké brothers; but with these exceptions—which indicate, though, vital deficiencies, for they deprive us of the finest living *Tristan* and *Isolde*—we are sure of a winter of opera presenting abundant opportunity for satisfaction.

SOPRANOS AND OTHERS

Mr. Conried's roster includes many familiar names, as well as some singers of more recently acquired popularity. Among the women we shall have Nordica, Fremstad, and Marion Weed for the Wagner rôles, and Sembrich, Melba, Eames, and Ackté for the French and Italian parts—although Madame Nordica will doubtless be heard in such rôles as *Leonora* and *Gioconda*, and Madame Fremstad is announced for *Carmen;* probably, also, we shall hear Eames as *Elsa* and Ackté as *Elisabeth*. We shall have with us, too, Louise Homer and Edith Walker for the contralto rôles—there are at present no signs of the return of the meteoric Calvé, for which there will be genuine regret in many quarters. Nor does the capable and tireless Gadski return to us; it is announced that she will devote the winter exclusively to appearances in concert. We shall miss her *Elisabeth* and *Aïda*.

THE NEED OF A TENOR

In the masculine ranks there is to be noted, as has been the case for several seasons, a deplorable lack of an adequate tenor for the Wagner parts. Last season we were obliged to tolerate patiently such incapables as Kraus, Burgstaller, and Dippel, acceptable as these are within certain limits; and this year we shall be asked to content ourselves with the two latter. For the tenor rôles of the Italian repertoire we are promised the electrifying Caruso as the principal drawing card—for which we may be justly grateful; as it is safe to assert that Caruso is to-day, in his own field, unrivalled. Saleza is to return after an absence of some years, and will probably succeed in effacing from our memories the record of last season's incompetent performances of the French works. The other singers of whose presence Mr. Conried assures us are such excellent veterans as Scotti, Van Rooy, Plançon, Blass, and Reiss.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES

There is the usual list of promised novelties and revivals, concerning which a long experience of Metropolitan seasons has made us wary. Among the operas to be revived, according to Mr. Conried's announcement, are "La Gioconda"—with Nordica; "Lucrezia Borgia," "Norma," "The Flying Dutchman," "The Masked Ball," and the delightful ballet "Der Puppenfee," which was last heard here about fifteen years ago under Mr. Stanton's régime. Mr. Conried also promises us Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," with an all-star cast including Caruso, Sembrich, and Fremstad. "Parsifal" will, of course, be revived. Mr. Conried will give the work ten times, beginning with a Thanksgiving Day performance. Burgstaller will, as before, sing the Guileless Fool, and *Kundry* will be impersonated alternately by Nordica, Weed, and Fremstad—the first and last new assumptions here. For the rest, there will be the customary performances of the familiar German, French, and Italian works. The season is to open November 21st, and will last fifteen weeks.

THE ENGLISH "PARSIFAL"

Henry W. Savage will probably have produced, by the time these words fall under the reader's eye, his much advertised English version of "Parsifal." As announced in advance, he will present Wagner's "stage-consecrating festival play" with an English translation of the text—an indefensible proceeding at best—with singers of more or less indifferent reputation. For the title-rôle,

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he has engaged Alois Pennarini, the chief tenor of the Stadt Theatre in Hamburg; the *Kundry* will be Madame Kirkby-Lunn, the English contralto; *Amfortas* will be impersonated by Johannes Bischoff, barytone of the Stadt Theatre in Cologne; and *Gurnemanz* will be undertaken by Putnam Griswold, a native of Oakland, Cal., who has sung bass rôles at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Homer Lind will sing *Klingsor*. The conductors will be Walter H. Rothwell, of the Amsterdam Royal Opera, and Moritz Grimm, who has conducted opera at Stettin and Halle. Joseph Engel, for a number of years the manager and artistic director of the Stadt Theatre in Strassburg, will superintend the staging of the work for Mr. Savage, and the production, it is said, will be faithfully modelled after Bayreuth. The costumes will be exact reproductions of those used there, with some slight modification in the gowns of the flower-girls. The Bayreuth color-scheme will be followed, and the scenery, painted by Walter Burridge, will be almost an exact replica of the original pictures. It is Mr. Savage's intention to present the festival play for a run of six weeks in New York immediately after the opening engagement in Boston, late in October, after which the entire production will be taken on tour to the principal cities.

THE CONCERT SEASON

In addition to the usual important orchestral features of the New York concert season, which include the customary activities of the Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, and New York Symphony orchestras, the Kneisel Quartet, the Oratorio, and Musical Art Societies, and the recently established Russian Symphony Society, we shall hear a number of notable soloists—some of them of the most eminent rank. Among the foremost is the young Hungarian violinist Von Vecsey, who has been causing extraordinary excitement in London musical circles. We shall have, too, that superlative master of the violin, Ysaye, who has not been heard here in a number of years. Kreisler and Henri Marteau, both admirable violinists, are booked for appearances; as are the pianists Eugene d'Albert, Joseffy, Hoffman, De Pachmann, Bloomfield-Zeisler, Aus der Ohe, Schelling, and Da Motta; the cellist, Anton Hekking; and among the singers, Melba, Sembrich, Blauvelt, Gadski, Bispham, Katherine Fisk, David Baxter, and Nina David—whose manager claims for her truly incredible gifts. A late announcement contains the gratifying news that the most magnetic and delightful of living pianists, Ignace Jan Paderewski, is to play in America some time during the course of the season. All in all, the musical season of 1904–05 holds out a promise of some engrossing activities.

AMERICA AGAIN TO THE FORE

THE recent placing on view at the Metropolitan Museum of the celebrated de Dino collection of arms and armor is merely another proof that the best is none too good for America. Early in the year when the Duc de Dino's collection came on the market in Paris there was considerable speculation as to who would be the purchaser, and great was the chagrin of European connoisseurs when the authorities of the Metropolitan Museum stepped in and bought the entire collection at a figure in the neighborhood of $400,000. The acquisition showed both liberality and sound judgment, for although smaller, the collection ranks, both historically and artistically, with those of Stockholm, Moscow, Dresden, and Vienna. Besides containing one of the three oldest complete suits of armor extant, the collection includes numerous suits of defensive and ceremonial armor, together with a quantity of mediæval casques, helmets, swords, daggers, pistols, etc. Particularly interesting and characteristic are the German jousting armor, the suit of Turkish armor, and the Milanese half-armor and shield, while the most beautiful are the suit of fluted armor and a richly ornamental *repoussé* suit of early French workmanship. From a popular standpoint the most absorbing feature on view is a basinet or helmet without visor, supposed to have been worn by Jeanne d'Arc. This helmet long hung above the main altar in the Church of St. Pierre du Martroi at Orleans, and the Duc de Dino himself firmly upheld its authenticity. There are objections to the Duc's claim, but there can be nothing but admiration for the display as a whole, which reflects great credit on the Museum.

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MR. MORGAN AND THE STOLEN COPE

Seldom have art patrons and amateurs the world over, as well as the public at large, shown more interest than that which at present attaches to the case of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and the celebrated cope, which he recently exhibited in London and which was unquestionably stolen from the Capitular Hall adjoining the Cathedral of Ascoli in Italy. This priceless brocade, which was presented to the Cathedral in 1288, mysteriously disappeared from view in August, 1902, and was not heard of again until Professor Ricci, of Florence, called the attention of the Italian authorities to the fact that it had been purchased by Mr. Morgan and was temporarily on view at the South Kensington Museum. The local police had, of course, been working on the case, and recently their efforts have been redoubled, with the result that Castelli, a parish priest, Rocchigiani, a photographer, and others are under suspicion, and the rector and administrator of the Seminary have been summoned to appear before the court. The apprehending and punishing of the guilty party or parties is, however, a purely local matter; the main point is whether, granting the cope was stolen, Mr. Morgan will or will not restore it to the parish. Signor Pansa, the Italian Ambassador to England, Cardinal Vannutelli, and others are meanwhile making every effort to achieve its restoration. Obviously the graceful thing for Mr. Morgan to do would be to return the cope without awaiting formal protest from the Italian Government. It might incidentally be remarked that Mr. Morgan has money enough to purchase duly authenticated, not stolen, goods.

HOTELS, LUXURY, AND ART

The almost simultaneous opening of two palatial new hotels, the St. Regis and the Hotel Astor, marks an epoch in the construction and decoration of the modern hostlery. Never before has so much money been lavished on the architectural, mechanical, and æsthetic features of hotels. The St. Regis, of course, involves the greater outlay of capital, but to the average visitor there is scant difference, both appearing the consummation of extravagance in the way of furnishings and interior decorations. Although both hotels are the property of Astors, the St. Regis having been built for Colonel John Jacob Astor and the Hotel Astor for Mr. William Waldorf Astor, they are essentially different both in aspect and character. The St. Regis belongs to the sky-scraper variety, being eighteen stories high, while the Hotel Astor is of more modest altitude. Despite the fact that enormous sums have been expended in enriching and beautifying the interiors in each case, it cannot be said that either hotel is altogether satisfactory from the standpoint of taste. The St. Regis lacks individuality, the loss of which note is not even supplied by the decorations of Mr. James Wall Finn and Mr. Robert Van Vorst Sewell. The formality of the St. Regis is offset in the Hotel Astor by a bewildering succession of rooms, each done in a different style, from L'Art Nouveau to American Indian. Structurally and in regard to mechanical appliances the hotels are both superior to anything they have to offer æsthetically. Perhaps the next hotel will combine both elements —such indeed is the desideratum.

THE publishers' book lists this autumn are disappointing in comparison with those of last year, and what promise there is seems not to lie in the direction of fiction. Several noteworthy biographies and autobiographies will have appeared, however, by the time this issue of the magazine is in print; most interesting of which will probably be Admiral Schley's "Forty-five Years Under the Flag," "The Memoirs of John William Murray," the great international detective, and the "Recollections of Sarah Bernhardt." Publishers advance the coming election as a reason for the meagreness of this season's output; but this reason can hardly apply to fiction, for it is almost entirely women who make up the market for fiction; and but few women are devoting either their time or interest to the coming political struggle. The fact would seem to be that readable novels are becoming rarer and rarer; and the fate of the unreadable novels offered to the public in the last year has convinced publishers that it is poor policy to rely on the lack of discernment in the ordinary reader and bring out works of this class.

In "A Ladder of Swords" Sir Gilbert Parker makes a new departure. He no

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longer concerns himself with the simple pleasures of the French-Canadian *habitant*, but with the jealousies and intrigues of famous personages of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. This seems a mistake, for the *Maiden Queen*, *Leicester*, and others are familiar figures in novels more brilliant than any Sir Gilbert Parker will ever achieve—"Kenilworth," for instance. Moreover, the ground is so well known that the author is fettered in the display of the really remarkable imagination which characterizes his portrayals of French-Canadian life and character. To those who admire the previous works of the Canadian baronet, his new novel will prove a disappointment; and it will confirm in their opinion those who have always disputed his claim to be considered a writer of artistic importance.

Last year Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin spent several weeks in the moorlands of Devonshire with friends, all of whom are writers of repute. The result of this literary foregathering is "The Affair at the Inn." The story is of four characters, who express themselves through the medium of diaries, and each character has an author to itself. Mrs. Wiggin is responsible for *Virginia Pomeroy*, a Virginian beauty; Mary Findlater for *Mrs. MacGill*, a selfish hypochondriac; Jane Helen Findlater for *Cecilia Evesham*, *Mrs. MacGill's* downtrodden companion; and Allen McAulay for *Sir Archibald Maxwell Mackenzie*, whose stony North British heart finally melts to the charms of the American girl.

The plot of the story is well worn—the active agency of a red motor-car in the development of a situation is not a novelty in recent fiction—and the characters are too slight for the benefit of the different treatments to be apparent; but there is entertainment to be found in every one of the 220 pages which make up the little book.

In "The Woman Errant," *Barbara*, the commuter's wife, discusses the ever vexed woman question. Those who have read the previous works of this most home-keeping of wives and mothers can have small doubt what her mental attitude will be toward women who, abandoning things domestic, seek in the independent wage-earning life an outlet for their energies and ambitions. The author casts an illusion of fiction over her social dissertations by illustrating her "fors" and "againsts" by the lives of two girls; but fiction, in the real sense of the word, the book is not. Neither can it be considered in any way a valuable contribution to the literature which is growing up round this engrossing question. The commuter's wife has a pleasant literary style of her own, however, and an amiability in argument that must disarm her most rancorous opponents.

To assert that Elinor Macartney Lane's new novel, "Nancy Stair," is a complete success is to go too far. To create a supremely brilliant woman presupposes no ordinary amount of brilliancy in the creator. In English fiction we can recall only two wholly admirable achievements of the sort—George Meredith's *Diana* and Thackeray's *Beatrix Esmond*. There are many occasions when *Nancy Stair*, beauty, wit, and poetess, fails to convincingly justify the claims which her author puts forth for her. Nevertheless, as wonderful child, irresistible maiden, and passionately loving wife she is a consistently attractive figure. Moreover, she borrows picturesqueness from her period and surroundings—Edinburgh at the end of the eighteenth century—and from her association with the pictorial personality of the poet Burns. That Mrs. Lane has any justification for her representation of Burns in the attitude of platonic friend to a lady so delightful, we are inclined to doubt; but very charming is the three days' intimacy of the two at the old inn in Mauchline; and really clever are some of the verses in the extempore rhyming contest in which they engage.

A book bound to prove a good seller is "Old Gorgon Graham," being more letters from a self-made merchant to his son. Unlike most second books along the lines of a first success, Mr. George Horace Lorimer's new volume shows no deterioration in quality. His son's advancement in business and his marriage offer the old pork-merchant new opportunities for the exhibition of his caustic wit and keen common-sense—opportunities of which he never fails to avail himself. Where every page offers several good things the difficulty is to restrict quotations; one is tempted to quote the whole book. The fol-

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lowing, however, are fair samples of Mr. Graham's shrewd observations on men, women, and things:

The fact of the matter is, that the race-horse, the faro-tiger, and the poker-kitty have bigger appetites than any healthy critter has a right to have; and after you've fed a tapeworm, there's mighty little left for you. Following the horses may be pleasant exercise at the start, but they're apt to lead you to the door of the poor-house or the jail at the finish.

A fellow's always in the wrong when he quarrels with a woman, and even if he wasn't at the start he's sure to be before he gets through. And a man who's decided to marry can't be too quick learning to apologize for things he didn't say and to be forgiven for things he didn't do.

Some men fail from knowing too little, but more fail from knowing too much, and still more from knowing it all.

A few men and more women can be happy idle when they're single, but once you marry them to each other they've got to find work or they'll find trouble. Everybody's got to raise something in this world, and unless people raise a job, or crops, or children, they'll raise Cain.

There are a lot of women in this world who think that there's only one side to the married relation, and that's their side.

Of course after a girl has spent a year of evenings listening to a fellow tell her that his great ambition is to make her life one grand, sweet song, it jars her to find the orchestra grunting and snoring over the sporting extra some night along six months after the ceremony. She stays awake and cries a little over this, so when he sees her across the liver and bacon at breakfast, he forgets that he's never told her before that she could look like anything but an angel, and asks: "Gee, Mame, what makes your nose so red?" And that's the place where a young couple begins to adjust itself to life as it's lived on Michigan Avenue instead of in the story-books.

There are two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second, especially if a woman has it; for she doesn't know what she wants, and so you can't give it to her.

One of the conventions of fiction and the drama is that the discovery of a husband's baseness shall act as a sort of emotional Roentgen ray, revealing to the pure wife the presence deep in her heart of love for another and better man. And the author can invariably count on the sympathy of the public with the woman, whose deviation (in sentiment only, of course) from the marriage-bond is justified by the husband's error. The fact that the illegitimate love must have existed previous to its justification is apparently overlooked, for we are sure no one holds that a sinful feeling can be retroactively purged of sin. But granted even that the second affection is born coincidentally with the awakening to the husband's inferior character—must a woman "love someone"? Would a short interregnum not be more dignified than the inevitable "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi*" of the matrimonially disappointed heroine? In reading "The Paths of Judgment" we confess to a sneaking hope that *Felicia's* remorse on discovering that her unworthy husband has committed suicide in order to leave her free, will forever prove a stumbling-block to her union with *Geoffrey Daunt*. In this novel Anne Douglas Sedgewick has made an ambitious attempt at the delineation of unusual types of character, and, in spite of obvious faults, it is a book interesting beyond the average and of careful workmanship.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Last Hope"—(Henry Seton Merriman). A story dealing with a Royalist plot to restore the Bourbon family to the throne of France. A good specimen of this author's deservedly popular work.

"Fergy the Guide"—(H. S. Canfield). Stories of animals and the hunting of them. Sure to be enjoyed by lovers of humor and of sport.

"Cynthea's Rebellion"—(A. E. Thomas). A slight love-story in the form of letters. Entertaining.

"The Flight of a Moth"—(Emily Post). The experiences, sentimental and otherwise, of a young American widow in France and Germany. Incredible but gay.

"Tommy & Co."—(Jerome K. Jerome). Stories of London Bohemia. Pleasant, readable stuff.

"A Story of the Red Cross Society"—(Clara Barton). A short history of the work of the American branch of the order. Concise, but without literary value.

"Every-day Girls"—(Julie M. Lippman). A book for girls. Reminiscent of Louisa Alcott, but none the worse for that. Sure to prove popular.

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UNION SQUARE NORTH

WE were honored by a call from Sir Alfred Harmsworth a few weeks ago. Sir Alfred, in addition to being the Napoleon of English publishers, having newspapers all over Great Britain and the Colonies, as well as twenty or thirty weeklies and monthlies, is a mighty fine chap. We advise anyone who is about to meet an Englishman with a title to practise the form of addressing him before the interview. We got hopelessly tangled in addressing Sir Alfred. During the conversation, and much to his amusement, we found ourselves accosting him as "Sir Harmsworth," "Mr. Alfred," "Mr. Harmsworth," etc. We have an idea that the honor which the King has conferred upon Sir Alfred is rather pleasing to that young gentleman, and when you think of it, it *is* something of a compliment. However much you may deprecate titles, you cannot help taking your hat off to the man who by his own effort has worked himself up to such proud eminence that the king of a mighty people deems him worthy of knighthood. We have no such means of rewarding merit in this country, and it is well that we have not. There would not be enough titles to go around. Sir Alfred said some very nice things about our magazine. After discounting politeness there were enough nice things left to make a good square meal of. He pooh-poohed our idea of a million circulation, and said with eighty million people and a magazine like EVERYBODY'S we should have a circulation of at least five million, and if we did not make it three million in the next three years we were not "onto our jobs," or words to that effect. Anyhow, it was very nice of the man who has won his spurs to call upon the men who are just winning theirs. God speed you, Sir Alfred! "May you live as long as you want and never want as long as you live." Inasmuch as Sir Alfred is cleaning up about three million dollars a year, he is not likely to hear the wolf howl for a year or so.

HOW LONG IS "FRENZIED FINANCE" TO RUN?

THIS is the question that meets us at every turn. Our answer is that the series will probably run through the year of 1905, long enough at any rate to permit Mr. Lawson to accomplish his object—the exposure of the "system" and its votaries, and to tell the story which he promised in his foreword in the July issue of the magazine.

Mr. Lawson is telling not only the story of Amalgamated, but a more important story than that, one of which Amalgamated is but a part, and this story, in his own words, will carry him "down Wall Street, into the Stock Exchange, through its hundred-and-one or million-and-one open and hidden passages, and into State Street, that ever-hung hammock of financial somnolence, and into the courts of justice of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Massachusetts, and Montana, and into many interesting abodes of justice and injustice, of trickery, fraud, and simple, honest trustfulness."

Mr. Lawson is not a man who is content with the exposure of an evil; his mind is strongly constructive—and once the "system" is exposed and the people educated they will demand a remedy which he will endeavor to point out to them in our pages.

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DELAWARE HEARD FROM

THE following letter from the business manager of the *Evening Journal*, Wilmington, Del., under date of September 23d, was received by the publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

People in Delaware are naturally very much interested in what Mr. Lawson says in your October number of our own John Edward Addicks.

Having heard the story that John Edward O'Sullivan Addicks told Mr. Creelman, of the New York *World*, that hundreds of babies in Delaware were named for him, we "sort of got interested" in that assertion, and promptly opened an Addicks baby-spoon contest in our paper. After a week of persistent endeavor we were able to locate one youngster whose parents were willing to own up to having named their child John Edward Addicks. We gave that youngster a handsome silver spoon suitably engraved. The public here cannot be convinced that Mr. Addicks is right when he says hundreds of babies were named for him. By the way, the baby was a negro.

As a result of the spoon contest, one "indignant mother" wrote and said that her boy would have been entitled to a spoon but the preacher refused to name him "Addicks" at the christening, saying he wouldn't object to "Benedict Arnold," but he wouldn't be responsible for the name "Addicks."

An "outraged mother" said that her boy had the name all right, but if the proprietor of the paper could get the Legislature to change it, she would give him a dozen spoons.

Accept best wishes for the booming success of EVERYBODY'S.

MANY DISAPPOINTED

THROUGH no fault of the news-dealers, a great many news-stand patrons have been disappointed the last few months in not getting the magazine. A dealer in New Haven heard of a dealer in Iowa who had ten copies of the July number. He paid the Iowa dealer fifteen cents each for them and sold them in New Haven at twenty-five cents. The August and September numbers have sold out completely. All of our old subscribers have been supplied regularly, as their subscriptions were in the nature of contracts. The series of articles by Mr. Lawson will probably continue during 1905. It is becoming more interesting as the story develops, and when the climax is reached we believe that some of the ostensibly strong financial institutions of the country will be shaken to their very foundations. What effect this will have upon the circulation of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE we can only speculate. Mr. Lawson thinks we will sell a million copies in the early spring. We reached the half-million mark before the time he prophesied. Those of you who wish to be sure of getting the story every month, and who have not easy access to news-stands, might do well to get your names on our subscription-lists for this year at least.

WE ARE NOT WORRYING

IT is unnecessary to go back and tell you how much sympathy was extended to us and how much worriment of mind others had at the time we began our labors to make a magazine for the million. When at the close of the first year we had increased the circulation from 150,000 to 250,000, *by making a good magazine*, there was much less sympathy wasted upon us. We have never worried from the first—a strong statement, but true.

But now our friends are worrying again for us. "How are you going to keep the immense circulation that the Lawson articles have brought you?" That's the question that is being asked. The answer is easy: We are going to make the magazine so good that everybody who knows that there is such a magazine will get it. That's what we've been trying to do all along. The increased circulation and the increased advertising receipts—the latter over $40,000 in this issue—make it easier for us to do this. Instead of holding on to all the profits, we have let loose our purse-strings and we can tell you now that the December number and following issues will make many wonder how such a magazine can be produced and sold for a dime.

Here are the most striking features of the Christmas number:

Booth Tarkington has written especially for this number a story entitled "Hector." It is a splendid piece of character-work, full of humor and human nature. One of our editors said joyously on finishing "Hector": "That's the best story I have read in manuscript in five years."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke contributes an essay full of delicate sentiment—a message of Christmas good-will and hope on the text: "The World Grows Better."

O. Henry, whose original and humorous personality has brought him with amazing rapidity to the fore among fiction-writers, will appear with one of his amusing stories.

Hall Caine completes in an intensely interesting and dramatic instalment his powerful serial, "The Prodigal Son."

And last, but not least, Thomas W. Lawson's instalment of "Frenzied Finance" will

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contain some of the most interesting and sensational chapters that have yet been published about the "system" and its votaries.

In addition to the above we are to introduce color-work into the magazine with a set of eight drawings by Emilie Benson Knipe, entitled "Girls and Boys," in which childhood is pictured in a most charming manner by this well-known artist.

A GREAT SCHEME

WE have received the following letter from one of our subscribers in St. Louis:

ST. LOUIS, MO., September 24, 1904.

Publishers EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE,
New York.

Gentlemen: Ever since your purchase of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE I have been a zealous reader and supporter of it. I know that I have, through my own efforts, been the cause of at least fifty parties either subscribing or purchasing EVERYBODY'S from the news-stands. I did so because I think that EVERYBODY'S is an ideal magazine. I have watched your uphill fight. In fact, I have had the interest of EVERYBODY'S at heart as if I was one of the firm. I now have a great scheme which I have started. It is simply this: I have sent five postal cards to friends in the smaller cities and towns, and on these postal cards appears the following:

If you haven't the last copy of "Everybody's Magazine," buy it of your newsdealer or send to the publishers for it. It is not only an interesting and profitable magazine, but it is a great power for good in the land.

Please do this for me; copy all on this card on five postal cards, sign them and send them to your friends. Don't fail to do this, and the millions of postal cards sent will jump the circulation of "Everybody's" to a million in the next few months.

Very truly yours,
J. B. W.

We have tried to figure out in our minds how many postal cards would be written in the course of a year if ten per cent. of the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE should follow the suggestion above, and the postal-card chain was not broken. Why, the presses that print the postal cards for the Government would have to be multiplied by ten and the number of letter-carriers would have to be doubled inside of a year to carry the millions and millions of postal cards. Think of the many thousands that would get employment! This friend of EVERYBODY'S has suggested a great scheme, but we could not ask our readers to do this, although we have no objection to anyone's doing it.

REACHING FOR A MILLION

WITH this month's edition EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE makes a new record. It has the largest news-stand circulation ever reached by any magazine, anywhere, of any class, at any price. *The Delineator* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* have larger subscription-lists, which it has taken them years to build up, but on news-stand sales we are at the top of the ladder and—yelling for more ladder. Meantime we have not forgotten that thousands of magazine-readers must secure their magazines by subscription, because there are hundreds of small towns all over the country which have no news-stands. Last year, starting with no special agents nor canvassers, we succeeded in building up a list of 1,500 active agents. This year, with the momentum we are running under, with the tremendous advertising our magazine has had, paid and free, in almost every newspaper in the country, and with such features as Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" and Hall Caine's serial, the harvest is just about "dead ripe" for the canvasser, and we should be able to secure in the neighborhood of 10,000 special canvassers. When we succeed in enlisting an army of canvassers, 30,000 of them, like *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Delineator*, those magazines will have to look to their laurels. In fact, we do not see any good reason why a magazine like EVERYBODY'S should not have larger circulation, both on news-stands and through subscriptions, than *The Delineator* or *The Ladies' Home Journal*. These latter are what are called class magazines; they are made especially for women, and there must be an enormous number of women who do not take both magazines. It is probably safe to say that between them these two magazines command a million and a half of magazine-buyers; probably more. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has a larger field than a woman's magazine could possibly have, so that you need not be surprised, when we get our army of agents organized, to see us go over the million, "as sure as shootin'."

SHALL WE RIP IT OUT?

IN our department "With the Procession" we mean to give brief, spicy paragraphs reviewing the happenings of the past month in

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the various lines of human activity. By extending the paragraphs the editor of the Procession could treat his subject more comprehensively. But, frankly, we hesitate to run long paragraphs, realizing how many busy people shy at them. You yourself have probably had the experience. You say to yourself: "There is a short, crisp-looking paragraph; I'll just read that one and if it turns out to be uninteresting I shall at least not have wasted much time on it." And so the editor is endeavoring to give you the essential fact about each event in the smallest possible space. We have not had one single complaint about the department. On the contrary we have had many letters approving both the idea and the execution. In our scheme of constantly improving the magazine, we take up one department after the other. We have now come to the Procession. We ask your assistance. Do you read it? Have you suggestions for improving it? On the average we give two pages to books, two pages to art, two pages to music, and six pages to other activities. Would you like it better if, instead of treating these in short paragraphs, we had, say, a thousand-word article each month covering the various fields of activity and each written by an authority—an eminent scientist to review the accomplishments of the scientific world; an eminent theologian to review the happenings in the religious world, etc.? Perhaps you feel that this space could be better used for fiction or articles. If you think we ought to rip it out, get right up in meeting and say so. Whatever you think, give us the benefit of your thought.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

VERY soon you will be getting all kinds of letters and circulars from various publishers, asking you to subscribe or renew your subscription to their periodicals. Those requests are usually gotten up in an attractive form. We thought we would try something out of the ordinary, and many of our subscribers will receive one of the "Resolved," as printed below. We shall be able to tell later whether this original method of asking for renewals and subscriptions is the kind of an appeal which interested you and therefore proved successful.

Resolved

Whereas, Everybody's Magazine has passed the half-million mark and is now well on its way toward a million circulation, and

Whereas, as a subscriber and friendly critic, I have insisted on having the best paper and printing and the highest standards of literary and artistic excellence, making it necessary for the publishers to burn much midnight oil in quest of matter acceptable to me, and

Whereas, I have talked freely to my friends of the aims and purposes of Everybody's Magazine, esteeming it to be not only a magazine profitable for thought and of individual attractiveness, but a power for good as well, and

Whereas, many magazines are content with their success if they merely keep in the beaten track, avoiding obvious errors, Everybody's Magazine is a pathfinder, regardless of obstacles and fearless of censure;

Therefore, it seems meet and fitting, as another year of even greater interest and import is about to begin, that I should send my subscription to insure my participation in the improvements which my support has made possible, and with which I have been identified in spirit during the past year.

Therefore I do hereby resolve to send my name and address at once with one dollar to The Ridgway-Thayer Company, Union Square, New York.

In witness to which I have this day set my hand and seal

Signed.....

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